General Wahr

BLACKWOOD'S
EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. XC. JULY, 1824. Vol. XVI.

Remarks on Henderson the Historian. By Sir Morgan ODoherty, Bart. 1
Visits to the Haram. By Meerza Ahmed Tubeeb. Translated from the Persian. Visit Third, ... 17
Farewell to Greece. For Music, ... 25
Thoughts on some Errors of Opinion in respect to the Advancement and Diffusion of Knowledge, ... 26
The Mother's Lament for her Son. For Music, ... 33
The Political Economist. Essay II. 34
Posthumous Letters of Charles Edwards, Esq. No. III. . . 45
The Devil's Elixir, ... 54
Cockney Contributions for the First of April, ... 67
Letter from Leigh Hunt to Christopher North, Esq. (inclosing an Article,) . ib
(Copy of his Majesty's Letter to Mr Hazlitt,) 69
Part of an Article by Leigh Hunt. (Addressed to C. North, Esq.) . . ib
Table Talk. A new series. No. I. On Nursery Rhymes in general, . 71
The late Session of Parliament, ... 77
Letter to the Ettrick Shepherd, ... 84
Speculations of a Traveller concerning the people of the United States; with Parallels, ... 91
Captain Rock detected, ... 97
Letters of Timothy Tickler, Esq. to Eminent Literary Characters. No. XVI. To the Editor of the John Bull Magazine. On an Article in his First Number, ... 111
Works Preparing for Publication, ... 111
Monthly List of New Publications, ... 111

MONTHLY REGISTER.

Appointments, Promotions, &c. 120
Births, Marriages, and Deaths, ... 120

EDINBURGH:

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, No. 17, PRINCE'S STREET, EDINBURGH;
AND T. CADELL, STRAND, LONDON;
To whom Communications (post paid) may be addressed.
SOLD ALSO BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.

PRINTED BY JAMES BALLANTYNE & CO. EDINBURGH.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. XC. JULY, 1824. Vol. XVI.

REMARKS ON HENDERSON THE HISTORIAN.

By Sir Morgan O'Doherty, Bart.

Unchanged amidst the petty mutabilities of rank and station, I still claim it, dear North, as my peculiar privilege, to review, in your work, all books allied in any way whatever to the two great sister sciences of eating and drinking. Blackwood's Magazine is the place, and mine is the pen, *imprimis*, κατ' εξοχην, and *par excellence*, consecrated to the discussion of all such delightful themes. Let the Quarterly rejoice in the noble art of boiling down into a portable essence, the diffusive lucubrations of all voyagers by land or sea: let old Blue and Yellow keep unpoached the jungles and juggleries of political economy: let The Writer Tam glorify himself in Jem Smith's quaint little ditties, and his brother's quaint little criticisms on the *minora moralia* of Harley Street, and Gower Street: let the London flourish on the misty dreams of the opium-eater, and lay down the law unquestioned as to the drinking up both of eisel and laudanum: sacred to the quackeries of the quack-doctors, be the pungent pages of the Scalpel: let John Bull vibrate his horns *ad libitum*, among the merciful bowels of Mr Zachariah Macaulay: and let the Examiner be great, as of old, in the region of second-rate players, and fifth-rate painters. Let each man buckle his own belt, according to the adage, and that in his own way: but let me unbuckle mine, and luxuriate in the dear, the dainty, the delicate, paradisaical department of deipnosophism.—Above the rest, let the Bottle, and all that pertains to it, be my proper concern. Here indeed I am great. If Barrow, as being himself a practised traveller, is fitted more than any other of our tribe for discussing the vagaries of the Parrys, the Vauxes, the Basil Halls, the Fanny Wrights, the Edward Daniell Clarkes, and the John Rae Wilsons of our time—Surely I have at least as unquestionable a title for predominating over all that is connected with the circumvolutions of the decanters. It is recorded by Athenæus, that Darius, *the great Darius*, commanded them to inscribe upon his tombstone these memorable, and even sublime words: "ΗΔΥΝΑΜΗΝ ΚΑΙ ΟΙΝΟΝ ΠΙΝΕΙΝ ΠΟΛΥΝ ΚΑΙ ΤΟΥΤΟΝ ΦΕΡΕΙΝ ΚΑΛΩΣ:" which signify, being interpreted: "Here lies Darius the King, who drank three bottles every day, and never had a headach in his life." I flatter myself that my epitaph might tell a similar story, without any impeachment of its veracity.

The volume now in my eye, then, belongs in an especial manner to my province. At first, on perceiving it to be a bulky quarto, you may be inclined to hesitate as to this: but when you put on your spectacles, and discover that the title is "The History of Wines, Ancient and Modern,"* your scruples will evanish as easily as do the cobwebs of a Jeffrey beneath the besom of a Tickler. Turn over these

* The History of Ancient and Modern Wines. London: Baldwin, Cradock, and Joy. 1824.

costly pages, dear sir, and feast your eyes with the delicious vignettes, that ever and anon glance out from between the leaves, like the ruby clusters of Bacchus himself, glowing amidst the foliage of some tall marriageable elm, or stately poplar; pause upon these exquisite gems; contemplate the rosy god in each and all of these five thousand attitudes: worship him where, frantic and furious, he tosses the thyrsus amidst the agitated arms of his congregated Mænades: adore him where, proudly seated upon the rich skins of the monsters whom he subdued, he pours out the foaming cup of wine and wisdom before the eyes of savage men, whom the very scent of the ethereal stuff hath already half civilized: envy him, where beneath the thick shadow of his own glorious plant, he with one hand twines the ivy wreath around the ivory brows of Ariadne, and with the other approximates the dew of divinity to the lips of beauty. Feast, revel, riot in the elegance of these unrivalled cameos, and when you have saturated your eye with forms that might create a thirst beneath the ribs of gout, and draw three corks out of one bottle—then, O Christopher! and not till then, will you be in a fit condition for understanding the profound feelings of respect, and grateful attachment, with which it is now my agreeable duty to introduce to your acquaintance, and that of "my public," the learnedly luxurious Dissertations of my good friend, and jolly little compotator, Dr Alexander Henderson.

The Doctor is, *absque omni dubio*, the first historian of our age. He unites in his single person the most admirable qualifications of all the other masters in this great branch of literature, who now lend lustre to the European hemisphere—the extensive erudition of a Ranken—the noble self-reliance and audacious virtue of a Brodie—the elegant style of a Sismondi—and the practical sense of an Egan. In many respects, to be sure, the superiority he displays may be referred to the immense superiority and unapproachable merits of the theme he has chosen. The history of the Cellar of Burgundy is a matter of infinitely more improving nature than that of the House of the same name: a thousand will take profound interest in a dissertation upon the sack and hippocras of the middle ages, for one that will bother his head with the small Italian republics of the same era: We would rather have luminous notions touching the precise nature of the liquor which Sir John Falstaff quaffed, than the secret intrigues which brought Charles the First to the scaffold: and, great as is our respect for Mr Langan, there is still another claret which possesses claims upon our sympathies, far, far above that which has of late flowed so copiously from his potatoe-trap. This work, in a word, is fitted to interest and delight, not one class of students, but all. The classical scholar will here find the best of all commentaries on the most delightful passages of those delightful writers, whom he is accustomed to turn over with a daily and a nightly hand: he will speculate upon the flavour that a Nestor loved, and sit in erudite judgment over the *benmost* binns of a Nero. The English antiquarian will enjoy the flood of light that streams upon the joyous pages of Ben Jonson: *verdea* will no longer puzzle the Giffords, nor *Petersameen* be a stumbling-block to the Nareses.* The man of science will analyse the effervescence of Sheeraz: the Physician will hear the masterly defence of Claret against the charge of goutification, and return humanized to the exercises of his calling: the ecclesiastical historian will mourn with Dr Henderson over the injuries done to the Medoc and the Cote d'or by the suppression of the monastic establishments of France: the lover of light reading will find the charms of romance united with the truth and dignity of history: The saint will have no lack of sighing, as he glances his grave eye over the records of human debauchery, and at the same time, he may, in passing, pick up a hint or two that will be of use at the next dinner of the African Association: The conscious wine-merchant will read and tremble: and every good fellow, from George the Fourth, down to Michael Angelo the Second, will read and rejoice.

It was in England only, and perhaps in this age of England, that a work of this complete and satisfactory description could have been prepared. We produce no wines, and we are the great consumers of all the best wines of the globe. We are free from the

* The Pedro-Ximenes is the name of the best Malaga grape.

violent prejudices, therefore, which induce the man of the Marne to turn up his nose at the flask of him of the Loire, and *vice versa*. We look down as from a higher and a calmer region, upon all the noisy controversies about the rival claims of the Lyonnais and the Bordelais, the Mayne and the Rhein-gau. We can do equal justice to the sweets of Malaga, and Rousillon, and despise the narrow-minded bigotry which sets up either Madeira or Sherry at the expense of the other's ancestral stimulancy.

In former days, indeed, we partook, however absurdly, in the paltry prejudices which we now spurn with our heels. Time was when we were all for the Cyprus—time was also when we were all for the Xeres grape—time was when little or nothing would go down with us but Hockamore—and time was when even Rhedycina's learned bowers resounded to strains not simply laudative of Oporto, but vituperative and vilipensive of Bourdeaux.

We have outlived these follies. We are now completely of the liberal school of winebibbing: our grandsire's dumpy black bottle of sherry leaves the vicinity of the oven, and stands in friendly juxta-position with the long-necked of five year old *demi-mousseux*, and the doubly-iced juice of Schloss-Johannisberg that has been buried in the cave of caves ever since the great era of The Reformation. The native of the Alto-Douro is contented to precede him of the Garonne, as some sturdy pioneer trudges in proud solemnity before the march of a battalion of Voltigeurs. The *coup-de-milieu* of Constantia or Frontignac forms an agreeable link between the Sillery, which has washed down the venison, and the Hock, which is to add pungency to the partridge-pie. We take Chambertin to the omelet, and Sauterne to the tart. In a word, we do justice to the boundless munificence of nature, and see no more harm in imbibing white wine and red wine, dry wine and sweet wine, still wine and sparkling wine, during the same repast, than we would in doing homage within the same fortnight to the ripe luxuries of a Ronzi de Begnis, the airy graces of a Mercandotti, the vigorous charms of a Vestris, and the meek modest radiance of a Maria Tree. This speaks the spirit of the same unfettered age that can love a Virgil as well as worship a Homer; that places the bust of a Dante beside that of a Milton; that binds the laurel on a Hogg—without robbing the brows of a Hesiod—and thirsts for Lord Byron's autobiography without offering to sacrifice for its purchase, either the veracities of a Rock, or the decencies of a Faublas.

On a work, sir, such as yours, calculated for extensive and popular circulation, it would ill become an individual like myself, to obtrude much matter of a recondite and obscure order, or adapted to the intellectual taste of particular classes of readers only. Allow me, therefore, to pass lightly over the dissertations with which this volume opens, touching the various vintages of the nations of antiquity. In truth, even the genius and erudition of a Henderson have been able to scatter but an imperfect ray over subjects, mantled, as these are, with the shades of a long night of nearly two thousand years' duration. It is still, we must admit, dubious whether the wine that Telemachus drew out of the cellars of his royal father partook more of the nature of port or of sherry. The Homeric epithet of *Black* may mean either the deep hue inalienable from the juice of the purple grape, or the fine grave tinge merely which wines that are called *white* acquire, in consequence of being kept for several lustres, whether in glass bottles, according to the modern custom, or in earthen jars, after the manner of the heroic ages. That Nestor, however, drank, during the battle with which the 13th book of the Iliad opens, wine both of a red and of a strong sort, is indisputable. The epithets of αἴθων and ἐυθρὸς are used together in the same line, and their significancy is clear and obvious to the most German capacity. Dido, again, when she gave her first grand dinner to the Trojan prince, appears to have sported something near akin to champagne.

"Impiger hausit
Spumantem pateram."

The epithet *impiger* is admirably chosen, since the act is that of swallowing sparkling, or right *mousseux* wine—for a *spumans patera* can hardly be supposed to mean, in the mouth of a writer so chaste as Virgil, anything short of that. He would not have talked of that as *foaming*, which, in point of fact, merely *creamed*; and while the rapidity of quaffing a cup of *foaming* champagne cannot be too great, since

the vinous principle of that wine evaporates in a great measure with the effervescence of the gas it embodies, a poet of Virgil's delicate taste would have been careful not to represent Bitias as tumbling down his throat, in that hasty and furious method, a glass of burgundy, or claret, or indeed of any other wine whatever. On the contrary, he would no doubt have pictured this "officer and gentleman" as sucking down his liquor in a quiet, decorous, leisurely, and respectful style, suffering his lips to remain as long as possible in contact with the rim, which had just been honoured by the touch of the imperial beauty. And, indeed, when I look at the passage again, nothing can be more admirable than the strict cohesion and propriety of all the terms, applied either to what the Queen, or to what her guest, does.

"Hic Regina gravem gemmis auroque poposcit
Implevitque mero pateram . . . .
Primaque, libato, summo tenus attigit ore—
Tum Bitiæ dedit increpitans: ille impiger hausit
Spumantem pateram—et pleno se proluit auro."

Observe the politeness of her Majesty. She merely touched the cup with the extreme edge of her charming lip; not that she would not have liked abundantly to take a deeper share, but that she knew very well her friend would not get the article in its utmost perfection, unless he caught the foam in its boiling moments—*summo tenus attigit ore*—and then how does she hand it to the Trojan?—Why *increpitans* to be sure; in other words, saying, "Now's your time, my lord—be quick—don't bother with drinking healths, but off with it—off with it like a man." This is the true meaning of the *increpitans*. Upon the *impiger* we have already commented—and what can be better than the fine, full close—so satisfactory, so complete, so perfect—*pleno se proluit auro*. He turned up the cup with so alert a little finger, that some of the generous foam ran down his beard—*se proluit*. As to the exact sense of *pleno auro*, I really cannot speak in a decisive style. Does it mean the full golden cup? or does it rather point to the wine itself—the liquid gold?—the rich amber-coloured nectar? If this last be the truth of the case, then Dido's champagne was not of the Ay sort, which is almost colourless, but right Sillery, the hue of which is very nearly the same with that of gold in its virgin state—or perhaps *Vin de la Marechale*, which generally has even a deeper tone. Pink champagne it certainly could not have been, since, whatever might have been the case at a subsequent period of the entertainment, it is impossible that a lady who had just sat down should mistake the brightness of the *rosé* for the transparency and indeed pellucidity of the *doré*.

N.B.—Many people read the works of the classics merely for the words, the language, the poetry, the eloquence, and so forth. This is highly absurd. Lessons of practical sense and real wisdom are lurking in every page, if one would but look for them. And here, for example, the Virgilian narrative of the Carthaginian banquet affords an excellent hint to many worthy persons, who, I hope, will attend to the thing, now that I have fairly pointed it out. Champagne should always be given in a large, a very large glass. Pateræ are out of date, but ale-glasses, or at least tumblers, are to be found in every establishment; and he who gives champagne in a thimble, betrays the soul of a tailor.

But let us get on: I hate the chat of those *beaux-esprits*, who dare to cast out insinuations against the wines that bedewed the lips of the Anacreons and the Horaces. They mixed sea-water with their wine in making it, says one: They put honey in it, cries another: They drank it sorely diluted, grumbles a third: It tasted of pitch and rosin, mutters a fourth. I despise this. When we shall have reared buildings equal to the Parthenon or the Coliseum: when we shall have written poems as sublime as the Iliad, and as elegant as the Pervigilium Veneris: when our statuaries rival the Phidiases and Praxitileses: our historians, the Tacituses and Thucydideses; our philosophers, the Platos and Aristotles,—(Aristotle, by the way, wrote a History of Wines, which has unfortunately perished, and I heartily wish all his metaphysics had gone instead;)—when our orators, sir, shall rival the Ciceros and Demostheneses of antiquity, then, and not till then, shall we be entitled to imagine that the palates of those great men were less refined

than our own. Can any man presume to dream, that Falernian was not every bit as good as Sherry?—Only think of that picture which Horace has given us of human beatification—

> "Seu te in remoto gramine per dies
> Festos reclinatum bearis
> Interiore notâ Falerni!"——

Do you not see him before you?—Spread out at full length upon the *remote* herbage, far away from the din of cities, flinging all the hum of men and things a thousand leagues behind him, he devotes not the night, not the afternoon, but the day, the whole of the blessed festival day, to the employment of *making himself happy*—what English circumbendibus can do justice to the nervous and pregnant conciseness of the word *bearis*?—with a flask of Falernian from the deepest recesses of his cellar!—*Interiore notâ Falerni!* and *bearis!*—What words are these? Was this a man that did not possess the right use of his tongue, lips, and larynx? Was this a man upon whom you could have passed off a bottle of vin ordinaire, or mere *tischwein*, as the genuine liquor of Beaune or Rudesheim? No, no; you may depend upon it these people were up to the whole concern just as much as the very best of us.—Think but of these glorious lines of old Hermippus—

Εστι δε τις οινος ὁν δη Σαπφιαν καλεουσιν
Ου και απο στοματος, σταμνων ὑπανοιγομενων,
Ὀζει ιων, ὀζει δε ῥοδων, ὀζει δε ὑακινθου
Οσμη θεσπεσιη, κατα παν δ' ἰσχει ὑψιφρυες δω,
Αμβροσια και Νηκταρ ὁμου.

Could any modern extol the divine ethereal aromatic odour of Tokay, or, what in my private opinion is a better thing, Southside's own old Lafitte, in any terms more exquisite than this hoary toper consecrates to his Saprian? What a fine obscurity!—a mingled undefinable perfume "a *heavenly odour* of violets, and hyacinths, and roses, fills, immediately on the opening of the vessel, the whole of the lofty chamber" —ὑψιφρυες δω—climbs in one moment to the rafters, and confers the character of Elysium upon the atmosphere—"ambrosia and nectar both together!" Nothing can be finer! Or turn to Seneca, himself, the philosopher, and hear him talking about the preference that ought to be given to a youth of grave disposition over one conspicuous for his gaiety and all-pleasing manners, and illustrating this by the remarks that "wine which tastes hard when new, become delightful by age, while that which pleases in the wood never proves of durable excellence."* Could Mr Albert Cay or Mr Samuel Anderson talk in a more knowing vein upon this subject than the tutor of Nero the matricide? No—meo periculo, answer *no!* These folks drank their champagne when it was young, and their sherry when it was old, just as we do—they quaffed their Rozan, Sir, from the tap, and bottled their Chateau Margoux in magnum bonums.

The wines of these glorious days having, it is but too apparent, followed the fate of the poetry, rhetoric, sculpture, and architecture of those who consumed them in commendable quantity, and with blameless *gusto*—the semi-barbarous possessors of the European soil were constrained to make the best of it they could. They gradually, as the Scotch philosophers say, *would* improve in the manufacture; and, by the time of Charlemagne, and our own immortal Alfred, it appears not unlikely that a considerable portion of really excellent wines existed in the Western hemisphere. The monks were the great promoters of the science:—Successively spreading themselves from Italy to the remotest regions of Europe, these sacred swarms carried with them, wherever they went, the relish which their juvenile lips had imbibed for something stronger than mead, and more tasty than beer. Wherever the plant would grow, it was reared beneath their fatherly hands, and to them, as Dr Henderson has most convincingly manifested, the primest vineyards of the Bordelais, the Lyonnais, and the Rhinegau, owe their origin. Unsanctified fingers, it is, alas! true, now gather the roseate clusters of THE HERMITAGE, yet the name still speaks —*stat nominis umbra*—and the memory of the Sçavants of the Cloister lingers in like manner in *Clos-Vogeot*, *Clos*-du-Tart, *Clos* St Jean, *Clos* Morjot, and all the other compounds of that interesting family.—The Bacchus of modern mythology ought uniformly to sport the cucullus,

> "And I do think that I could drink
> With him that wears a hood."

I have already hinted, that the taste of our own ancestors, in regard to wine, underwent many and very re-

* Epist. 30.

markable mutations: but this is precisely one of the subjects which my jolly little Aberdonian M.D. has treated in a most felicitous manner; and, under correction, I apprehend that a well-chosen quotation from this part of the Doctor's ponderous tome will appear by no means out of place in your immortal pages; while, at the same time, by being transferred thither, his erudite remarks will probably reach the optics of a vast multitude of most respectable persons, who would never dream of looking into, far less of purchasing, a two guinea quarto, even though its subject be Wine. With your permission, therefore, I now desire Mr James Ballantyne, Mr Daniel M'Corkindale, or whomsoever it may more immediately concern, to set up in brevier the following luculent observations:—

"The union which subsisted between England and the northern provinces of France after the Norman conquest, but, above all, the acquisition of the Dutchy of Guienne in 1152, naturally led to an interchange of commodities between the two countries. Accordingly we find, that, in two years from the last-mentioned date, the trade in wines with Bourdeaux had commenced: and, among our older statutes, are numerous ordinances relating to the importation of French wines, most of which, in conformity to the mistaken notions of political economy in those times, fix the *maximum* of price for which they were to be sold. Thus in the first year of King John, it was enacted, that the wines of Anjou should not be sold for more than twenty-four shillings a-tun; and that the wines of Poitou should not be higher then twenty shillings; while the other wines of France were limited to twenty-five shillings a-tun, 'unless they were so good as to induce any one to give for them two merks or more.' This appears to be the earliest statute on the subject of the foreign wine trade. With regard to the wines specified, it would appear, from Paulmier's account, that those of Anjou, which were embarked at Nantes, and probably included the produce of Touraine, were chiefly white, and distinguished by their strength and sweetness; while the growths of Poitou, otherwise called Rochelle wines, from the port where they were shipped, were of the light red class. In the retail trade, the latter were directed to be sold at fourpence the gallon, —the former at sixpence. But according to Harrison, 'this ordinance did not last long; for the merchants could not bear it; and so they fell to and sold white wine for eightenpence the gallon, and red and claret for sixpence.' Both Anjou and Poitou belonged at that time to England.

"During the following reign, the importations would appear to have increased; for most of the chroniclers ascribe the neglect of the English vineyards to that fondness for French wines which then came upon us. But by this time the crusades had probably also introduced a taste for the sweet wines of Italy and Greece, which are occasionally mentioned by our early poets, and which, at a subsequent period, were certainly well known in this country. In an account rendered to the Exchequer by the Chamberlain of London, in the thirtieth year of HENRY III., we find that officer was allowed 404*l.* in acquittance of 404 *dolia* of French, Gascon, and Anjevin wines, imported at London and Sandwich; —39*l.* and half a mark, for 22 dolia of wine of St John and the Moselle *(de vino S. Johannis et de Oblinquo)*;—30*l.* for 20 dolia of new, or perhaps sweet, French wine *(musti Gallici)*;—and 1846*l.* 16*d.* for 900, 19/20 dolia of wines of Gascony, Anjou, French wine, Moselle wine, and wine of St John, which were bought. The last-mentioned may have been an Italian sweet wine, or else the wine of St Jean d'Angeley, which is celebrated in the 'Bataille des Vins' on account of its extraordinary strength.

"In order to cover the harshness and acidity common to the greater part of the wines of this period, and to give them an agreeable flavour, it was not unusual to mix honey and spices with them. Thus compounded, they passed under the generic name of *piments*, probably because they were originally prepared by the *pigmentarii*, or apothecaries; and they were used much in the same manner as the *liqueurs* of modern times. 'Our poets of the thirteenth century,' says LE GRAND, 'never speak of them but with rapture, and as an exquisite luxury. They considered as the masterpiece of art, to be able to combine, in one liquor, the strength and flavour of wine, with the sweetness of honey, and the perfume of the most costly aromatics. A banquet at which no piment was served, would have been thought wanting in the most essential article. The archives of the cathedral of Paris show, that, in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, the Deans of Chateaufort were obliged to provide a regular supply of piment for the canons, at the feast of Assumption. It was even allowed to the monks in the monasteries, on particular days of the year. But it was so voluptuous a beverage, and was deemed so unsuitable to the members of a profession which had forsworn all the pleasures of life, that the Council of Aix-la-Chapelle, held in the year 817, forbade the use of it to the regular clergy, except on the days of solemn festivals.

"The varieties of piment most frequently mentioned are the *Hippocras* and *Clarry*. The former was made with either white or red wine, in which different aromatic ingre-

dients were infused; and took its name from the particular sort of bag, termed HIPPOCRATES' sleeve, through which it was strained. There is a curious receipt preserved by MR ASTLE, which gives directions how 'to make Ypocrasse *for lords* with gynger, synamon, and graynes, sugour, and turesoll: and *for comyn pepull*, gynger, canell, longe peper, and claryffyed honey.' It was drunk at all great entertainments between the courses, or at the conclusion of the repast; and wafers and manchets are directed to be served with it. Clarry, on the other hand, which we have seen noticed in the act of RICHARD II., was a claret or mixed wine, mingled with honey, and seasoned in much the same way, as may be inferred from an order of the 36th of HENRY III., respecting the delivery of two casks of white wine and one red, to make clarry and other liquors for the king's table at York. It is repeatedly named by our early poets, and appears to have been drunk by many fasting, or as a composing draught before they retired to rest.* Of these medicated liquors, the only kinds still in use are the *wermuth*, or wormwood wine, which is manufactured in Hungary and some parts of Italy; and *bishop*, which is prepared by infusing one or more toasted Seville oranges, in a certain quantity of Burgundy or other light wine, and then sweetening the whole with sugar.'†

"From the manner in which sweet wines are spoken of in the act of RICHARD II., it might be supposed that they were all compounded artificially, like the liquors just described. But, in the writings of the age, there is abundant evidence that our countrymen were already familiar with several genuine wines of that class; though, at the same time, it must be acknowledged, that the frequent notice of them, in the works alluded to, does not always imply that they were imported into England. Much of the literature of that period consisted of translations from foreign authors; and in copying their descriptions of the customs of other nations, mention would necessarily be made of articles which seldom or never came into general use. It was also a common practice with the early poets, to make an ostentatious display of their knowledge, by giving long catalogues of the products of nature and art, wherever it was possible to introduce them; and many names of commodities were thus pressed into their verses, which, however valuable they may be as historical data, add nothing to the harmony or dignity of the composition. In this way, we may account for the great variety of wines which these writers delight to enumerate at the feasts they describe; but which could hardly have come together at a time when the relations of commerce were so little multiplied. Thus, in one of the old metrical romances, entitled, 'The Squire of Low Degree,' and referred by MR WARTON to the reign of EDWARD II., the king of Hungary proposes to regale his daughter not only with the wines of France, Italy, Spain, and Greece, but also with those of Syria;—an assemblage which, even at the present day, it might be no easy matter to realize;—

'Ye shall have rumney, and malmesyne,
Both ypocrasse and vernage wine,
Mount Rose‡ and wine of Greke,
Both algrade§ and respice‖ eke;
Antioche and bastarde,
Pyment also, and garnarde;¶
Wine of Greke, and muscadell,
Both clare, pyment, and Rochell,
The reed your stomake to defye,
And pottes of osey sett you bye.'**

"In the following century, it is clear, that the prevailing taste for sweet wines led to the importation of all the choicest kinds; for they are frequently noticed, and seem to have been used in considerable quantity. In one of the ordinances for the household of GEORGE, Duke of Clarence, made on the 9th December, 1469, we find the sum of twenty pounds allowed for the purveying of 'Malvesie, romenay, osay, bastard muscadelle, and other sweete

---

* "For he had yeven the gailer drinke so
Of a clarrie, made of certain wine,
With narcotise and opie of Thebes fine.'" &c.
CHAUCER, Knight's Tale.

"'He drinketh Ipocras, clarrie, and Vernage
Of spices hote, to encrease his corage.'"—Merchant's Tale.

† When made with Burgundy or Bordeaux wine, it is called *bishop*; when old Rhine wine is used, it receives the name of *cardinal*; and when Tokay is employed, it is distinguished by the appellation of *pope*.—RITTER's Weinlehre, p. 202. But Port, Claret, Burgundy, are, it seems, the three grades in the vinous vocabulary of Oxford.—See Reginald Dalton, vol. I. p. 342.

‡ Monte Rose.

§ Algarves, or Algadia.

‖ Raspis (*vin raspé*), a rough sweetish red wine, so called from its being made with unbruised grapes, which, having been freed from the stalks, are afterwards fermented along with them and a portion of other wine.

¶ Garnache, or Grenache. There is some reason to believe, that this term may be a corruption of *Vernaccia*; but, at all events, it appears certain, that the wine in question came originally from Greece; for we are told by Froissart, that, when the Christian forces were besieging the town of Africa, in Barbary, 'de l'isle de Candie il leur venoient tres bonnes malvoisies et grenaches, dont ils estoient largement servis et confortes.'—Chronique, Tom. IV. ch. 18.

** Ritson's Metrical Romances, Vol. III. p. 176.

wynes.'* As some of these varieties have not before appeared in our lists, it may be desirable to ascertain their respective characters and history a little more fully.

"Though the trade with the Canary Islands had been for some time established, no wines were obtained from them at this period: sugar being still the principal commodity which they supplied. Nor had Spain or Portugal as yet sent us any malmsies. The best dessert wines, however, were made from the Malvasia grape: and Candia, where it was chiefly cultivated, for a long time retained the monopoly. The term *Malmsey* is merely a corruption of *Malvasia*, or rather *Monemvasia*, the name of a small fortified town in the bay of Epidaurus Limera, whence the grape was originally derived.†

"Another of the above-mentioned wines, designated by the name of the grape, was the Romenay, otherwise Romeney, Rumney, Romanie, or Romagnia. That it could not be the produce of the Ecclesiastical State, as the two last corruptions of the word would seem to imply, may be safely averred; for at no period, since the decline of the empire, has the Roman soil furnished any wines for exportation; and even BACCI, with all his partiality, is obliged to found his eulogy of them on their ancient fame, and to confess, that, in his time, they had fallen into disrepute. By COGAN and others, Romeney is classed among the Spanish white wines; but from what part of Spain it came is not specified. Except the small town of Romana, in Arragon, there is no place that bears a similar denomination; and I am not aware that the wines of that province have ever been much known beyond the places of their growth. The probability is, that it was a wine made from a grape of Greek extraction; and, in fact, BACCI informs us, that the produce of the red and white muscadels, which were cultivated in the Ionian islands, and the adjoining continent, was called by the Italians, Romania. In a passage of an old sermon, quoted by CARPENTIER, the word occurs in conjunction with '*malvaticum*,' or malmsey; and BEN JONSON mentions the 'Romagnia' along with the wine of Candia. The name, however, is not exactly, as BACCI supposes, of Italian origin, but comes from *Rum-Ili*, the appellation given by the Saracens to a considerable part of the continent of Greece; and the several spellings, Romania, Rumania, and Rumenia, correspond pretty closely with the variations in the name of the wine. In confirmation of this view of the subject, it may be remarked, that one of the species of grapes at present grown in Andalusia, is termed *Romé negro*, and there can be no doubt that the word 'Romé' is derived from the Arabic, *Rumi*. That the wines of that province were then freely imported into England, and distinguished, as they have always been, by their uncommon strength, is evident from the manner in which CHAUCER speaks of the white wine of Lepe, (now Niebla,) between Moguer and Seville:—

"'Now kepe you fro the white and fro the rede,
Namely fro the white wine of Lepe,
That is to sell in Fish-street and in Chepe:
This wine of Spain crepeth subtelly,
And other wines growing fast by,
Of which riseth soch fumosite,
That whan a man hath dronk draughtis thre,
And weneth that he be at home in Chepe,
He is in Spain, right at the toune of Lepe.'

"The *oseye*, otherwise spelled *osoye*, *ossey*, &c., which the act of 5 RIC. III. directs to be sold at the same price as the wines of Gascony and Poitou, appears, from the entry above quoted, to have been of the sweet kind: And in an ordinance of CHARLES VI., cited by LE GRAND, it is noticed in similar company. Some verses, which are inserted in the first volume of HACKLUYT'S Voyages, place it among the 'commodities of Portugal:' but, on the other hand, a passage in VALOIS' Description of France seems to prove beyond dispute, that *oseye* was an Alsatian wine; *Auvois*, or *Osoy*, being, in old times, the name commonly used for Alsace. If this conjecture be well founded, we may presume, that *oseye* was a luscious-sweet, or straw-wine, similar to what is still made in that province. That it was a rich, high-flavoured liquor, is sufficiently shewn by a receipt for imitating it, which may be seen in MARKHAM; and we learn from BACCI, that the wines which Alsace then furnished, in great profusion, to England, as well as different parts of the continent, were of that description. In the 'Bataille des Vins,' we find the 'Vin d'Aussai' associated with the growths of the Moselle.

"With respect to *Bastard*, or, as the printing of the ordinance, if rightly copied, might lead us to name it, *Bastard muscadel*, there is greater difficulty in tracing its history. That it was a sweetish wine there can be no doubt; and that it came from

---

* "Collection of Ordinances for the Government of the Royal Household. Lond. 1790, p. 101.

† "It was anciently a promontory, called Minoa, but is now an island, connected with the coast of Laconia by a bridge. The name of Monemvasia, derived from the circumstances of its position (μόνη ἐμβασία, *single entrance*,) was corrupted by the Italians to Malvasia; and the place being celebrated for the fine wines produced in the neighbourhood, Malvasia, changed to Malvoisie in French, and Malmsey in English, came to be applied to many of the rich wines of the Archipelago, Greece, and other countries."—Researches in Greece, by W. MARTIN LEAKE, p. 197.

some of the countries which border the Mediterranean appears equally certain. MINSHEW and SKINNER suppose it to have been a liquor obtained from dried grapes (*v. passum ;*) but all the luscious-sweet wines, as we have seen, are made in this manner—this definition, therefore, cannot be received. CARPENTIER, on the other hand, pronounces *bastard* to have been a mixed wine (*v. mixtum ;*) which accords with the assertion of LE GRAND, that it was a wine from Corsica, mingled with honey. In the translation of the 'Maison Rustique,' by MARKHAM, we are told, that 'such wines are called *mungrell* or *bastard*, which, betwixt the sweet and astringent, have neither the manifest sweetness, nor manifest astriction, but indeed participate and contain both qualities.' This character, however, is far from satisfactory, as it will apply to many of the finest growths, which have that mixed taste. On the whole, the most intelligible account of the matter is given by VENNER, who says, that 'Bastard is in virtue somewhat like to muskadell, and may also, in stead thereof, be used: it is in goodness so much inferiour to muskadell, as the same is to malmsey.' It was, therefore, not a true muscadel wine, though approaching to that class in flavour, and taking its name not from any admixture of honey, which would have reduced it to the nature of a piment, but from the grape of which it was made,—probably a bastard species of muscadine. In support of this conjecture, it may be observed, that one of the varieties of wines now cultivated in the Alto Douro, and also in Madeira, is called *bastardo*, and the must which it yields is of a sweetish quality. Of the Bastard wine there were two sorts—white and brown; both of them, according to MARKHAM's report, 'fat and strong;' the tawny or brown kind being the sweetest. They are frequently mentioned by dramatic authors, especially about the time of Queen ELIZABETH. COGAN, we perceive, calls Bastard a growth of Spain; and SACH, who agrees with him in this particular, describes it as the heaviest of all wines."

"With respect to the wines called Sacks, which had now come into general use, much diversity of opinion has prevailed; and, although various attempts have been made to explain their nature, and the subject has undergone frequent discussion, especially among those writers who have laboured to illustrate our early poets, the question remains, in a great measure, undetermined. When we consider how familiar our ancestors must have been with this class of wines, and how repeatedly they have been noticed by authors of every description, it appears not a little singular that their history should now be involved in such obscurity. But, in pursuing the inquiry, we shall find, that on this, as on many other points of antiquarian research, the truth lies nearer the surface than has been commonly imagined.

"It seems, indeed, to be admitted, on all hands, that the term *Sack* was originally applied to certain growths of Spain. MINSHEW defines it to be a 'wine that cometh out of Spain, *vinum siccum*, *vin sec*, *vino seco*, q. d. propter magnam siccandi humores facultatem.' SKINNER, however, thinks this explanation unsatisfactory, and inclines to the opinion of MANDELSO, a German traveller, who published an account of his travels to the East Indies in 1645, and who derives the name from Xeque, a town in Morocco, whence the plant that yields this species of wine is said to have been carried to the Canary Islands. But in all the catalogues of vines which I have had the opportunity of consulting, there is no mention of any such species. Besides, it was not from the Canaries, but from Spain, that sack was first brought to us."

"DR PERCY has the credit of restoring the original interpretation of the term. In a manuscript account of the disbursements by the chamberlain of the city of Worcester for the year 1592, he found the ancient mode of spelling to be *seck*, and thence concluded that Sack was merely a corruption of *sec*, signifying a dry wine. MINSHEW, as we have seen, renders the term *vin sec ;* and COTGRAVE, in his Dictionary, gives the same translation. The most satisfactory evidence, however, in support of this opinion, is furnished by the French version of a proclamation for regulating the prices of wines, issued by the privy council in 1633, where the expression *vins secs* corresponds with the word *sacks* in the original copy. It may also be remarked, that the term *sec* is still used as a substantive by the French to denote a Spanish wine; and that the dry wine of Xerez is distinguished at the place of its growth by the name of *vino seco*.

"These several authorities, then, appear to warrant the inference, that Sack was a DRY Spanish wine. But, on the other hand, numerous instances occur, in which it is mentioned in conjunction with wines of the sweet class. The act of HENRY VIII. speaks of 'sakkes or other swete wynes.' In like manner, the 'Mystery of Vintners,' published by DR MERRET in 1675, gives a receipt 'to correct the rankness and eagerness of wines, as Sack and Malago, or other sweet wines.' GLAS, in his 'History of the Canary Islands,' makes no distinction between Malmsey and Canary Sack; and NICHOLS, in the account which he has given of Teneriffe, expressly says, 'that island produces three sorts of excellent

wines—Canary, Malmsey, and Verdona; which all go under the denomination of Sacks.' To get rid of the difficulty which thus arises, MR NARES has recourse to the supposition, that Sack was a common name for all white wines. 'But it has been already shewn, that the appellation was originally confined to the growths of Spain; and if it had been used to designate white wines in general, there can be no reason why it should not have been applied to those of France or Candia, which were then imported in large quantity. If, again, we suppose that the name denoted a sweet wine, we shall be equally at a loss to discover the circumstances which could have given rise to such a distinction between it and the other kinds then in use; not to mention that such an application of the term would have been wholly at variance with the etymology as above deduced. A more particular examination of the characters assigned to Sack by the few writers who have described it, will perhaps enable us to reconcile these discrepancies, and remove much of the perplexity in which the question has hitherto been involved.

"In the first place, we are told by VENNER, that 'Sacke is completely hot in the third degree, and of thin parts, and therefore it doth vehemently and quickly heat the body: wherefore the much and untimely use of it doth overheat the liver, inflame the blood, and exsiccate the radical humour in lean and dry bodies.' This description accords with the epithet 'sprightly,' which is given to it in some verses published in 1641, and sufficiently proves, that it could not have been of a thick luscious quality, like most of the dessert-wines then in vogue. That, however, it was a liquor of considerable strength and body, may be inferred from a subsequent passage of the last-mentioned work, where it is extolled as 'the elixir of wine;'—an expression apparently borrowed from one of BEN JONSON'S plays. HERRICK, again, calls it a 'frantic liquor;'—expatiating, with rapture, on its 'witching beauties,' 'generous blood,' &c.; and most of the dramatic writings of the age contain frequent allusions to its enlivening virtues and other fascinating properties. Had there been nothing new or uncommon in the nature of the wine, it could hardly have excited such extravagant admiration, or come into such universal request, at a time when our countrymen were already familiar with the choicest vintages from almost all parts of the globe.

"The practice which prevailed of mixing sugar with Sack has been thought by most persons to indicate a dry wine, such as Rhenish or Sherry. DR DRAKE, indeed, is of a contrary opinion, alleging, that there would be no humour in FALSTAFF'S well-known jest on Sack and sugar, if the liquor had not been of the sweet kind. But on this point little stress can be laid; as at that time it was a general custom with the English to add sugar to their wines. The testimony of VENNER, however, who has discussed the question, 'whether Sack be best to be taken with sugar or without,' clearly points to a dry wine. 'Some,' he observes, 'affect to drinke Sacke with sugar, and some without, and upon no other ground, as I thinke, but that, as it is best pleasing to their pallates. I will speake what I deeme thereof, and I thinke I shall well satisfie such as are judicious. Sacke, taken by itself, is very hot, and very penetrative: being taken with sugar, the heat is both somewhat allayed, and the penetrative quality thereof also retardated. Wherefore let this be the conclusion: Sacke taken by itself, without any mixture of sugar, is best for them that have cold stomackes, and subject to the obstructions of it, and of the meseraicke veines. But for them that are free from such obstructions, and fear lest that the drinking of sacke, by reason of the penetrative faculty of it, might distemper the liver, it is best to drinke with sugar; and so I leave every man that understandeth his owne state of body, to be his own director herein.'"

"Sack was used as a generic name for the wines in question: but occasionally the growths were particularly specified. Thus, in one of the scenes in 'The Second Part of K. Henry IV.' we have a laboured panegyric by FALSTAFF on the attributes of Sherris-sack, or dry Sherry; and for a long time the words Sack and Sherry were used indiscriminately for each other. In like manner, we frequently read of Canary Sack, and find the latter term sometimes employed to express that particular wine; although it differed materially from Sherry in quality, and scarcely came within the description of a dry wine. 'Canarie wine,' says VENNER, 'which beareth the name of the islands from whence it is brought, is of some termed a Sacke, with this adjunct *sweete*, but yet very improperly, for it differeth not onely from Sacke, in sweetnesse and pleasantnesse of taste, but also in colour and consistence; for it is not so white in colour as Sacke, nor so thin in substance; wherefore it is more nutritive than Sacke, and lesse penetrative. It is best agreeable to cold constitutions, and for old bodies, so that they be not too impensively cholericke; for it is a wine that will quickly enflame, and therefore very hurtfull unto hot and cholericke bodies, especially if they be young.' This passage is the more deserving of attention, as it not only illustrates the nature of the Canary wine in use at the commencement of the seventeenth century, but shews that there were considerable differences in the quality of the wines which bore the general name of SACKS, and thus

removes much of the confusion that has arisen from the misnomer above alluded to. Whether the Canary Islands then furnished any dry wines, similar to those which are now imported from Teneriffe, seems doubtful: but it is clear, that Canary Sack resembled the liquor which still passes under that denomination. Of the precise degree of sweetness which it possessed, we may form some idea from the observation of HOWELL, who informs us, that '*Sherries* and *Malagas* well mingled pass for *Canaries* in most taverns, more often than Canary itself.' BEN JONSON mentions his receiving a present of Palm-sack, that is, sack from the island of Palma.

"With these decisive authorities before us, we can more readily understand the description which MARKHAM has given of the various kinds of Sack known in his time. 'Your best Sacks,' he observes, 'are of Xeres, in Spain,—your smaller, of Gallicia and Portugall; your strong Sacks are of the islands of the Canaries and of Malligo; and your muskadine and malmseys are of many parts, of Italy, Greece, and some special islands.' It thus appears, that the Xerez wine, though the driest of any then imported, was inferior in point of strength to the growths of Malaga and the Canary Islands; which is much the same character that was given of it at a subsequent period. With respect to the Sacks of Galicia and Portugal, HOWELL would persuade us, that few of them could have been then brought to this country. 'There is,' he remarks, 'a gentle kind of wine that grows among the mountains of Galicia, but not of body enough to bear the sea, called Rabidavia. Portugal affords no wines worth the transporting.' This opinion, however, I conceive to be erroneous. In the verses above referred to, which were published soon after the Revolution, the wines of Galicia and Carcavellos are noticed; and there is some reason to believe, that the latter may have been the growth which MARKHAM had in view, when speaking of the Portugal Sacks. SHAKSPEARE and other dramatic writers mention a wine called *Charneco*, which, in a pamphlet quoted by Warburton, is enumerated along with Sherry-sack and Malaga. According to Mr Stevens, the appellation is derived from a village near Lisbon. There are, in fact, two villages in that neighbourhood, which take the name of *Charneca*; the one situated about a league and a half above the town of Lisbon,—the other near the coast, between Collares and Carcavellos. We shall, therefore, probably not err much, if we refer the wine in question to the last-mentioned territory.

"The Malaga Sacks must have been not only stronger, but also sweeter than the other kinds; as, by mixing them with Sherry, a liquor resembling Canary wine was produced. They were doubtless of the same quality as those which have since been so largely imported under the name of Mountain. But that the richest growths of the Malaguese vineyards were not unknown in England at this period, the frequent notice of the Pedro-Ximenes, under various disguises of the name, sufficiently testifies.

"Judging from what is still observable of some of the wines of Spain, we may easily imagine, that many of the Sacks, properly so called, might, at the same time, be both dry and sweet. At all events, when new, they would belong to the class of sweetish wines; and it was only after having been kept a sufficient length of time, to ensure the decomposition of the greater part of the free saccharine matter contained in them, that they could have acquired the peculiar dryness for which they were distinguished. We find, accordingly, that they were valued in proportion to their age; and the calls for 'old Sack,' as Sack κατ' ἐξοχὴν, were very common. We may also presume, that there would be much less difference of taste among the several species of Sack, in their recent state, than after they had been long kept; for even the sweetest wines betray at first some degree of roughness, which is gradually subdued by age; while the character of dryness, on the other hand, will hardly apply to any of the durable wines, as they come from the vat. Mountain and Canary were always sweeter than Sherry: but between the richer kinds there is often a strong resemblance in flavour, which is the less extraordinary, as they are made from the same species of grape, though growing in different soils. It was, therefore, not without reason, that they were considered as 'near allied.'

"The conclusion at which we thus arrive is so far satisfactory, as it proves, that the wines formerly known under the name of SACKS, though they may, upon the whole, have been inferior, yet differed in no essential quality from those with which we are at present supplied by the same countries that originally produced them, and which are still held in such deserved estimation. They probably first came into favour, in consequence of their possessing greater strength and durability, and being more free from acidity, than the white wines of France and Germany; and owed their distinctive appellation to that peculiar sub-astringent taste which characterizes all wines prepared with gypsum."

The history of the English taste in wines may be carried down from these days to the present in a single sentence. Claret became the standing liquor at the Restoration, and continued so until the abominable Methuen treaty gave those shameful advantages to the Portuguese growers, by which their pockets are to this hour enriched, and our

stomachs crucified. Since the peace, however, a visible increase in the consumption of French wine has taken place; and it may at this day be safely stated, that the man, generally speaking, who sported *good* port in 1812, sports good claret in 1824. Still a fine field remains for the patriotic exertions of Canning, Huskisson, and Robinson. And if anybody, out of a shovel-hat, drinks port habitually in 1834, these statesmen will have done less for their native land than I at present auspicate, from the known liberality, good taste, &c. &c. &c. by which they are, one and all of them, so egregiously distinguished. Let no filthy, dirty notions of conciliation condemn much longer the guts of the middle orders—the real strength of the nation—to be deluged diurnally with the hot and corrosive liquor of Portugal—the produce of grapes grown by slaves and corrupted by knaves—while, by a slight alteration of the British code, every rector, vicar, and smallish-landed proprietor in England, might easily be enabled to paint his nose of a more delicate ruby, by cultivating an affectionate and familiar intimacy with the blood of the Bordelais.

But enough of all this. It is a truly distressing thing to me, and I am sure every right-feeling mind will go along with me in what I say, to observe the awful ignorance which most men make manifest whenever the different branches of oinological science happen to be tabled in the common course of Christian conversation. I speak of men in other respects estimable. I allow the full meed of applause to their virtues, personal, domestic, civic, and political;—but is it, or is it not, the fact, that they scarcely seem to be aware of the difference between Lafitte and Latour?—while, as for being in a condition to distinguish Johannisberg from Steinwein, or Hockheimer from Rudesheimer—the very idea of it is ridiculous. I earnestly recommend to those who are sensible of their own culpable deficiencies in these branches of information, or rather indeed I should say, of common education, to remain no longer in their present cimmerianism; and the plan I would humbly propose for their adoption is a very simple one. Buy this work of Dr Henderson's, and do not read through, but drink through it. Make it your business, after coming to the page at which he commences his discussion of the wines now in daily use among the well-bred classes of the community,—make it your business to taste, deliberately and carefully, at least one genuine sample of each wine the Doctor mentions. Go through a regular course of claret and burgundy in particular. Lay the foundations of a real thorough-knowledge of the Rhine-wines. Make yourself intimately acquainted with the different flavours of the dry wines of Dauphiny and the sweet wines of Languedoc. Get home some genuine unadulterated Alto Douro, and compare that diligently and closely with the stuff which they sell you under the name of port. Compare the real Sercial which has been at China, with the ordinary *truck* or *barter Madeira*, and let the everyday *Sherry* be brought into immediate contact with the genuine *vino catholico* of Xeres. Study this with unremitting attention and sedulity for a few years, and depend upon it, that, at the end of your apprenticeship, you will look back with feelings, not of contempt merely, but of horror and disgust, upon the state in which you have so long suffered many of your noblest powers and faculties to slumber, or at least to doze.

I cannot sufficiently expatiate upon the absolute necessity of this in the course of a periodical paper, such as the present. Let it be impressed upon your minds—let it be instilled into your children—that he who drinks beer, ought to understand beer, and that he who quaffs the generous juice of the grape, ought to be skilled in its various qualities and properties. That man is despicable who, pretending to sport *vin de Bourdeaux*, gives you, under the absurd denomination of claret, a base mixture of what may be called Medoc smallbeer, and Palus, and Stum wine, and Alicant, and Benicarlo, and perhaps Hermitage, if not brandy—*poison*, for which he pays, it is probable, three shillings a-bottle more than he would do if he placed upon his board in its stead the genuine uncontaminated liquid ruby of the Bordelais. I want words to express my contempt for him whose highly powdered and white-waistcoated butler puts down *vin de Fimes*, that is to say, the worst white Champaigne, stained with elderberries and cream of tartar, when the call is for Clos St Thierry, or Ay—wines tinged with the roseate hues of sunset by the direct influence

of Phœbus. If you cannot afford claret, give port; if you cannot afford port, give beer—The only indispensable rules are two in number: Give the article you profess to give, genuine, pure, and excellent; and give it freely, liberally, in full overflowing abundance and profusion.

Now for a few more samples of the doctor's admirable style of treating the practically useful parts of his very extensive subject. Perhaps no kinds of wine are less understood in this country than those of the Rhine. Let the following sentences be considered by the uninitiated as a sort of first page in the grammar, which, if they are ever to be worthy of dallying with a green goblet, they must make it forthwith their business to master.

"The wines of the Rhine may be regarded as constituting a distinct order by themselves. Some of the lighter sorts, indeed, resemble very much the *vins de Graves*; but, in general, they are drier than the French white wines, and are characterized by a delicate flavour and aroma, called in the country *gare*, which is quite peculiar to them, and of which it would, therefore, be in vain to attempt the description. A notion prevails, that they are naturally acid; and the inferior kinds, no doubt, are so: but this is not the constant character of the Rhine wines, which, in good years, have not any perceptible acidity to the taste,—at least, not more than is common to them with the growths of warmer regions. But their chief distinction is their extreme durability, in which they are not surpassed by any other species of wine; and as they often possess this valuable quality, when they have little else to recommend them, it would seem to furnish an exception to the rules detailed in the preceding part of this work. A brief inquiry into the causes of the peculiarity in question will, however, show that this is not exactly the case.

"As the Rhine wines, when new, contain little more than half the quantity of alcohol which is usually found in the Madeira wine when imported into this country; and as this quantity is often reduced by long keeping so low as seven or eight per cent., it is evident, that the conservative power does not reside in the spiritous principle of these liquors. Their dryness proves, that the saccharine matter, which seldom or never exists in excess in the Rhenish grapes, has been fully decomposed; and from their brightness it may be inferred, that the superfluous leaven has been entirely precipitated. But these conditions, it may be urged, are found in many of the Gascon white wines; which, although they will keep a certain number of years, are much more liable to spoil, than those of the Rhine, especially when removed to warm climates. We must therefore look for this preservative quality in some of the other constituents of the growths now under consideration; and we shall find it, if I mistake not, in the large proportion of free tartaric acid which they contain, and which can only be separated by the usual chemical reagents. Other wines, it is true, also contain this acid, but chiefly in combination with potash; in which state it is of difficult solution, and is gradually precipitated, at least in part, and with a portion of extractive matter, as the liquor advances in age; leaving the mucilaginous and spiritous parts disposed to acescency from the slightest exciting causes. Even in some of the strongest and most perfect wines, such as Sherry and Madeira, when long kept in bottle, this deposit may be perceived; but the completeness of their fermentation, and the alcohol in which they abound, ensure them from any farther change. With most light wines, however, the case is different. Their feebleness will not admit of the separation of any portion of their tartar, without risking their total ruin: but in Rhine wines, not even the evaporation, which is occasioned by long keeping in the wood, is sufficient to derange the affinities. The proportion of alcohol, indeed, is very sensibly diminished, and the wine becomes more acid than before; but the acidity is still very distinct from that of vinegar, and by no means ungrateful to the palate; while the colour is heightened from a pale yellow to a bright amber hue, and the peculiar aroma and flavour are more fully developed; thus shewing, that no other changes have taken place, than the dispersion of part of the spirit, and the concentration of the remaining liquor.

"As these wines are capable of almost indefinite duration, and as their flavour and aroma are always improved by long keeping, it becomes of essential importance to determine the respective characters of the different vintages, for a more extended period than is necessary in the case of most other wines. In favourable seasons, as already observed, the growths of the Rhine are free from acidity; but, in bad seasons, they contain an excess of malic acid, and are consequently liable to those imperfections which have been described as attendant on the presence of that ingredient; and as the moisture of a northern autumn often obliges the grower to gather his grapes before they have attained their full maturity, it is evident that a large proportion of the vintages must be of this description. Hence the wines which have been made in warm and dry years, such as that of 1811, or the year of the comet, as it is sometimes called,

are always in great demand, and fetch exorbitant prices. Of preceding vintages, those of 1802, 1800, 1783, 1779, 1766, 1748, and 1726, are reckoned among the best. That of 1783, in particular, is the most highly esteemed of any in the last century.

"At the head of the Rhinegau wines is the Johannisberger, grown on the south side of the hill of that name, a little below Mentz, which was first planted by the monks of the abbey of Johannisberg, about the end of the eleventh century. The soil is composed of the debris of various coloured stratified marble. The grapes are gathered as late as possible. The choicest produce is called Schoss-Johannisberger, and is indebted for its celebrity to its high flavour and perfume, and the almost total absence of acidity. Formerly the best exposures of the hill were the property of the BISHOP of FULDA, and it was only by favour that a few bottles of the prime vintages could be obtained from his lordship's cellars. On the secularization of the ecclesiastical states, the PRINCE of ORANGE became possessor of the domain; and latterly it has been transferred to PRINCE VON METTERNICH. During these changes, a considerable quantity of the wine has come into the market; but a portion of that which grows at the foot of the hill is always to be had; and even this is preferable in point of flavour to most of the other Rhine wines, and bears a high price.

"Next to Johannisberger may be ranked the produce of the Steinberg vineyard, which belonged to the suppressed monastery of Eberbach, and is now the property of the GRAND DUKE of NASSAU. It is the strongest of all the Rhine wines, and, in favourable years, has much sweetness and delicacy of flavour. That of 1811 is compared by RITTER to the drier kind of Lunel, and has been sold on the spot as high as five and a half florins, or half a guinea the bottle. The quantity made is about three hundred hogsheads, of which sixty are of first-rate quality. Some persons, however, give the preference to the Rüdesheimer wine, which grows on the hill opposite to Bingen. The rock here is composed of micaceous schist, in many places entirely denuded; and the acclivity is so steep, that it has been necessary to form great part of it into terraces, and to carry up in baskets the requisite quantity of vegetable mould and manure. The Orleans grape is chiefly cultivated, yielding a wine which combines a high flavour with much body, and is freer from acidity than most of the other growths of the Rhine. This may be partly attributed to the favourable exposure, which allows the grapes to ripen fully, and also to the lateness of the vintage, which seldom commences till the end of October, or the beginning of November. The Rüdesheim *Hinterhäuser*, so called from its growing immediately behind the houses of the village, and the Rüdesheimer Berg, or Mountain wines, approach in excellence to the first-rate Johannisberger. An ancient deed, by one of the archbishops of Mentz, shews, that the hills in this neighbourhood were not planted with vines till the year 1074.*

"The vineyard of Grafenberg, which was another appanage of the wealthy convent of Eberbach, but of much less extent than the Steinberg, is still distinguished by the choiceness of its growths. Those of Markebrunne, in the same neighbourhood, and of Rothenberg, near Greisenheim, afford wines which are prized for their softness and delicate flavour.

"All the above-mentioned wines are white. Of red wines, the only kind worthy of notice in the Rhinegau is grown at Asmanshausen, a little below Rüdesheim. In good years it is scarcely inferior to some of the better sorts of Burgundy; but the quantity produced is small, and other wines are often substituted under its name.

"The Hochheimer, as before observed, is, strictly speaking, a Mayn wine; but a corruption of its name has long furnished the appellation by which the first growths of the Rhine are usually designated in this country.† The two chief vineyards at Hochheim were in former times the property of the Deans of Mentz, and do not exceed 25 or 30 acres in extent; but the surrounding lands yield an abundant produce, which, as in the case of other wines, often passes for the first rate."

I shall conclude with a few separate observations—I had nearly said *maxims*—with which the Aberdonian himself winds up his volume. Most of them cannot be too carefully laid up in the mind, nor too diligently acted upon in the cellar of the reader.

"1. Among the brisk wines, those of Champagne, though not the strongest, may be considered as the best; and they are certainly the least noxious, even when drunk in considerable quantity. They intoxicate very speedily, probably in consequence of the carbonic acid gas in which they abound, and the volatile state in which their alcohol is held; and the excitement is of a more lively and agreeable character, and shorter duration, than that which is caused by any

* "Der Rheingauer Weinbau. 8vo. 1765, p. 5.

† "Hock is the contraction of Hockamore, which, again, is evidently a corruption of Höchheimer, according to English accent and pronunciation. As the term *Rhenish* is commonly understood to denote an inferior quality, I have, to avoid confusion, adopted the foreign distinction of Rhine wines, when speaking of the growths of the Rhinegau, Hochheim, and the neighbourhood."

other species of wine, and the subsequent exhaustion less. Hence the moderate use of such wines has been found occasionally to assist the cure of hypochondriacal affections and other nervous diseases, where the application of an active and diffusible stimulus was indicated. They also possess marked diuretic powers. The opinion which prevails, that they are apt to occasion gout, seems to be contradicted by the infrequency of that disorder in the province where they are made; but they are generally admitted to be prejudicial to those habits in which that disorder is already formed, especially if it has originated from addiction to stronger liquors. With respect to this class of wines, however, it is to be observed, that they are too often drunk in a raw state, when, of course, they must prove least wholesome; and that, in consequence of the want of proper cellars, and other causes which accelerate their consumption, they are very rarely kept long enough to attain their perfect maturity. It is also worthy of notice, that, in order to preserve their sweetness, and promote effervescence, the manufacturers of Champagne commonly add to each bottle a portion of syrup, composed of sugar-candy and cream of tartar; the highly frothing kinds receiving the largest quantity. Therefore, contrary to the prevailing opinion, when the wine sparkleth in the glass, and 'moveth itself aright,' it is most to be avoided, unless the attributes of age should countervail all its noxious properties. (I doubt extremely as to some part of this, Doctor.)

"2. The red wines of Burgundy are distinguished by greater spirituosity, and a powerful aroma. Owing, perhaps, to the predominance of the latter principle, they are much more heating than many other wines which contain a larger proportion of alcohol. Though in the time of LOUIS XIV. they were prescribed in affections of the chest, no physician of the present day would dream of giving them in such cases. The exhilaration, however, which they cause, is more innocent than that resulting from the use of heavier wines. The better sorts may be sometimes administered with advantage in disorders where stimulant and sub-astringent tonics are required. The same observation will apply to the wines of the Rhone, and the lighter red wines of Spain and Portugal.—(Euge, Doctor!)

"3. Possessing less aroma and spirit, but more astringency than the produce of the Burgundy vineyards, the growths of the Bordelais are, perhaps, of all kinds, the safest for daily use; as they rank among the most perfect light wines, and do not excite intoxication so readily as most others. They have, indeed, been condemned by some writers, as productive of gout; but, I apprehend, without much reason. That with those persons who are in the practice of soaking large quantities of Port and Madeira, an occasional debauch in Claret may bring on a gouty paroxysm, is very possible; but the effect is to be ascribed chiefly to the transition from a strong brandied wine to a lighter beverage,—a transition almost always followed by a greater or less derangement of the digestive organs. Besides, we must recollect, that the liquor which passes under the denomination of Claret is generally a compounded wine. It is, therefore, unfair to impute to the wines of the Bordelais those mischiefs which, if they do arise in the manner alleged, are probably, in most instances, occasioned by the admixture of other vintages of less wholesome quality. (Quite right all this, my dear Doctor.)

"4. The wines of Oporto, which abound in the astringent principle, and derive additional potency from the brandy added to them previously to exportation, may be serviceable in disorders of the elementary canal, where gentle tonics are required. But the gallic acid renders them unfit for weak stomachs; and what astringent virtues they shew will be found in greater perfection in the wines of Alicant and Rota, which contain more tannin and less acid. The excitement they induce is of a more sluggish nature than that attending the use of the purer French wines, and does not enliven the fancy in the same degree. As a frequent beverage they are unquestionably much more pernicious. (True again, my good man.)

"5. For a long time the vintages of Spain, and particularly the SACKS, properly so called, were preferred to all others for medicinal purposes. The wines of Xerez still recommend themselves by the almost total absence of acidity. (Well said, canny Aberdeen.)

"6. Of all the strong wines, however, those of Madeira, when of good quality, seem the best adapted to invalids; being equally spiritous as Sherry, but possessing a more delicate flavour and aroma, and, though often slightly acidulous, agreeing better with dyspeptic habits. Some have thought them beneficial in cases of atonic gout, probably without much cause; for, whenever a disposition to inflammatory disorders exists, the utility of any sort of fermented liquor is very doubtful. (All this is doubtful, Doctor.)

"7. The lighter wines of the Rhine, and those of the Moselle, are much more refrigerant than any of the preceding, and are frequently prescribed, in the countries where they grow, with a view to their diuretic properties. In certain species of fever, accompanied by a low pulse and great nervous exhaustion, they have been found to possess considerable efficacy, and may certainly be given with more safety than most other kinds; as the proportion of alcohol is small, and its effects are modera-

ted by the presence of free acids. They are also said to be of service in diminishing obesity. (Did you ever see the late King of Westphalia, Doctor?)

"8. It is difficult to conjecture on what circumstances the ancients founded their belief in the innocuous qualities of sweet wines, contrasted with the drier and more fully fermented kinds. They may not intoxicate so speedily, and, as they cloy sooner upon the palate, are, perhaps, generally drunk in greater moderation. When new, they are exceedingly apt to disorder the stomach; and, when used too freely, they produce all the same effects as the heavier dry wines. In their more perfect state, they may answer the purpose of agreeable and useful cordials; but, as the excess of saccharine matter retards their stimulant operation, they ought always to be taken in small quantities at a time." (Sweet wines are little to the taste of anything above a Miss, Doctor. I can tolerate one glass of Cyprus, but no more.)

Farewell, then, for the present, to the great historian of Wine. I seriously, and to the exclusion of all puffery and balaam, consider his book as an honour to him—to Aberdeen, which nursed his youth—to Edinburgh, which gave him his well-merited degree—and to London, which has enjoyed the countenance of his manhood—and as a great gift to the public at large, destined, I fondly hope, to profit widely and deeply by the diffusion of his studious labours. Two centuries ago, Lord Bacon declared that a good history of wine was among the grand desiderata of literature: Such it has ever since continued to be; but proud and consolatory is the reflection, that we are the contemporaries of a Henderson, and that such it can never again be esteemed, unless, indeed, some awful world-shaking revolution shall peradventure pass once more over the races of mankind, and bury the bright and buoyant splendours of Champagne, the balmy glutinous mellow glories of Burgundy, the elastic never-cloying luxury of Claret, the pungent blessedness of Hock, and the rich racy smack of the mother of Sherry, beneath the same dark and impenetrable shades which now invest the favourite beverages of the *prima virorum*.

"The Massic, Setine, and renowned Falerne."

It will strike every one as odd, that I should have gone through an article of this length without once alluding to the very existence of—PUNCH. Reader, the fault is not Dr Henderson's—no, nor is it mine. The fact is, that punch-drinking and wine-drinking are two entirely different sciences, and that while, in regard to the latter, Dr Henderson has written a book, and I a review of it in Blackwood, it seems by no manner of means improbable that, as touching the other, we may be destined to exchange these roles—I to compose the history of that most imperial of all fluids, and he, if it so pleases him, to comment upon my labours in the pages of

"My Grandmother's review—the British."

My work will probably be rather a shorter one than the Doctor's. Say what we will about the other arts and sciences, it must at least be admitted that there are three things whereon, and appropriately, the moderns do most illustriously vaunt themselves, and whereof the godlike men of Old were utterly ignorant and inexperienced. I allude to gunpowder, the press, and the punchbowl, the three best and most efficient instruments, in so far as my limited faculties enable me to form an opinion, for the destruction of the three worst and most disgusting of our annoyances in this sublunary sphere—I mean Duns—Whigs—and Blue Devils: Wishing to which trio everything that is their due, and everything that is stomachic, invigorative, stimulant, and delightful to yourself, I remain, dear Mr North, your humble and obliged servant, and affectionate friend,

M. ODOHERTY.

Eltrive Lake, July 4th, 1824.

P.S.—I have been here for a week, trouting and duck-shooting on St Mary's.—Hogg is in great heart. By the way, I find I was quite wrong in supposing the "CONFESSIONS OF A SINNER" to be a work of his. It is, as it professes to be, the performance of a Glasgow Literateur, who properly dedicates to the Lord Provost of The West Country.—His name I have not heard. The Book ought to be reviewed by yourself in Maga in your best manner. It is full of talent—the pictures of the rude puritanic manners of the seventeenth century, betray, in every line, the hand of a master: and well indeed may Mr Smith be proud, that his name figures in the dedication of such a tome. Attend to this, dear North, for the work is really an excellent one in its way.—M. OD.

VISITS TO THE HARAM, BY MEERZA AHMED TUREER.

Translated from the Persian.

VISIT THIRD.

ALL night long I could not sleep, for thinking of the beautiful Meiram and her misfortunes; and I was impatient for the time which should make me acquainted with the rest of her story. One difficulty occurred. I had forgotten to ask at what hour I was to go back, and I doubted whether she would send for me again. This perplexed me; but I determined to return at the same hour at which I had visited her the day before; and, in the meantime, I went to the house of the poet Futteh Allee Khan, to arrange his differences with his head wife about the painting of her eyebrows.

When I arrived at the poet's house, I found him occupied in contemplating a very curious machine, which he had himself invented, and which was moved by the wind on dry land, as a ship is at sea. This machine, he informed me, had exhibited itself before his Majesty the King, at the Camp in Sooltaneeah, and had excited the admiration of every one—even of the King himself. A small deficiency, however, was found to exist in its construction, which the Khan was now endeavouring to rectify. A very stormy day had been chosen for the exhibition, and the machine set off in fine style from the steps of the King's summer palace at Sooltaneeah, rattling away straight for the Camp. The farther it went, the quicker it fled; and it was not until it threatened the destruction of tents, and even the lives of the soldiers, that it was discovered that no provision had been made for stopping it. On it went, overturning tents, and frightening horses, and alarming the whole Camp. The people, not knowing whence it had come, or what it was, took it for some horrible animal, or an engine sent by an enemy to destroy them, and fled in every direction. The machine, glorying in its own strength, went on and on, straight through the centre of the Camp, till, at last, tumbling into a ravine, it overset, and gave, as the Poet observed, an admirable example of the instability of power. His Majesty fined the Khan in a sum of two hundred tomans, for the injury done by his machine, but let him off for the composition of a casseeda,* in which he introduced the moral which his machine had afforded.

The Khan shewed me many curious machines of his own invention, which, for their ingenuity, rivalled the contrivances of Feringistan.†

Futteh Allee Khan is a man of extraordinary talent. He is more knowing in mechanics than any man now in Persia, and few have so extensive a knowledge of chemistry. He is acknowledged to be the greatest epic poet since the time of Ferdoosi, and there is not a man who has so accurate an acquaintance with the Persian language. His satires and lampoons are dreaded by all the men in power, and his laudatory verses are as elegantly turned as his satires are cutting. He has lately devoted some attention to painting, in which art he has made so much progress, that he is already a tolerable artist. There are few books of any note which he has not read, and his memory is so retentive, that he never forgets anything which he has once known. He has long been a very intimate friend of mine,—in fact, the similarity of our pursuits has drawn us much together.

The Khan, on the present occasion, seemed much more inclined to give me a full account of his machinery, his printing-press, &c. than to accompany me into the underoon. The fact was, that the Khan, with all his accomplishments, had never been able to manage his own family, and, in particular, had long been completely subjected by his head wife, with whom it was now my wish to reconcile him.

As soon as we entered the inner court, his wife, whom he dreaded, and who had often been my patient, came to receive me. She saluted me in the politest manner, and said many kind things to me, without taking the slightest notice of the Khan, though she had not seen him for nearly twenty-four hours.

---

* *Casseeda*, a poem corresponding nearly to an epigram.

† *Feringistan*, Europe.

When we had seated ourselves, and taken a cup of coffee, I opened to her the business of my mission, and spoke of her husband in terms so handsome, as could not fail to make her proud of him. She thanked me for my good opinion of him civilly enough, but said, that all these qualities were more than counterbalanced by his vices. She made bitter complaints of his having taken a young wife, to whom he gave more money and finer clothes than to her, though she had born him two sons. "Only think," said she, "he told me yesterday that I was an old fool, for painting my eyebrows; and no longer ago than the night before last, when he ought to have been in my room, I found him in his own apartment, with a young slave-girl assisting him to undress, because, forsooth, he had a pain in his shoulder, and could not pull off his own coat. And, for all this, he tells me that I am too old to paint my eyebrows!—Why, he is at least twenty years older than I am! Shame upon him!—an old grey-headed man like him. But no matter—If he thinks me not worth the trouble of painting my eyebrows, I can tell him that there are others—yes, others, younger and better-looking than ever he was, who think differently.—He, indeed, to call me old!—tuh* upon his beard!—I would not give that for him!"—accompanying her words with a loud crack of her fingers, and almost at the same moment bouncing out of the room. I looked at the Khan in astonishment. He shook his head, and spoke not a word.

I felt myself under the necessity of expressing my regret that I had not been able to do any good, and proposed to return again in the evening, when I hoped to be more successful.

"O," said the Khan, "I see you do not understand the matter. I was quite pleased when I saw her get into such a passion, and behave so absurdly;—there is now some hope of her coming round. If she had conducted herself reasonably before you, she would not have come to any understanding for a week; but now she will be ashamed of herself, and she will be unhappy till she has done something to remove the unfavourable impression which she knows she has left upon your mind."

The Khan judged rightly. The lady presently returned in another mood—she came into the room weeping, and told me, it was very hard, that, after having born the Khan two sons, she should be treated by him so badly. "Since his young wife has come to the house," said she, "he has taken no more notice of me than if I was a hubbushee."†

After some difficulty, I persuaded her to sit down between the Khan and myself, and reasoned with her on the subject. While I was speaking, the Khan once or twice whispered something in her ear. At first she only answered him by a look of surprise, and even of indignation; but, however, he persevered, and, on his second attempt, she deigned to call him an old ass; on the third, she was forced to smile, and gave the Khan a small pat on the cheek, which had more of kindness in it than of anger. It was evident that the quarrel was now at an end; I accordingly took another pipe of very good Tubbus‡ tobacco, which the Khan preferred to that of Sheeraz, and departed; for the hour was approaching when I hoped to see the lovely Meiram, and hear the rest of her story.

I went to the Haram-Khanah§ on foot, for the first time, and entered so quietly, that I was quite unperceived, except by the eunuchs at the gate, who rose and saluted me as I passed them.

I had no sooner entered, however, than I was beset by half the slave-women in the place, each eager to attract my attention to the narrative of their own complaints, which were more various than the whole list of human diseases given by the celebrated Aboo Allee. I at first attempted to lend an ear to their entreaties, but I found them so numerous, that it would have occupied me a week to have prescribed for them all, and so unintelligible, that, in the end, I should

---

* *Tuh!* an interjection of contempt. It represents the act of spitting, and is used to signify the same degree of contempt, as if the person was actually spit upon.

† African black.

‡ *Tubbus*, the name of a district famous for its tobacco.

§ *Haram-Khanah*—*Haram*, forbidden, and *Khanah*, house.

have had to prescribe at random. I therefore put them off as well as I could, saying, that I should attend to them on my return, but that the business on which I was going was urgent, and would not admit of delay.

As I passed on, I heard some remarks made regarding my patient's state of health, which shewed me plainly that they more than suspected my visits, as a professional man, were not much required; and I could perceive that they did not consider me too old to be subjected to some unpleasant suspicions, which considerably alarmed me. I was once or twice on the point of making some reply to their insinuations, but I thought it wiser to pretend not to hear or understand them; for, in truth, I did not well know what reply to make.

When I entered the apartments of my patient, I found the outer room deserted, and though I coughed once or twice loud enough to be heard within, still no one came to me. I was at a loss what to do, and was on the point of going away, when I observed Aga Jewah's slippers; and being satisfied that he must be in the house, I called to know whether there was any one within. Still no one answered. My heart misgave me—I fancied, I know not why, that something wrong must have happened—my curiosity and my fears were excited, and I called again louder than before. Aga Jewah immediately made his appearance with a very doleful countenance, and told me that his mistress had been weeping all morning. I made no reply, but moved forward.

I entered her room in some anxiety, and not without a small share of displeasure. There were several women in the apartment, some of whom hurriedly veiled themselves as I entered. There was dejection in their countenances; and one old woman, who sat apart from the rest, had been weeping, but endeavoured to conceal her sorrow when I approached. She rose slowly, and pointing to a place near to where she sat, motioned to me to sit down. She wore no veil, and, from her dress, I perceived that she was an Armenian. She might be about sixty. Her face had on it the lines of age, and perhaps of care; but her eye was full and bright, and there was in her appearance something more elevated than usually belongs to her people. Her manner was solemn, calm, and collected; and she seemed to be as much a stranger to those around her as I was, who had never seen them till now. I addressed her in Turkish, and the manner of her reply shewed that she was acquainted with the politest expressions of that language. I asked for Meiram—she pointed to the bed on which I had first seen her in her loveliness, and for a moment I saw nothing; but on looking attentively, I perceived that some one was hid by the coverlid, which shook as if the person beneath it had an ague.

I raised it, and saw Meiram bathed in tears. Her hair was loose and dishevelled, partly covering her face, which was pale, save for one bright spot on her cheek—Her eyes were red with weeping, and she had a confused and distracted appearance, which much alarmed me. On finding that some one disturbed her, she cast a hurried look of anxiety and alarm upon me—and seeing who it was, burst again into tears.

The old woman kept her eye steadily fixed upon me while this was passing, and, as I again dropped the coverlid, said to me in Turkish, "Can you, who are a Persian, weep for an Armenian woman? If so, God preserve you—you are not like your people." This was said with a tone and manner so strange, that it startled me, and I was half afraid of her; for it is well known that many Armenian women have supernatural power at their command. But as I looked round to observe her, I saw her dashing from her eyes tears which came too fast to be concealed, and I was then assured that she was nothing bad.

The other women sat by—their elbows on their knees—their cheeks rested on their hands, with looks of dejected composure, which scarcely indicated sorrow, and whispered to one another about something foreign to the scene before them. It was evident that they did not enter into the feelings of Meiram, and I therefore intimated that I wished to be left alone with my patient. They looked at one another, muttered something, and went slowly and sulkily away.

The old Armenian woman took no notice of their departure, and as she seemed to be as deeply interested as myself, I made no attempt to remove her.

I sat down by Meiram's bed-side; and again raising the cover under which she lay, I forced her to sit up; but she covered her face with her hands, and sobbed aloud. "My child," said I, "what new grief has fallen so heavy on your young heart, which has already suffered sorrow beyond its years?—Must I see you weeping, without knowing the cause of your pain? Why will you not trust me? I am an old man, and 'youth should seek the council of age.' Believe me, my soul is grieved to see you thus; and if it is in my power to relieve you from any portion of your sorrow, it will lighten my own heart to do so."

"Oh, Meerza," said Meiram, "you do not know the extent of my misery. There is no hope left for me—no human aid can save me now—I am gone, gone for ever. The only hope to which my heart clung has vanished—This very day all hope of earthly happiness has passed from Meiram."

"God forbid!" said I. "You are young, and know little of the world. What may seem to you so terrible, may yet to me be easily remedied. Do not make yourself so wretched. Tell me what has happened, and I swear to you, by the blessed Koran, that I shall do everything in my power to serve you."

"You are good, yes, very good and kind," said Meiram, "to value so much my happiness—God will reward you for it. But I fear, alas! that you can render me no service. Oh no—I know you cannot, for the King is absolute, and no one dare dispute or argue with him; and they will poison his ears with false things, and no man dares to tell him truly; and he will be wroth, and will not listen to the words of any one, if any should be found to speak in my behalf; and my name will be branded with infamy, and I shall die as one whose virtue has been stained. But God, who knows our hearts, and knows mine pure from this offence, will grant me mercy, which I cannot hope for here. Yes, Meerza Ahmed, long after the grave has closed over my misery, it will be told how Meiram, the Armenian daughter, died in infamy—my name, till now, so kindly cherished, that it was chosen by lovers for their mistresses, and sung in love songs, will henceforth be a reproach unto my people—they will not dare to utter it."

"What have you done?" said I—"Of what are you accused?—Who are your accusers?—What have they done?—Have they spoken to the King? I trust, young woman, that your warm youthful blood has not broken down the restraints of prudence. Tell me truly, and if you be truly innocent, my tongue at least shall do you justice. I am not quite unknown to him you fear—the King of kings, my master—and if you are falsely spoken of to him, I can speak to him truly—my word will go as far with him as that of most men."

"Then God give you exemption from all sorrow," said the old woman, "for you alone can save this girl; and if you have in your heart a place for kindness, and for boldness too, now shew it—for you will have need of both. The prayers of all her race shall be raised for you; and if you value not the prayers of those whom you call infidels, their last and dearest services shall be at your command."

"Woman," said I, "what can be done, that will I do. That I have kindness for this daughter of your people, you may have seen already—else why should I be here. And for the boldness which you speak of, let me tell you, that I have spoken to the late King in terms which no one else dared to have used, and he was to his present Majesty as a hungry lion to a lamb. But let me know what has been done—what has been said—what is to do—what is the matter—tell me all about it, and see you tell me truly."

"You already know," said Meiram, "much of my story—almost all of it; and I have promised to let you hear the rest—Would to God that I had told you sooner!

"You may remember, Meerza, that when I told you of my own captivity, I told you, too, that many others had been taken, and mentioned, more particularly, one whom the Persian struck, because I flew to him for safety in my terror and distress.

"I sought, in speaking of him, to conceal the agitation which I felt; and though I longed to do so, yet I could not bring myself to tell you that he was all the world to me.

"We had been play-mates from our infancy, and first I used to call him brother; but as we grew up in years, his manner to me changed—he wished me not to call him brother—he spoke

to me with hesitation—and his tenderness, which ever had been great, grew still much greater, though less constant; for he could not bear to see me speak to any of our former play-mates, and sometimes he bitterly reproached me for it.

"I knew not then the meaning of this change, and it was not until I saw some other maidens looking kindly on him, and courting his attention, that I knew how much I loved him, or could feel why he disliked to see me speak to other men.

"I remember it was one day just after the long fast, when we were met together many of us at a feast. After we had dined, some of the young men came to where the women were collected, and Eusuf came along with them. He was the fairest and the handsomest by far, and many of the maidens fixed their eyes upon him, and one of them persuaded him to sit down beside her, and smiled upon him, and whispered many words in his ear—and I thought they pleased him. I felt, for the first time, as if he had neglected me—my heart was full—the tear was near my eye, and I could have wept, but shame prevented me.

"When he came round to where I sat, I could not conceal that I was angry with him, and I gave him short and pettish answers. He made no reply, but looked most kindly on me—his eyes filled, and he turned away and left us.

"In the evening he came to me, and we talked much together, and there were some tears shed, but no reproaches uttered. Then I felt my love for him, and his for me, and he wrung from me a confession that I loved him, and made me say that I would one day be his wife. And then he spoke of all his hopes, and of a time yet distant, and of the happiness we should enjoy, for then our fears were few; and when we parted, he kissed me, and called me even then his wife.

"I had never concealed anything from my father, for, with my love for him, there was mixed no fear except the fear lest I should give him pain. But I had never heard him speak of love such as I felt; and though I hoped that I had not done anything which could displease or pain him, I found it difficult to tell him what had passed. But he himself found out the secret of my heart, and when he spoke to me I owned it. He told me that in virtuous love there was no sin—that he approved my choice—that he himself had loved as tenderly and fervently as any one, and had been loved again,—and now I saw that he took pleasure in observing how we loved each other.

"Had the Persians not come to our village, Eusuf would in another week have been my husband. That very day we had been solemnly betrothed, and I had on my bridal clothes, and all that day I had been called the bride. A woful bridal-day it was to me and all of us—for ere the night came down, I had forgotten, in my present misery, all that had befallen me in my life before; and when I came to think more calmly, I thought most of my dear father, and his murder—and that dreadful night—and of the future;—and when I thought of Eusuf, I thought of him as one whom I should never see again, unless in heaven.

"From that fatal night on which my sorrows first began, I never saw him till some days ago when going to the garden. We scarce had passed the gate of Shameroon, when a man passed us riding on horseback, and as he rode along, he sung a song in my native language, which I had often heard in our own village—It was a song which some lover had written for his love, whose name, like mine, was Meiram, and therefore Eusuf often sung it to me. I thought I knew the voice, and when I saw his face I knew it—my frame all shook—my eyes grew dim—my head ran round; and without knowing what I said, I named his name aloud. He started, and looked round, but could not tell from which of us the voice had come, for we were many riding together, but he followed at a distance, singing still the song of Meiram, and almost broke my heart.

"When we were returning, we found him still lingering on the way, and as we passed, he looked at us so narrowly, that the guards ordered him off the road, and then he went away.

"I never had ceased to love him, but I knew not where he was—or if he lived. I feared that he had died—or if alive, that he had long ago forgotten me—and I had ceased to lament for him; yet when I found him seeking still for me, still loving me, I felt as if my heart had been untrue to him, and that I therefore owed him much

more love than ever. I then remembered that I was, in fact, his wife. By my own promise, by my father's wish, and by the solemn ceremony of betrothing, I was his. My conscience now was roused to aid my love—my mind distracted with a thousand thoughts—endless self-criminations poured upon me. I thought that I had half consented to become what now I was, or was to be. What mattered it although he was a king—I had a husband, who was more than kings to me—it was true, that I had been sent by force, and that resistance would have been vain, but I had not attempted it—I had not even said I was betrothed.

"With thoughts like these I spent the night, and in the morning, confused and feverish, I went to the bath, and on my return home I sent for you.

"This was what I wished to tell you. I wished to beg your aid, but my own weakness marred my purpose. I could not tell you, for I was then wretched, and sorrow made me weak; but now despair has given me strength, and I can tell you, even without blushing, of my love.

"This is not all; oh no! the worst is yet to come. What then was sorrow—was happiness—to what I have to tell you now:—The King has sent me presents, and ordered me to wait on him to-night; and even worse than this—worse—worse than all, Eusuf was mad enough to send to me a letter full of love—This has been intercepted; he is taken, and I am charged with infamy—most falsely charged; for I swear by my dear father's soul, which looks on me from heaven, that I am pure and innocent as when he used to take me in his arms, and smile upon me through tears of hope, and love, and joy.

"They came to give me the King's presents, and tell that I was to be much honoured by waiting on his Majesty to-night; and when I pushed away the odious gifts, and wept, (as what could I do else?) they said that I did little grace to the King's message, and that they feared I scarcely was deserving of the honour done me. But when they found the letter, they thought that all was then made plain; and so, in truth, it was, but not as they have made it; and they went to tell the King, and left me here to weep my sorrows, and to weep for him, who, for my sake, has come to so much misery.

"Oh, Meerza! if you can save *him*, I'll bless you with my dying lips, and if in another world we are allowed to feel the memory of kindnesses done here, my spirit after death shall bless you still."

"Speak not of him," said the old woman, sternly, "speak not of him—his madness has brought this upon us all—let him suffer for it, for all the fault is his. What had he to do to seek for one, who by the hand of power was taken from him? What had he to do to follow with his love, one, who was happier far without him; and, (madman that he is,) bring down the vengeance of the King on this sweet flower, who (but for him) was flourishing, and would have blossomed an honour to her race, a pride to all her people. Speak not of him, but save this lovely maid, and let him pay the penalty of follies such as his."

"Is it you," said Meiram, "who speak thus—you who bore him, who nursed him at your breast, and, as you yourself have told me, saw in his smiling infant eyes a solace for your woes, which then were many—you, whom I have myself seen weep for very joy to hear his praises from my father—and do you thus cast him off, who ought to plead for him! Oh, his heart is true! He would not have deserted the meanest slave at such a time—requiring so much aid as he does now."

I was about to interfere, when a noise was heard without, and Aga Jewah rushed into the room, calling, "They are come—they are come." He threw himself upon the floor—kissed his mistress's feet, and broke out into bitter lamentations. I demanded who were come. He said, the executioners.

A solemn, dead, and awful pause ensued. Poor Aga Jewah stood mute and motionless, the picture of despair. The old woman was on her knees at prayer, after the christian manner. Her face was hid from me, but I could see her agony expressed in strong convulsive heavings, which went to my very soul.

I turned to Meiram. Her face was deadly pale—calm and motionless she sat—her streaming eyes turned up to heaven—her pallid lips apart—her hair thrown back, and falling down in long black silken tresses—her hands

were folded on her bosom. If ever there was true devotion in a look, that look was Meiram's. There was a halo round her, even though a Christian, which awed me into silence, and made me feel that prayers are not in words, but in the heart, and that religion, in its kind and holy influence, is bound to no one form of faith.

Although I knew not what to do, I felt it was my duty to do something, and that without delay. I went to the outer room, and found there some of the inferior eunuchs, who had, in truth, come to act as executioners. I gave the chief of them some money, making him promise to wait till my return; and I engaged for Aga Jewah, that he should treat them handsomely.

I thought of many things which might be done; but all required more time than I could give. I passed across the court, not knowing whither I went, and got into another court, in which I had never been. There I saw about a dozen eunuchs standing together near a window, which was open, where some one seemed to be conversing with them. I drew near unobserved, and found it was the King of kings himself. I stood till he perceived me, and then fell flat upon the ground, to shew that I came to make a supplication.

"Ah! Meerza Ahmed," said his Majesty, "what are you doing here?—What is the matter?—Have any of the women been treating you ill?—They are terrible devils these women, Meerza—Ah! is it not so? Come near, and tell me what you want. If you have any ureeza* to present, you ought to have come to the salam.†—But let me hear what it is."

"My urz,‡ so please your Majesty," said I, "is one which it would not have become me to make to the King of kings in public; but a fortunate chance, or some lucky conjunction of the heavenly bodies, has now directed me to your Majesty; for I lost my way, and came here, not knowing whither I was going. But your Majesty is always gracious, and I trust will not deny the first petition of the slave of your house."

"Well, Meerza Ahmed," said his Majesty, "if you ask anything in reason, you shall have it; and if your request is such as the King cannot with propriety grant, you shall pay a fine of 100 tomans for making it. Now tell me what it is."

I fell again upon the ground, and begged the life of Meiram.

"By the head of the King," said his Majesty, "you must pay your 100 tomans; can anything be more unreasonable than your request? a jade, to play the King the trick she has played; to disgrace and insult him; and you would have her forgiven! What, Meerza, do you want her for yourself? I thought you had been too old to trouble yourself about young wives now. What would you make of her, Meerza, if you had her? Come, send for your 100 tomans, for you have forfeited them, or give me a good reason for your request."

"The girl," said I, "is innocent of the crime for which she is doomed to suffer."

"If you can prove that," replied the King, "I shall be better pleased than if I had received the money, for the girl is passing fair."

I related to his Majesty the story of Meiram, word for word, as she had told it to me, and he listened with great attention. When I came to tell him of the executioners' having gone to take her away, and of her having reproached Eusuf's mother for trying to save her, in preference to her own son, and of the mother's opinion of her son's conduct, and of her calling him mad, and of their great distress and sorrow, the King expressed some pity for them. I added, that if his Majesty would grant a pardon to them both, their being in fact half man and wife (for they had been betrothed) would give a fair pretext for doing so—the generosity of his Majesty would be echoed from one end of the empire to the other; and that I was sure the girl would rather die than be untrue to her betrothed husband; for if he were put to death, she certainly would break her heart with grieving.

The King reflected for a while, then said, "Hakeem Bashee,‖ you have done well to make these things known—the King gives the girl to your charge—let her be taken to your own house,

---

* *Ureeza*, a petition.
‡ *Urz*, the same as *ureeza*.
† *Salam*, a levee held by the King every morning.
‖ *Hakeem Bashee*, head physician.

and well treated, and have her ready to be produced when the King shall demand her. The fellow shall be examined. If his story agrees with yours, he shall be pardoned. If not, you must pay the 100 tomans. Do you hear what the King has ordered?"

I fell upon the ground once more, and blessed his Majesty's generosity and benevolence, which no prince had ever equalled.

His Majesty sent an eunuch of rank to liberate Meiram, and hand her over to my charge, and gave me permission to depart.

When we arrived at the apartments, I was alarmed by hearing a great noise within; many shrill voices were raised at once, and Aga Jewah's was louder than any of them.

When we entered, I found that the eunuchs whom I had left there under a promise to remain quiet, till I arrived, had forced their way into Meiram's room, seized upon everything they could find, and completely plundered the house.

Poor Meiram, believing that this was only a prelude to a more trying scene, sat a silent, passive, indifferent spectator of their present proceedings.

The eunuch who accompanied me, not being able to make them obey his orders to restore the property, seized a large piece of firewood, and began to lay about him with all his might. I followed his example; and Aga Jewah, who seemed delighted by the opportunity which was afforded him to vent his rage, gave us able assistance, so that in five minutes we were masters of the house, and had recovered almost all the things that had been taken.

Having turned the ruffians into the outer room, and set Aga Jewah to watch them, the eunuch who accompanied me with the king's order, came with me into the inner apartment, and having paid me many compliments, communicated the nature of his instructions.

While he was speaking, a breathless and distressing anxiety was painfully visible in the old woman's countenance; and when she heard that Meiram was to proceed to my house, she started from where she was sitting, and throwing herself at my feet, kissed them a hundred times.

Meiram followed her example; but as she rose she looked at me wistfully, and seemed about to speak, but checked herself, and cast her eyes upon the ground. The old woman's keen eye, too, was fixed upon me with a look of inquiry, which seemed to ask if I had nothing more to say. I interpreted their looks rightly, and told them that there was nothing to fear for Eusuf.

It has been said by wise men, that the effects of excessive joy are nearly the same with those of sorrow, and so it was now, for Meiram and the old woman were no sooner relieved from all their fears, which so late had hung heavily upon them, than they began to sob and weep, and any one who might have entered then, would have imagined that I had been the bearer of some doleful tidings. After a time they became more composed, and began to prepare themselves for their departure.

The eunuch now intimated that it was customary to give a present to the King's eunuchs when they left the house; and though I represented their bad conduct, he still insisted on their right to a compensation for having been disappointed of the plunder, which, had the King's intention not been happily changed, would, as a matter of course, have fallen to their share. He also intimated, that he himself expected a handsome reward.

All this was speedily adjusted, and having left Aga Jewah in charge of the apartments, we proceeded to the gate of the haram.

The news had gone abroad that Meiram was to live at my house, and the people conceived that the King had given her to me. As we went through the court many jokes were passed upon us; some of them no doubt very witty; but my mind was too much occupied to be either annoyed or amused by them.

From the gate, an eunuch was sent with Meiram, to shew her my house, and I hurried home to prepare for her reception.

Not many hours had elapsed since the King had pardoned Meiram, but my wife, who heard everything, and always had a wrong edition of every story, had been told that the King had given me a young wife, and that she might expect her immediately. Accordingly, when I entered she made a furious attack upon me, and it was long before she could be persuaded that what she had heard was not true.

At last I gave her a short sketch of the business; and had just succeeded in persuading her of the truth of it, when Meiram arrived.

My wife, to do her justice, was capable of great kindness, and had naturally a good heart, but her cursed jealousy ruined her temper, and for many years destroyed my happiness. On this occasion, however, her good feelings had been excited, and she received Meiram, and the old woman, whom I had invited to accompany her, as kindly as I could possibly desire. She lodged them comfortably, put fewer questions than could have been expected, and succeeded in making them very happy.

The King, having satisfied himself of the truth of what I had related to him, liberated Eusuf the next day, and ordered that he should be immediately married to Meiram. He gave Eusuf an office of emolument about the court, and allowed Meiram to keep all the jewels which she had received while in the royal haram, which were valued at several thousand of tomans. Eusuf rose every day in favour and was soon made a Khan.

Till within a very few years they have resided at the capital, but have lately removed to a village which the King has given them, amongst the Armenians, in one of his provinces. They have several children, and live very comfortably. They have been very grateful for my services, and send me frequent presents of fowls and fat lambs, and butter and eggs, so that I seldom have occasion to buy any of these articles.

FAREWELL TO GREECE.

For Music.

FAREWELL for ever, classic Land
Of Tyrants and of Slaves!
My homeward path lies far away
Over the dark blue waves;—

And where I go, no marble fanes
From myrtle steeps arise,
Nor shineth there such fervid suns
From such unclouded skies;—

But yet, the earth of that dear land,
Is holier earth to me,
Than thine, immortal Marathon!
Or thine, Thermopylæ!

For there my fathers' ashes rest,
And living hearts there be—
Warm living hearts, and loving ones,
That still remember me.

And oh! the land that welcometh
To one such bosom shrine;
Though all beside were ruined, lost,
That land would still be mine,—

Ay, *mine*—albeit the breath of life
Not there I breathed first—
Ay, *mine*—albeit with barrenness
And polar darkness curst.

The Bird that wanders all day long,
At sunset seeks her nest—
I've wander'd long—My native home,
Now take me to thy rest.

C.

THOUGHTS ON SOME ERRORS OF OPINION IN RESPECT TO THE ADVANCEMENT AND DIFFUSION OF KNOWLEDGE.

All attempts at bringing knowledge into *encyclopedic* forms seem to include an essential fallacy. Knowledge is advanced by individual minds wholly devoting themselves to their own part of inquiry. But this is a process of separation, not of combination. The facts of every Science become thus incredibly multiplied. The books in each, in which well-examined facts of value are recorded, in which original and true reasonings are delivered, grow very numerous. The library of a Physician, a Lawyer,—of a Naturalist, an Antiquary,—of the Scholar, the Metaphysician, of the *Student* (may we so speak?) of Poetry, is large. Each, excepting disability in himself, may in his own pursuit attain the proficiency of his time. But to do so, he will need to give to it something like the same devoted labour, something like the same exclusive zeal, by which in other hands it is making progress.—As knowledge is advanced, from the mere amount of each science, the division of minds from one another becomes more and more the principle, or condition, of attainment to the individual mind, of farther advancement to the separate Sciences.

Meanwhile we say that the *Human Mind* is extending its empire: and we have a feeling as if every one in some manner partook of the triumphs and the dominion achieved, even when we do not suppose him to be in any way affected by the results, or even to have the knowledge, of what is discovered or done. All are *confederated*, who prosecute, or support, or love the labours of intellect, in the great warfare of knowledge: bent to overcome, by the power of thought, evil, physical or moral, in our condition: burning with more splendid desires, with the ambition of—if in intellect that is possible—even unfruitful glory, of conquests, in which no use is foreseen beyond the pleasure and exultation of success. It is the consciousness of our common cause, that gives us sympathy and participation with what is gained in fields of speculation on which we have never set foot: that may enable a moral philosopher in England to rejoice, that a chemist at Upsala, an anatomist at Florence, by detecting a principle, by demonstrating a function, has cleared up a darkness he himself never felt:—that now gives to every man, generally and indefinitely, whose thoughts ever travel out of the sphere of his personal interests to consider the fortunes of his kind, a buoyant sense of superiority and power subsisting in the intellectual spirit of his age, a sanguine, though aimless, anticipation of enterprizes yet to be carried through, of effects still to be accomplished, and every day accomplishing, by the industry and daring of human genius.

But it is evident that only while explained by the notion of such an ideal community is it even intelligible to speak of the acquisitions made by OUR MIND, of the provinces IT has subjected to itself, of the kingdom IT has won. The knowledge actually possessed by men, must needs transcend by almost infinite degrees—the capacity, and *means*, of knowing, of the most fortunate and gifted understanding. How much the capacity and means of those many who nevertheless please themselves with the imagination of sharing in the "sovereign sway and masterdom" of Intellect!—The MIND is no where, the single mind is not, cannot be, in which that collected wisdom and power of all, contemplated by us, has its seat: but by the fancied inter-communion among all of rights, and interchange of powers, by the felt union of desires to the same great common ends, the innumerable associated multitude of minds appear to us as one.

Nor, in truth, if we consider more attentively the relation of the different works of the human understanding to one another, is this idea of a fellowship in labour among minds differently employed, of the acquisition of one in the attainment of another, a mere notional impression. The system of human thought is bound together not merely in its origin, by the identity of the powers from which it proceeds, and in its result by a unity of purpose in *all* the purposes it accomplishes, but intermediately and throughout its progress, by mutual dependence and reciprocal action of its several parts. No man—whatever his own parts, whether of speculative inquiry or of prac-

tical art, may be—knows from what quarter, from what region of inquiry or of art, he shall see it receive its next aid. As little does he know to what necessity of human nature, to what difficulty of human reason, he himself, if the faculty of discovery have fallen to him, or even the chance, without the faculty, shall next bring relief. —The curious artist who learnt to bend the lines of sight on their way into the eye, and the Philosopher who traced with his rod,* and he who *unravelled* the mazes of the sky, were guiding,—could they foreknow it—on the paths of every sea, the Ships of Commerce and of War. The Philologist has given Hippocrates to the Physician, to the Mathematician, Euclid and Archimedes, to the Theologian he has delivered the volume of his highest Science, to the lowly believer, of his morals and his faith.—One man in his laboratory holds a gauze of wire over a burning lamp, and observes that the flame will not pass through. His observation, cast into another mind, turns into a talisman for the safeguard of human lives.—Some arts, some sciences, have in themselves a necessary universality:—as he who fused an ore, ministered the strength and skill of every hand—as he who *wrote* the articulations of the voice, prepared glory, durability, self-diffusing, self-augmenting might, to all the modes of action, to all the deeds in all the undertakings, of the restless, undeterred, unsatisfied, all-aspiring, all-enterprising spirit of men.—The investigator of the problems of NUMBER and EXTENSION, and of the yet more abstruse relations which these *embody*, can he labour and not for a thousand inquirers, of whose specific researches he has no understanding?—He treats *universal* elements, and what he finds of them, must be of scarce narrower application.—Thought is the germ of thoughts. The act is the father of acts to be. We may comprehend in some degree the past which we traversed, not the future of which we left the seeds beneath our feet.

There are then links of connexion strict and solid, among the several parts of knowledge: there is a real strong bond of co-operation between its variously-employed followers.—And this, in truth, to an extent not easily limited. The living strive for one another, and for the ages to come. The dead have striven for those that now are. The *imaginary* community of which we spoke binds together, no less, successive generations, and divided ages. We call OURS all that is yet unperished of the past genius of mankind:—And the canvass and the gorgeous wall, starting into life in colours of the Italian sun, the eloquence "since mute" that thundered in "free Rome," and the "builder's skill" that "was known" "to Greece," and "the light chisel" that "brush'd" her "Parian stone," bring to us the consciousness of THE RACE WHICH WE ARE, kindle our thoughts with the recollection of what WE HAVE DONE, of what WE HAVE BEEN, raise instead of depressing us, and seem to require of us now, for *our* right in them, no more than that we should understand, not that we should imitate them,—while we pursue with strenuous endeavour and elated hearts, the different toils of the same mind, of which *our* destiny opens the way before us. They warn us indeed of the spirit which we bear. They remind us what faculties we have to unfold: in what liberty of power we should walk: with what fires we are made to burn. If we decline,—if we vail the eyes of intellect,—if we stoop the majesty of our nature,—if we grovel in desire,—they reproach our sordid degeneracy. But the proud monuments of old time challenging our admiration, impose no domineering restriction on our march of mind. They give no law. They point us to seek impulse, regulation, direction within ourselves. They call upon us not to revive arts, but to maintain power. What WE have to do we must learn from our own time, and the voices that speak within us. Only let us take care that the soul which has descended to us do not in our bosoms expire.

There is great philosophical wisdom in that high and eloquent passage of the Roman poet,—who, putting into

---

* Virgil's description of the elder Astronomers.

——————Cælique meatus
Describent radio.

the mouth of the imagined ancestor of his countrymen the prophecy of their greatness, by him apostrophizes, and exhorts them, abandoning to other nations other modes of glory, to attach themselves to that which was allotted peculiarly to be their own. There is a division of genius to nations, as to individuals: and each will most excel, will do more for itself, for its own renown, and for mankind, by following the light of this inward determination.

If Italy painted, if France brightened the manners of civilized men, if Germany thinks, if Britain acts, if Spain could have cherished the soul of romance, if India could have preserved to the world's late day the mysterious sublimity of its early dreams, —are not these all distinct gains, are they not separate forms of power, enjoyed, possessed by Man,—and would he not,—might he but know them together continued to him,—feel himself rich and strong in these diversities of his talents, of his cultivation, in this various developement of his natural welfare?

In nations, and in individual minds, one principle appears to hold. We owe much to one another, undoubtedly: guidance and urgency, as well as restraint. But to every one his chief source of impulsion, motive in conduct, direction and incitation in genius, is given in himself. He will effect most by relying upon this: by withholding himself from courses of moral, of intellectual exertion, which belong to others, and applying his force of desire, his full effort, to those which are properly his own, opening of themselves, and yielding way to his natural aspirations. The energy of power will be greatest, when it is the efflux from an original *nature*. The sum of power, of advancement then, to the world must be greatest, when every one disregarding the avocation of others, or looking to it for incitement only not for example, well distinguishing generous rivalry from depressing imitation, pursues with his entire strength of means, of ability and of will,—no higher, no nearer, no imperious consideration interposing and prohibiting,—*that* path of labour, for utility, for honour, for conscious achievement, and for mere indulgence in delight, to which his means, his ability, and his will call him.

There *seems* reason to believe, that, for utmost intellectual advancement, nations and single minds should pursue *their own* cultivation, accomplish *their own* power,—the extent of every species of knowledge in one case, the nature of the human mind in both, so requiring. Contrary opinions, of later time, appear to be in some degree, and as we must think, injuriously prevalent. They have shewn themselves variously: a little in Literature. Of one such manifestation of them we would say a few words.

When in the middle of the last century the chief men of letters and science in France applied themselves to unite in one work, all parts, however apparently divided from each other, of human knowledge, they believed, we must naturally think, that they were at once advancing Science itself, and conferring important individual benefit on all those, to whom they should bring, thus in one gift as it were, the collected and digested result of the manifold and long labours of Intellect.

Yet in one respect their plan should seem scarcely to have been well devised for *advancing* Science, since the close limits to which it unavoidably confined the numerous subjects it included, must in no slight degree have both restrained and embarrassed original inquiry. And in what *other* way they might hope to attain such an end, excepting in as much as to *diffuse* Science is to advance it, is not easy to see:—*excepting*, in other words, as such an end might be attained by the benefit tendered by their design *to the individual mind*.

Now THIS could not consist in anything that was to be gained to the *exposition* of Science, itself labouring under—what alone *necessarily* distinguished it—the very disadvantage we have just adverted to, of a forced compression.—The benefit intended could consist only in the UNIVERSALITY of the Science offered, in placing the *whole mass* of what was KNOWN, within the survey and under the power, before the sight and in the very grasp, if it might be so thought, of the single Mind.

We will draw no reasoning from the uncertainties, which in many places *cloud* our knowledge, making the name of Science with us, in some instances, more suitable to the intention than to

the success of inquiry, but will admit that our understanding has obtained the truths it has perseveringly sought.

The question will then remain whether the opinion just now urged, in respect to the acquisition of knowledge,—that it is best, and only effectually, made, by limiting, almost by *singling* to the mind, the objects of attainment, by *confining* the *direction* —not the reach—of its progress,—(we have gone farther, but this is not *here* necessary to be insisted on, in alleging the principle that should guide this restraint) is or is not grounded.

If it is just, the very conceived ground of intellectual utility disappears.—And this mis-judgment, as we must suppose it to be, of utility, this endeavour to effect an important improvement to the mind against the very principles on which its improvement depends, is what indeed strikes us as the prominent character and unconquerable fault of the undertaking. —We will make yet another remark.

It will seem an extraordinary suggestion to hazard, in respect to a work of so great attempt and labour— TANTÆ MOLIS—imagined, moved, and executed by men of distinguished ability, highest in their day, and yet high in literary and scientific reputation,—but we cannot resist a persuasion, that there was implied in the very ground and first conception of it, not only a negligence of reflexion, but —what we almost hesitate to say—an *illusion of thought*. A want of understanding—we cannot suppose,—but a want of *regarding* and of *duly appreciating*—the effective, *practical* connexions of the Sciences, appears to us to have prepared the way for a *misconception*,—a singular one indeed under the circumstances,—of THEIR IMAGINARY CONJUNCTION, before spoken of by us, in the idealized and general mind of the species, as if this must needs be found somewhere, embodied and real. We shall seem, we fear, to press fancy too far, and to hunt, ourselves, after illusion: yet know not how to avoid the belief which forces itself upon us, that, in the original IDEA of this work, we distinguish the traces, or shall we rather say discover the reflexion, of a not very philosophical, not very metaphysical, *impression*, as if that CIRCLE of the Sciences, which has been much spoken of, and which perhaps the human intellect may, in different minds, explore, were left still in some way imperfect, or did not yet truly exist, until it were *materially constructed*.

Of *other* views which might enter into the composition of that memorable work, of the elements of thought in the minds of its Authors, of opinions held and diffused by them, we have not now to speak. We are considering it merely in the light,—in which, as a new project in literature it offered itself to the world,—of A SCIENTIFIC METHOD. As such, it appeared to us an illustration not a little striking and important of *error*, as we must conceive it to be, prevailing more or less in these latter days, in respect to the real nature of knowledge, and its relation to the mind which entertains it.

This error, we should more properly say these errors include a conception of knowledge which may perhaps be expressed by saying, that it is viewed, or reasoned of, as if it consisted solely *in the perception of relations*:—Secondly, a conception of it, as being a species of *definite possession* to the mind, not a *power* of thought, necessarily indefinite:—as something, thirdly, in itself *limited*, and already *completed*:—In the fourth place, a fallacious idea of the participation of any one in the light and progress of his age as requiring, and consisting in, the *knowledge by him* of what is known to his age:—Fifthly, to go no further, misconceptions, to which we have more than once adverted, of the unity of knowledge.

Our Knowledge—it is manifest to every one who has ever in the least degree reflected upon his own,—however it may become at last condensed and summed up to our mind, is gathered by an almost infinite number of its acts, and drawn from, or compounded of, elements innumerable and endless.—From what *impressions* has a poet gathered his knowledge? They have flowed in upon him from the first opening of his senses on the world. What day has he lived that has not from earth and sky, from the face of men, from books, from the joy and sorrow of his own heart, brought some contribution to that inexhaustible memory of all things of soul and sense, in which he finds the materials of verse?—that has not added some strength, some tenderness, some depth,

to those faculties of thought and feeling, which are made to him the ever new subjects of fresh knowledge, of unexhausted discovery—and which are more than the sacred well of Memory, the living fountains of his song?

That process of the accumulation and perfecting of knowledge which, if we could behold it as it advances in the mind of imagination and feeling, would appear to us, as some beautiful growth takes place, though in forms less interesting, in every mind which collects and frames its own—that is, in every mind which ever possesses real—knowledge. The original, elementary impressions of numberless allied and corresponding objects are endlessly multiplied and diversified, the same impressions from the same objects are stamped deep and indelible by an endless repetition. Nor is only remembrance richly stored, which is ever but one part, and perhaps not the most important, certainly not the most difficult, of the mind's work in its composition of knowledge; but, whatever the matter may be on which it is employed, it trains to observation the faculties of observation, to thought the faculties of thought, which it industriously and incessantly exercises. The eye is quickened to see. Reflection becomes more prompt, more just, more acute, more extended. The last discovery suggests the next. What was understood yesterday, explains the new difficulty of to-day. The difference between the mind of genius, and that powerful in knowledge, is not altogether so great perhaps, as we are sometimes inclined to imagine.—BOTH are necessarily endowed with much self-reflexion, much self-reliance.—BOTH seem to require an *aptitude of ability*, BOTH also an *aptitude of desire*, or *attachment*, for the particular subject of their application. BOTH advance and improve, in part by their own effort and purpose: in BOTH in part their progress is spontaneous and unconscious. Nature carrying on her original work, unfolding the powers she gave, and converting into the nourishment of their strength and growth, the materials their own activity has provided.

We observed a little while since that it was one inclination of error in the age, to conceive and reason of knowledge as if it consisted solely in the intelligence of *relations*. If it did, it might be more quickly learnt. For that intelligence is a swift act of the understanding and needs to be but little repeated to be confirmed. Besides, it would be more easily imparted. For relations, for the most part, are definite, and admit of being distinctly exposed by one mind to another. But one object of our last observations has been to represent that one part, the slowest perhaps, if not the most difficult, and often difficult, of our intellectual progress is the acquisition of the original impressions, among which the relations* subsist, the familiar intimate acquainting of the mind with the matter in which they are discerned. We come slowly to know the multiplicity of objects, interminably varied in themselves, which our intelligence would infold. We come slowly to understand, to fix, and to acquire the power of recalling, as distinct subjects of conception, the affection of our

* There is great difficulty and risk in the use of this, as indeed of any, exceedingly abstract and metaphysical term, in inquiry not rigorously metaphysical. The philosopher has learnt that in the *composition of the idea* of every object we know, to the simplest, ideas of relation are involved: that these objects themselves appear, such as to our *formed* senses they do appear, only by force of many such *ideas of relation*, on the instant supplied to them by our intellect. Yet it is not possible in any discourse of a more general nature, to speak of such objects, and of our idea of them, according to this true knowledge. They must then be spoken of,—as in the ordinary language of men they are,—*as they appear* to us, not *as they are known* to us. The various objects which the world supplies, *appear*, each, one and entire. They *appear* to be shewn to the simple, natural sense, what they are to the instructed sense. We must speak of them as if the complex resulting impression, which they at present make, were the same with, or not essentially different from, their simple original impression. We can refer in no wise to those *first* inseparable ideas of relation which are included in the idea and knowledge of the objects themselves; but *must begin to speak of relation* with the *objects given*, as if the *secondary* relations, which connect the objects with one another, were indeed the first, which our understanding had known. The danger of using such terms is that of inconsistency in using them sometimes more, sometimes less rigorously,—or of ambiguity from being understood as having done so. We fear the text explains this.

mind and of our senses, produced in intercourse with them. The ultimately abstracted relation, or combination of relations, which gives, or is given in, the term of Science, is quickly expressed and learnt: but the multitude of forms from which the abstraction is made, is without number: and the knowledge itself subsists not merely in this ultimate term, but in great part also in the power of the mind from it to return again upon the forms, reproducing them in itself.

We observed that it was an error to conceive of knowledge as a sort of definite possession to the mind, not as a POWER OF THOUGHT, necessarily indefinite:—and this perhaps is in some degree illustrated by what we have since said. Did it consist merely in the perception of relations, and especially of those ultimately abstracted relations of which Science constructs its severely defined propositions, we might conceive of it in one sense at least, as a definite and fixed possession. Inasmuch as in that case, we could always with certainty *recall* our knowledge. For the strictly defined and abstract intellectual forms, once acquired, are recalled readily and certainly. But our knowledge in two respects departs from this character. In the first place, as those original impressions have for the most part been accompanied more or less with affections of feeling in their first reception, and what is intellectual in such impressions is not perfectly recalled, unless the feeling in some degree return with them: but the power of reproducing, or recalling, feeling is necessarily a variable one. In the second place, as almost every *application* of knowledge, which is *one* important part of its strength or power, requires invention, or a variation from its *past* forms, or those in which it hitherto subsists in the mind, to take in the given case:—but invention is a variable power. By a variable power must be understood one which, under unfavourable circumstances, languishes, and is unable to yield even its customary results, but, under favourable circumstances, is capable of rising to exertion, and yielding results, hitherto unexperienced. It must further be understood, what is very important to be here remarked, as one capable, in the same mind, out of means already possessed, of progressive indefinite improvement.

We said further that it was a part of common error to conceive of knowledge as something limited and already completed in the world: and we believe that this error, improbable as it must appear to every one who is engaged in the real investigation of any part of Science, and who sees with daily astonishment and perplexity how much of what he aims to find, still lies before him undiscovered, is yet a very prevalent one. It is the error of beginners who imagine that in their illustrious leaders, the lights of Science, Science itself has found its consummation. Only the Sage knows, that he also is a beginner. It is the error perhaps of all but reflecting minds, how well soever they may understand the fallacy with respect to the subject of their own efforts, with respect to that of other men's. Who but the scholar is aware that the Greek tongue is not yet known to us? Who but the mathematician, of the darkness and riddles, that lie about the very grounds of his lucid, undeceiving, demonstrated Science?—Who but the Poet, how young, perhaps, the poetry of his country yet is?—We look beyond our own minds. We see that we have not reached the term. We cannot look beyond the minds of those who immeasurably transcend us. We have found that within our own circle we follow a receding circumference. We know not that it is the same with other men. We have not the means to know it: and besides our judgment is dazzled and overcome. The art in which we have no skill appears to us all-accomplished. The knowledge for which we have no measure, has to our eye reached its bounds. The works of the human intellect bewilder, fatigue us, with their variety, their number, their splendour; and our own admiration, our own inability, become grounds to us of believing in their perfection.

We have already said something touching the supposition, that the PARTICIPATION of every one in the advancement and acquired lights of his time, stood in his actual POSSESSION of the attainments of his time: and would add a few words still. One way in which a man derives advantage from the improvement in the midst of which he lives, is, of course, in his own pursuit whatever that may be, which has received its own im-

provement *with* others, and *from* them. Another is, though to what extent this may generally be of importance may be questioned,—in some particular instances it is of unlimited importance,—by acquaintance with particular truths which have become commonly diffused. Another, and this is always of consequence, is by a participation, unconscious and unsought, in the spirit of the age. But what is now described, seems of this kind, benefit enough. And no very urgent reason can be shewn, that a man, because such and such branches of knowledge have happened to be productive in his days, under the cultivation of others, should, having no other inducement, apply himself to be instructed in what *they* have learnt.

Of misconceptions of the unity of knowledge we have already spoken. It has, and this should have been said, in all probability, a profound unity, from oneness of design in the subject of our knowledge: which we presume unavoidably, however imperfectly it may be permitted us to trace it. We see it more and more, the more we know. There appears to be a unity in it, also, from oneness in the nature of the intellect to which it is manifested. And there are obvious connexions, as we have said, between its different parts, one assisting and throwing light upon another. But any argument drawn, or rather unargued impression resulting from such ideas of an inherent unity in knowledge, that therefore its different parts should necessarily subsist together in one mind, seems altogether ungrounded and fallacious. We have thought we saw reason to suppose, as we have already explained, that such an impression was derived, in some degree, from a confused imagination of individuality in that mind of the race, which is only the ideal assemblage of its innumerable individual minds.

These various misconceptions, as we suppose them to be, would, if they could be admitted, be reasons for endeavouring to inculcate, and crowd in, much diversified knowledge, upon every individual mind. If they are errors, and the contrary views we have endeavoured to state be just, there will then be reason for a cautious and very different proceeding in this respect. The erroneous views we have spoken of appear to proceed generally upon one original error. It seems to have been overlooked by those who entertain them, that the mind itself which receives knowledge is no mechanical recipient, but a living principle and power, a sentient intelligence. Its knowledge affects it with pleasure and pain, partakes in its growth, changes as itself changes, is desired and rejected, is rapid and comprehensive when IT is eager and strong, slow and partial, when IT is averse and faint. Were this duly conceived, it would be conceived also, that this mind is not exactly, in all cases to be urged and required to understand and to know, that the spirit of thought must awake in it, that whatever compulsion of acting it may be necessary to subject it to, it demands to be left much also, to its own movement and choice, that its intellectual attainments must share the individuality of its character, that from all these causes, *and for utility*, research, exact, and hence minute, and profound, though limited in its subjects, rather than multifarious acquisition, is to be wished:—that knowledge, of the first kind, is possible nearly to every one;—of the last,—in most instances, is only a usurpation of the name.

These several observations, not unconnected, we hope, though, we are much afraid, more irregular, and less supported and followed out than they should have been, will perhaps have in some measure explained to the reader the objection we set out with making to the attempts to reduce knowledge into *encyclopedic* forms. The attempt to exhibit all Science IN ONE BODY, the attempt to exhibit all Science TO ONE MIND, which are the two forms of the attempt to encyclopedize knowledge, include the fallacies of supposing—that knowledge or science is bounded and already completed, whereas in truth it is boundless and must remain for ever incomplete,—that it may be effectually communicated, such as it now exists, in results, independently of the particulars from which those results are drawn,—that it is a total sum, not a growing power,—that to the mind—(this should have been said before)—which receives its exuberant treasures, they are useful as absolute wealth, as an absolute light, whereas they are useful in great part

by the agency they exert upon itself, by the forceful action they excite for and during the acquisition by the spirit they *may*, but do not necessarily introduce, or awaken when acquired, —that the different parts of knowledge are capable of being imparted indifferently and alike to different minds, independently of the different intellectual determinations impressed upon them by their original constitution;—to which should perhaps be added that such views and attempts, as far as they respect the single mind, are usually to be considered as disregarding, also, other necessary impediments under which the human mind labours, the restraints of time, of strength, of inevitable avocation.

* * * * * * *

THE MOTHER'S LAMENT FOR HER SON.

For Music.

My child was beautiful and brave!
An opening flower of Spring—
He moulders in a distant grave,
A cold, forgotten thing—
Forgotten! ay, by all but me,
As e'en the best beloved must be—
Farewell! farewell, my dearest!

Methinks 't had been a comfort *now*
To have caught his parting breath,
Had I been near, from his damp brow
To wipe the dews of death—
With one long, lingering kiss, to close
His eyelids for the last repose—
Farewell! farewell, my dearest!

I little thought such wish to prove,
When cradled on my breast,
With all a mother's cautious love,
His sleeping lids I prest—
Alas! alas! his dying head
Was pillow'd on a colder bed—
Farewell! farewell, my dearest!

They told me vict'ry's laurels wreathed
His youthful temples round;
That "Vict'ry!" from his lips was breathed
The last exulting sound—
Cold comfort to a mother's ear
Who long'd *his living* voice to hear!—
Farewell! farewell, my dearest!

E'en so thy gallant father died,
When thou, poor orphan child!
A helpless prattler at my side,
My widow'd grief beguiled—
But now, bereaved of all in thee,
What earthly voice shall comfort me?—
Farewell! farewell, my dearest!

C.

THE POLITICAL ECONOMIST.

Essay II.—Part II.

Does Political Economy, as taught in the works of the most celebrated authors on that subject, deserve the appellation of a Practical Science; or, do they not treat practical questions in the same vague, unsatisfactory, and contradictory manner, as they do its first principles and theoretical doctrines?

Ita Philosophi, quia nihil munimenti habent, mutuis se vulneribus extinguant, et ipsa tota Philosophia suis se armis consumat ac finiat. At enim sola Physice labat? Quid illa moralis? Num aliqua firmitate subnixa est? Videamus, an Philosophi in hac saltem parte consentiant, quæ ad vitæ statum pertinet.

LACTANTIUS, *Epitome Divin. Institut.*

IN the first part of this Essay we passed in review the various and discordant opinions entertained by the most celebrated writers on Political Economy, respecting some of its elementary and most important doctrines. Our object, it will be recollected, was not to examine these opinions, and to determine their truth or unsoundness, except so far as this might be necessary, in order to prove our position,—that a person, anxious to enter on the study of this science, would be stopt, even at the threshold of it, by vague and shifting meanings attached to words,—by conflicting authority,—by loose and inconclusive reasoning,—and by finding what was advanced, frequently contradicted by facts and experience.

The first part of this Essay was confined to the definition of the most common terms employed in Political Economy, and to its theoretical doctrines: in this second part, we shall extend our examination to some of the most important and most frequently discussed practical questions, on which, if on any topic connected with this science, it might have been expected that Political Economists would have agreed.

Some kind of circulating medium has existed in almost all countries from the earliest ages; the facts relating to it must therefore be numerous; and the causes from which it derives its value, its operation, and effects, and every other circumstance connected with, or relating to it, must have exhibited themselves repeatedly, under every variety of appearance and modification. Do Political Economists give us any precise, full, and consistent information, either on the theory of money, or the practical questions regarding it?

The first difficulty on the subject is to know what is meant by money, what is its nature, and wherein it consists.

Some writers maintain, that money is a mere abstract idea—that, in fact, having no positive and corporeal existence, it cannot be depreciated nor acted upon by any circumstances; and that, therefore, though *gold and silver coin*, being in fact commodities, may alter in value, yet the real currency of a country, being an ideal and abstract thing, cannot positively undergo any alteration in value. This theory of money was entertained by several of those who wrote on the alleged depreciation of the currency, at the commencement of this century, and who, on it, rested their main argument to prove, that the currency of the country neither was, in fact, nor could possibly be, depreciated.

Other writers, and among them the celebrated Montesquieu, do not go quite so far; they maintain, however, that money is an ideal and arbitrary sign of value, which may exist under the form of gold and silver coin, or under any form that government chooses to give it: that its value and utility, as a circulating medium, rest entirely on the will of government, and not at all on the real and exchangeable value of the article of which it is constituted. On this theory, though most probably without ever having entertained it, all the governments of Europe acted, more or less, for a long period.

It did not give way till it was attacked, and its unsoundness as a theory, as well as its mischievous tendency as a practical guide, were exposed by Locke in England, by Dutot in France, and by several writers on this part of Political Economy in Italy, among whom may be classed Beccaria.

Still, however, there are advocates for this theory of money, who maintain that the value of it depends upon

government, or at least on public opinion; and that these can raise its exchangeable value as currency above the exchangeable value which the materials of which it is formed possess as commodities. This position is absolutely denied by others: and both parties, as is usual in all practical questions on Political Economy, appeal to facts and experience. "The money of Lacedæmon," observes Say, "is a proof of the position, that public authority is incompetent of itself to give currency to its money. The laws of Lycurgus directed the money to be made of iron, purposely to prevent its being easily hoarded or transferred in large quantities; but they were imperative, because they went to defeat these, the principal purposes of money. Yet no legislator was ever more rigidly obeyed than Lycurgus." The very frequent and repeated attempts also made by the most despotic sovereigns during those periods of history, and in those countries in which the subjects were most disposed to implicit obedience, and when the uses of money were comparatively few, are appealed to in support of the position, that public authority is incompetent of itself to give currency to its money.

Those who support the contrary doctrine, though they modify it in some degree, and thus think they remove the objections deduced from the facts we have just stated, still uphold in reality the doctrine—that the value of money does not depend exclusively on the value of the commodity of which it is formed, but that it may be fixed at first, or raised above that value by the influence of government, or of public opinion, or of both combined. They allege, that government can give currency to articles, as money, above their real value, not from the exercise of despotic authority, but from another cause. The power of a government to select arbitrarily the material of its money, depends principally upon the frequency and amount of its dealings with individuals. On this principle, they account for the currency of inconvertible paper, and of what were called tokens, that is, silver stampt by government, as of a value considerably above the market value of the metal of which it was formed. They likewise appeal to the silver currency of this country at the end of the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth centuries, at which period the shillings and sixpences passed without difficulty or scruple for their nominal value, though their real value was very much depreciated by their lightness.

Here, then, on this point, we have a fresh instance of contrariety of opinion among Political Economists; and each party appealing to facts in support of his peculiar doctrine. There must be some fundamental error somewhere in the discussion of the subject of the theory of money; the two broad and directly opposite positions, that public authority can give currency to its money,—and that it cannot, cannot each rest on facts: one or other must be erroneous, or there must be some modifications in the positions themselves, and some peculiar and operative circumstances connected with the facts, which ought to be taken into account, but which are not.

But can a nation itself invest with the character and uses of money any article which does not possess real and exchangeable value as a commodity? This question seems to require an answer in the affirmative, from the evidence of the facts already stated; for, by them, we perceive, that silver coin, worn down twenty or thirty per cent in value, still retained all its powers as currency in the interchange of goods. This fact, however, is represented as not bearing so directly and powerfully on the question, as to decide it in the affirmative. Those who embrace the opposite opinion, contend that silver coin being only used as a substitute for gold, where the payments are small, its diminution of weight, while its exchangeable power remains the same, does not prove that custom or consent can invest money with more value than the market-price of the article out of which it is formed, will warrant and support. If, they add, gold coin, much worn, still were received for its original value, this would be a much more applicable and decisive fact. But, they appeal to experience as witnessing, that whenever and wherever gold coin has been much worn, it has ceased to retain its nominal value. To this, a rejoinder is made, that as even gold coin is declared by law legally current, below its full weight, and as it has often, and for a length of time, passed by common consent for its full value, although weighing less than the law de-

clares it to be legally current at, these facts prove the general proposition, that the power of the government, and the consent of the people, can invest money with a greater value than the metal of which it is composed bears in the market.

Thus we perceive that the farther we enter into Political Economy, and the more we extend our views of it, as it is taught by the most celebrated writers on the subject, the more numerous and impressive are the proofs and instances of diversity of opinion,—each opinion supported by plausible and ingenious arguments, and appealing to incontestable and apparently decisive facts. But the subject of money will supply us with still more proofs of this diversity of opinion.

The doctrine of Hume is, that money is nothing but the representative of labour and commodities, and serves only as a method of rating or estimating them; and he quotes what he calls the shrewd observation of Anacharsis, the Scythian, who had never seen money in his own country, that gold and silver seemed to him of no use to the Greeks, but to assist them in numeration and arithmetic. He farther observes, money is not, properly speaking, one of the objects of commerce, but only the instrument which men have agreed upon to facilitate the exchange of one commodity for another. It is not one of the wheels of trade; it is the oil which renders the motion of the wheels more smooth and easy! An Italian Political Economist, of considerable repute, defines money, "a commodity—a metal, whose value is represented by the commodity for which it is exchanged; the universal merchandize, that is, the merchandize which, on account of the smallness of its volume, (which renders its transport easy, and on account of its divisibility and incorruptibility,) is universally acceptable, and taken in exchange for any other merchandize."

"In all civilized nations," says Adam Smith, "money has become the universal instrument of commerce, by the intervention of which goods of all kinds are bought and sold, or exchanged for one another."

Lord Lauderdale considers money as part of capital, and, consequently, as agreeing with capital in being useful or profitable to man, from the circumstance of its either supplanting a portion of labour, that would otherwise be performed by the hand of man, or of its executing a portion of labour, beyond the reach of the powers of man to accomplish.

Say observes, that money is employed as a mere intermediate object of exchange between an object in possession, and the object of desire; it is not desired as an object of food—of household use—or of personal covering, but for the purpose of re-sale, as it were, and re-exchange for some object of utility, after having been originally received in exchange for one such already. Money is, therefore, not an object of consumption; it passes through the hands without sensible diminution or injury, and may perform its office equally well, whether its material be gold or silver, leather or paper.

Ricardo, and some other writers, maintain, that the charges of obtaining the metal, wholly determine its price or relative value, in exchange for all other commodities.

Is money then to be regarded merely as counters, to rate and numerate commodities, and can it have no effect, either good or bad, as Hume maintains, where it is in greater plenty, any more than as it would make an alteration in a merchant's books, if, instead of the Arabian method of notation, which requires few characters, he should make use of the Roman, which requires a great many? Hume allows this conclusion to be just, and indeed, it follows from the doctrine, that money serves only to rate and enumerate commodities; and yet he adds, it is certain that, since the discovery of the mines in America, industry has increased in all the nations of Europe, except in the possessors of those mines; and this, he says, may be justly ascribed, amongst other reasons, to the increase of gold and silver. He then explains how this consequence follows; but it is not our present purpose to enter on, or examine his explanation. The remark, however, forces itself upon us, when contrasting his doctrine with his facts—that Hume's love of paradox—which, to his credit, he seldom permitted to influence his Essays on Political Economy—here breaks out.

It is singular, that those who justly object to his definition of money, and

regard it as something more than a method for rating and estimating commodities, should controvert his position, that an increase of money increases industry.

The question, whether an increase of money is beneficial, injurious, or indifferent to the progress of social wealth, is united with another question, on which also there are different opinions—whether there be a known and fixed proposition between money and the commodities which it is to circulate.

Sir W. Petty and Davenant thought that England required a quantity of currency equal to half the rent of her lands, the fourth of the rent of houses, the weekly expenses of the people, and the value of the fourth of all the commodities exported. Cantillon was of opinion, that the money which circulates in Europe, is generally equal to at least half the produce of the soil, and, at the utmost, to two-thirds of that produce. Montesquieu thinks that the quantity of money is pretty nearly indifferent, because the rising and sinking of its value proportionates it to all wants. On this branch of the question, it is obvious, and it is surprising it did not seem so to the authors just referred to, that all is vague conjecture, and that it is a question of no practical or theoretical importance. Yet, how often in treatises on Political Economy, are the thoughts of the reader diverted from what is attainable and important to such trifling investigations.

Smith perceived the vainness of such an inquiry; he says, "It is perhaps impossible to determine the proportion which the money of any country bears to the whole value of the annual produce circulated by means of it." He adds, however, not very consistently with himself in other places, "that the circulating money must always bear a very considerable proportion to that part of the produce, which is destined for the maintenance of industry."

According to his system, gold and silver are quite useless to the formation, progress, and increase of wealth; their plenty or scarcity is indifferent in themselves, and destitute of any influence on the wealth of nations. The increase of the quantity of gold and silver in Europe, and the increase of its manufactures and agriculture, he adds, are two events which, though they have happened nearly about the same times, yet have arisen from very different causes, and scarcely have any natural connexion with one another. How is this opinion reconcilable with what he states respecting the Scotch banks?—by means of the cash accounts, which merchants keep with them, he asserts, and asserts truly, that every merchant can, without imprudence, carry on a greater trade than he otherwise could do; and yet these cash accounts enable the merchant to extend his business solely by increasing the circulating medium of a country. His opinions on this subject are therefore contradictory.

The doctrine, that an increased circulating medium does not increase industry, has lately been supported by an argument, at once at variance with fact, and inconsistent with itself. If an increase of money, it is alleged, does *not* increase price, it cannot increase industry and produce; if it does increase price, the value of money must by this very operation be diminished, and an increase of price can be no motive to increased industry and produce. We have put this argument in all its force of apparently strict and logical reasoning; as it is, if we are not much mistaken, a most illustrative instance of the manner in which questions on Political Economy are treated, even when close reasoning is aimed at.*

It is natural to suppose, that, if increased industry does not flow

---

* See Mill's Elements of Political Economy, Chap. III. Sect 11. The former part of the reply to Mr Hume's doctrine is, if possible, still less deserving of the name of a demonstration, which, however, Mr Mill expressly calls it. "This doctrine," he says, "implies a want of clear ideas respecting production. The agents of production are the commodities themselves, not the price of them. They are the food of the labourer, the tools and machinery with which he works, and the raw materials which he works upon. These are not increased by the increase of money; how then can there be more production? This is a demonstration that the conclusion is erroneous at which Hume has arrived."

Here is assertion certainly, but no demonstration—and here is also displayed an igno-

from increased money, when there is no increase in price, it would flow from it when there was an increase of price, since this branch of the argument, in fact, amounts to this—that the effect cannot exist where the cause is absent. The two branches of the argument, therefore, cannot co-exist—they must destroy each other. If increased industry is not produced by increased money, when increased money does not give rise to increased price, it is natural and fair to conclude, that, when it does give rise to it, increased industry will follow.

But a little reflection, as well as an appeal to facts, will convince us, that increased money stimulates industry, even when no increase of price takes place. Let us suppose a demand for an article which is obtained by the rudest and simplest industry, and that the person who supplies this article does not work more than eight hours a-day, because, in that time, he can obtain all of it that is needed. Let us next suppose that, from whatever cause, he finds he could sell one half more, if he had it;—will not this induce him to work twelve hours instead of eight, even though the price of the article does not increase. This process is often going on, and must have been in operation in a striking manner, especially in all the little villages which have risen to wealth by becoming sea-bathing quarters.

But it will more frequently occur that this increased demand produces increased price for the article. In this case, it is alleged that industry and wealth cannot be increased, because increase in price is, in fact, diminution in the value of money; and it can be no motive to industry to obtain one-and-sixpence, instead of one shilling, if the value of the former sum, or its command in the market, is no greater than that of the latter sum.

Here again is a fallacy and a variance with fact. Increased demand produces increased price; increased price is, in fact, diminution in the value of money; but, at first, the increased price, and diminution in the value of money, have reference solely to the article for which there is an increased demand; and he who has this article to sell, getting more for it, at a time when money bears its former value with respect to other articles, is thereby enabled to purchase more of them, or, in other words, is richer. The fallacy lies in confounding the diminution in the value of money, compared with one article which the labourer *has to sell*, with its general diminution, compared not only with that, but also with all the articles *he has to buy*. If the diminution instantaneously, and in the same degree, extended itself to the proportionate value of money, and all commodities, increased price could be no stimulus to industry; because a person is not benefited by receiving two shillings where he used to receive one, if he has to pay two shillings where he used to pay one: but if, by increased demand for his goods, he receives two shillings instead of one, and, at the same time, purchases what he wants at the old price, an increased circulating medium must act as a stimulus to industry, so long as men wish to be richer than they are. It is evident that the same operation and the same effects will occur when he becomes a purchaser: he is enabled to increase demand and price; this stimulates the industry of others; they in their turn exert the same influence; but, at length, the increased circulating medium, having divided itself among

---

rance of the mode in which money operates, as well as of one of the modes in which increased produce may arise. If a labourer works one hour more than usual in a day, on the same quantity of food, with the same tools and machinery, and on the same raw material, (on the sea, for instance, in fishing,)—will not there be more production, though the food, the tools, and machinery, and the raw material, are not increased. "These are not increased by the increase of money." This is begging the question, not demonstration; this assertion is also contrary to fact; a demand for more labourers is virtually, and in its consequences, a demand for more tools, food, machinery, and raw materials for them; and what is increased demand, but an increased power to purchase; or, in other words, an augmented quantity of money—and yet this is put forth as reasoning, by one who bears the character of a sound logician, and an excellent Political Economist, and who, seemingly from confidence in his logical powers, is fond of throwing his doctrines into the form of what he calls demonstration.

all the articles, and increased the produce of them all, ceases to have any farther effect; but, till this takes place, it cannot be inefficient, and it only ceases to operate when the whole increase of articles is equivalent to the increase of the circulating medium. It must indeed be acknowledged, and it is proved by fact, that the increase of the circulating medium may be so rapid, or so great, as not to be attended with a corresponding increase of industry.

We shall now turn from the theoretical questions respecting money, to those which are of a practical nature and bearing; and examine whether, so far as these are concerned, the writings of Political Economists are more enlightened and safer guides than they have proved to be on the theoretical division of this interesting and important subject.

The first practical question is, Whether the quality of unity ought to be reckoned among the requisites of money;—in other words, whether gold or silver alone ought to be admitted as money, or whether both these metals ought to be employed indiscriminately. The necessity of having silver to represent such small values as could not be represented by gold coin, except by making it too small, is obvious: the question is, whether the exchangeable rate of gold and silver coin should be fixed by law, or permitted to fluctuate as the market value of these two metals might happen to fluctuate?

The inconveniency of two metallic currencies was strongly pointed out by Locke; and his opinion has been practically followed by most governments. On the continent, silver chiefly performs the functions of money, and gold is regarded as a merchandize. "In England," observes Smith, "gold was not considered as a legal tender for a long time after it was coined into money. The proportion between the values of gold and silver was not fixed by any public law or proclamation, but was left to be settled by the market." In fact, it is only since the year 1728 that England has given currency to gold. Silver is a legal tender, to a certain amount, and, of course, below and up to that amount, it must be deemed and taken equivalent to the sum of gold in coin fixed by law, whatever be the relative market prices of the two metals. All large payments are to be made in gold.

The question, whether one or two metals should be admitted as money, in all payments, to whatever amount, is now almost universally decided by Political Economists in favour of the unity of the currency: but the dependent and subsequent question, whether silver or gold ought to be the legal or governing coin, has not been settled, although it was much agitated a century ago, and lately, when the mint-regulations of the silver coin were changed. The relative value of gold and silver, it is evident, will be affected by the change, in the quantity of both or either, in the great market of the world; and it is equally plain, that that metal, the quantity of which, in this market, is most nearly stationary, ought to be selected as the standard and regulating coin. But this preliminary question has not been satisfactorily solved; chiefly because it is not easy, when the relative value of two articles changes, to determine whether the change is produced by an alteration in the comparative supply of and demand for both, or whether an alteration in the supply of, or of the demand for one, has produced the change in their relative value. Thus, if gold, instead of exchanging for sixteen times its weight of silver, exchanges for fourteen—this may arise partly from silver being scarcer, and gold more plentiful, or solely from gold being more plentiful, or solely from silver being more scarce; a single and identical effect, arising from one of two causes, or from the combination of two causes, puzzles Political Economists more than any other case in the practical application of their science.

The famous questions respecting the alleged depreciation of the paper-currency, the unfavourable state of the exchange, the fluctuations in the price of corn and other commodities, besides many other questions which agitated this country within the last half century, afford proofs and illustrations of this position, and put it beyond a doubt that Political Economists are not sufficiently attentive to that process, without attention to which, no science can be placed on a firm foundation, or advance with regular and steady progress towards perfection, not only in its theoretical doctrines, but also in

its practical application and utility: the process we allude to is that of taking a comprehensive and full view of all the circumstances which precede any event, and of separating those that are operative from those that are inefficient, and to ascertain, —if there is more than one operative cause, whether they all act towards the same end, or whether any one, or more, counteracts, in some degree, the effects of the remainder.

But as our object is not to give a complete enumeration of the practical points in which Political Economists are obscure and unsatisfactory, or where they contradict one another, we shall, with reference to the circulating medium, merely refer to the questions regarding seigniorage of coin, interest of money, paper currency, the depreciation of the Bank of England paper, the foundation of the par of exchange, the causes of its derangements from trade, or alterations in the real value of the currency—questions which, within the memory of our readers, have inundated the country with treatises innumerable, and most of which are still undecided—in support of our position, that Political Economy is very far removed from perfection, and that, in its present state, it can throw little light on any obscurity which may hang over any part of the circulating medium of a country, or its commerce, as affected by that circulating medium.

Let us next inquire, whether, on other great and serious practical questions, a nation will be conducted to those measures which will be most for its real and permanent advantage, by pursuing the path marked out by Political Economists, or whether it will not rather be puzzled and distracted amidst the various paths which each party, with equal confidence, recommends as leading directly and certainly to the public weal.

Which trade, foreign or domestic, is most conducive to national wealth? This question has often been put, and though, if duly considered, and the terms employed accurately defined, it ought not to have remained long without a satisfactory answer, it is still one of the most difficult and most controverted points of Political Economy, as it is assuredly one of the most important.

Some of the earliest writers on this science expressed themselves, without hesitation, in favour of foreign trade, particularly D'Avenant, Sir James Steuart, Montesquieu, and Beccaria. The Economists were the first to lay it down as a maxim in Political Economy, that, in foreign trade, there is but an exchange of equal value for equal value, without loss or gain on either side, and that a nation cannot have a more advantageous trade than its home trade. Smith considers the home trade as most beneficial to national wealth. It is worthy of notice, however, as an illustration of the vagueness of reasoning on topics of Political Economy, that his opinion proceeds on reasons and facts directly opposed to those by which the Economists support the same doctrine. It is also worthy of notice, that though Smith thinks it more advantageous for a country to consume the produce of its labour than to sell it abroad, yet he upholds the directly contrary doctrine when the question is of purchasing abroad. How can purchases from foreign nations be made, if all the home produce is consumed at home? and, as Ganihl pertinently asks, "If it be the interest of a nation to purchase from a foreign country when that country sells cheaper, how can its interest be insured by selling to the foreign country, when it purchases dearer?" What difference is there between purchasing cheap from a foreign country, and selling dear to that country?

Smith assigns the last place to the carrying trade, the capital of which, he says, is merely employed in replacing the capitals which support the labour of foreign countries. D'Avenant, on the contrary, is of opinion, that freight is not only the most politic, but the most national and most certain profit a country can possibly make by trade.

The mercantile system of the Balance of Trade, as it is called, has little hold now even on many practical men, and has been long exploded by all enlightened Political Economists; yet, very inconsistently, the sum total of exports and imports is appealed to, as a proof of the state of the foreign trade of a country; and it is yet undecided whether that trade flourishes most when the exports exceed the imports, or when the reverse takes place.

These doubts and various opinions regarding the comparative national advantages of the foreign, the home, and the carrying trade, and of the means of

judging of the state of the foreign trade, could not have existed, if the investigation of the topics had been entered on with the proper previous establishment of principles, and exact definition of terms, and with a thorough sifting and application of facts.

Ought Government to interfere with trade, domestic or foreign? This question, which, half a century ago, would have been generally answered in the affirmative, would, at present, with some modifications and exceptions, be answered in the negative. The system of prohibitions and bounties is nearly at an end; it proceeded on a narrow and false estimate of social wealth, and of the sources from which it springs, and of the causes which give it vigour and expansion. The objects which Governments had in view, when they established this system, went to employ, and thereby to enrich, subjects preferable to strangers; to prevent the export of the precious metals; to make foreign articles bear the principal weight of taxation; to keep trade at home, because, whether subjects obtain for their money, good or bad, many or few articles, is a matter of indifference, the loss of one subject constituting the gain of another; to confine at home useful articles for the benefit of subjects; to render a nation invulnerable and independent of its neighbours; to depress rival nations, and prevent them depressing us; and to foster commerce in its infancy.

Although it is now generally seen that many of these objects, if they could be obtained by the system pursued, would be hurtful instead of beneficial to a nation, and that such of them as are actually beneficial, must be sought for by directly opposite methods, yet the influence of the system itself still lingers not only among Governments, influencing their conduct, but also among many writers of note on Political Economy.

It is still deemed by many necessary to depress rival nations, or at least to cut them off from a competition with us in our own market, and to support the monopoly by them, so far as it may render a nation invulnerable and independent of its neighbours, by creating supplies and markets for it within its own bosom.

The grand object of Political Economy is social wealth—the indispensable requisite for the acquisition and enjoyment of social wealth is food—Are Political Economists agreed on this question? Ought a nation to derive its food exclusively from its own soil and labour, or to procure it from the soil and labour of other countries? By no means. It is only necessary to appeal to the discussions respecting the Corn Laws, to point out the uncertainty in which this question still remains—not only the general question, but the question as it respects Britain under the circumstances in which she is placed.

If foreign corn is freely and at all times admitted into a country, it must depress the agriculture of that country, and thus not only derange the application of its labour and capital, and make its soil of little value, but also render it dependent on other and probably hostile countries for the first necessary of life. Such is the substance of the arguments brought forward by those who object to the free and unlimited importation of foreign corn. They admit, at least most of them do, the general principle, that it is for the genuine and permanent interest of a nation to purchase wherever it can at the cheapest rate; but the principle, they contend, must, so far as relates to corn, bend to the more imperative and essential principle of self-preservation.

To this it is replied, that interest has operated, and always will operate, even in the midst of home scarcity or hostility; that those who can give the highest price for corn, will draw it to themselves, as assuredly as water will flow into a lower level; that that nation will be able to give the highest price, which, in all its commercial transactions, acts uniformly on the principle of selling at the highest market, and buying at the cheapest, because, by so doing, it will increase its wealth, and thus be enabled, when necessary, to give the highest price for corn, which, of course, will always render it the interest of foreign nations to send it whatever it needs.

Such are the arguments on each side; but in this, as in all disputed cases, there must be some fundamental and indisputed truths, by the test of which these arguments may be tried, and their soundness or unsoundness ascertained. Political Economy, it

must be acknowledged, has not been examined and discussed with sufficient attention and reference to these truths; nor have they been unfolded and laid down in the manner they ought to have been. They must indeed be drawn from a comprehensive and careful examination of facts; but after being thus established, they are indispensably necessary as the first steps that can lead us, by a plain and regular path, to the object in view.

On this subject of the free importation of foreign corn, as on most other disputed practical points of Political Economy, not only are the arguments at variance, but the facts appealed to are regarded by each party as decisively and exclusively establishing their own peculiar doctrine. But the course and tendency of nature and her laws are uniform and constant. In physics, no philosopher would admit for a moment, much less assert, that facts are so much at variance with one another as to establish two opposite laws. And we may be assured, that man—equally the creature and the subject of nature, with inanimate matter—cannot possibly exhibit, in anything he does or suffers, either in his individual or social character, such a stumbling-block, not only to all reasoning, but to all action, as facts really at variance with one another, and tending to establish directly opposite principles.

We have already remarked, that the question respecting the free importation of corn has given rise to much inconclusive and unsatisfactory discussion; not only on the general principle, but also on that principle, modified as it is supposed to be by the peculiar circumstances of Britain.

The advocates for the restriction of importation maintain that their cause is much strengthened, as it relates to Britain. This country is highly taxed; these taxes cannot be paid unless by the consumers; but the consumer will be enabled to avoid payment of those which the grower of corn has hitherto made him pay, in the shape of the increased price of that article, if foreign corn is freely imported; because foreign corn being grown in countries not taxed so highly as Britain, can be sold much cheaper.

This is the strong case of the opponents of a free trade in corn. Does the student in Political Economy wish to see how it is met by those who are advocates for unrestricted commerce—who contend, that in all instances and circumstances, it is for the general good; and that Britain, even as regards corn, and under the pressure of her unprecedented taxation, does not form an exception to their favourite doctrine?

Here is a question of the highest practical consequences. No person who is a real and enlightened friend to his country—who even proposes a clear and comprehensive view of his own individual interest—would wish to see foreign corn freely imported into Britain, if by this measure the landowners, farmers, and peasantry, would be ruined or thrown out of employment, and the land left uncultivated. And yet we are afraid if he peruses the statements and arguments of both parties, he will rise from the investigation as little satisfied on this as on too many other points of Political Economy. He will perceive that the opponents of a free trade in corn, under the circumstances of Britain, make out their case by statements and arguments which rather puzzle than convince him, in which he cannot help suspecting, though he cannot clearly perceive, that there is some flaw. If he then turn to the perusal of the writings of those who advocate a free trade in corn, even under the circumstances of Britain, he will find much that is sound and strong in support of the general principle of a free trade; perhaps not a little that tends to persuade him that this principle ought to be extended to corn as well as other articles; but very little that applies to the question as it respects the peculiar circumstances of Britain, highly taxed, and now long accustomed to a regulated importation of corn.

Here we perceive another cause and source of the unsatisfactory nature of investigations on Political Economy, as they are generally conducted. In a subsequent essay we shall enter fully and minutely into the nature and consequences of these; but in this place we may briefly state, that, for a long time, general principles were almost entirely overlooked or objected to as inapplicable and mischievous in Political Economy; and that at present they are laid down in too peremptory a manner, and with too sweeping and exclusive power. Cases certainly oc-

cur which at least seem to be exceptions to them; and those who bring forward these cases, who are probably advocates for the general principle, will not be driven from their point simply by the establishment of the general principle; they require a most precise and important review of the particular case, and a proof that it is, when viewed in all its bearings and consequences, not an exception to the general principle, but an illustration and confirmation of it. This is not done; and the student in Political Economy, after he has advanced, as he conceives, so far in the study as to have established to his satisfaction and conviction certain general principles, finds his faith in them shaken, when he wishes and endeavours to apply them to particular cases; whereas, did the writers on Political Economy examine these cases most strictly and fully, and draw their general principles from them, at least as much as from more simple and less refractory cases, the student in this science would not be so much puzzled, disturbed, and retarded, and the science itself would advance with more regular and steady progress.

The navigation laws present another stumbling-block to the student in Political Economy, which he in vain will expect to be removed from his course by perusing what has been written on the subject. Indeed, in defence of them he encounters an appeal to an alleged fact, which cannot well be appealed to in the case of the Corn Trade. It can hardly be said that Britain has flourished in consequence of her corn laws, when we reflect, on the one part, on the extreme high prices which corn has borne within these few years, and the effect thus produced on the condition of all but the growers of corn; and, on the other part, on the very low prices following so soon after the high prices, and the ruinous effects thus produced on the owners and cultivators of land. Whereas the supporters of the navigation laws appeal to the flourishing state of the commerce and navy of Britain, since they were passed, and regard this as a sufficient proof that, however these laws may contravene the principle of buying at the cheapest market—this principle, in this particular case, is deviated from, solely in order to follow a principle to which everything is subordinate—that of preserving national independence;—they even go farther, and contend that our commerce and wealth are greater now than they would have been without these laws, and that they are greater by the operation of these laws.

On the opposite side of the question, it is argued, that the navigation laws impose the following burdens:—"First, the extra expense of a native navigation in those cases where a foreign navigation could be had cheaper. Next, the frequent delay of waiting for native opportunity; the extra delay, risk, damage of goods, and loss of interest of money upon the investment at stake, whenever the laws render the voyage unnecessarily circuitous. Lastly, the check to the increase of trade, (either in the way of sale, purchase, or agency,) which often occurs from one or other of these obstacles."

Still the question is undecided: but is it so, because it admits of no positive and unequivocal decision, or because it is not argued in a proper manner? It is difficult to believe that the former is the case. Considering these laws simply and exclusively as they affect our wealth, and contravene or coincide with the general principle of buying at the cheapest market, it might be supposed that this tendency could be satisfactorily determined and appreciated: yet it is not so, for the advocates for these laws maintain, as we have already remarked, that they have benefited commerce, not merely in an indirect manner, by preserving our superiority at sea, and rendering our sailors more expert and numerous than they otherwise would have been, but also by their direct operation. The adversaries of these laws deny this; so that we perceive, that, setting aside the consideration of the question as one of political security or expediency, and viewing it only as a question of Political Economy—it is one in which there are opposite opinions, neither of which are yet either founded on a solid basis, or proved to be utterly without foundation; and yet the question, in its simplest form, as one of Political Economy, cannot contain within itself insurmountable difficulties: a science that has for its object to determine what social wealth is—what nature supplies towards it, and what man—

ought certainly to be able to solve this question. But if the subject be viewed in a more comprehensive manner, it will be found that even the political security and expediency of these laws resolves itself into a question of Political Economy, since this science, embracing all that relates to social wealth, must embrace the consideration of all those measures which, affecting natural strength and independence, must necessarily affect social wealth. The question of the Navigation Laws, therefore, taken in its largest sense, is merely a question of Political Economy; but it is one, for the full discussion and satisfactory solution of which, we shall in vain look to the writings of Political Economists, whether these confine themselves to general principles or appeal to facts.

The discussions on the subject of the Navigation and Corn Laws have been numerous: the difficulties which beset these questions are universally acknowledged to be great. Much difference of opinion regarding them still exists. Looseness of reasoning, and facts of equivocal tendency, obtrude themselves on all those who, having formed no opinion, are desirous to *make up their minds* on the subject. These things create prejudices against Political Economy; but how much are these prejudices strengthened by the discussions on the Poor Laws—a subject which seems not more effectually to puzzle Political Economists, than it resists all the practical attempts of Government!

As the question of the Navigation Laws is regarded as made up of considerations of political expediency, as well as of those that affect social wealth—so the question respecting the Poor Laws, and the support of the poor, is generally represented as made up of moral considerations as well as of those that are peculiar to Political Economy; and thus the difficulty and obscurity which surround the question have been greatly increased and strengthened. He who, by reading a discussion respecting it, in which it is treated simply as a dry point of Political Economy, is thereby convinced that the Poor Laws act in the most hostile manner against social wealth, and even against the pecuniary interest of those whom it is their object to relieve—is most probably shaken in his conviction, when he afterwards reads a treatise in which the support of the Poor is treated as a moral duty.

An objection which speaks more powerfully against Political Economy, in the hearts of those whose feelings have the mastery of their judgment, and even with those who are not able and accustomed to perceive that as all truth is connected, directly or indirectly, so all that really benefits mankind, is connected—is this—that Political Economy treats of the wealth of nations as a paramount and exclusive object. This objection is most strongly argued, and brought most prominently forward, when the question regarding the support of the Poor and the Poor Laws is discussed; and we think, that after all that has been written on the subject, there is still wanting the clear and full evidence, that Political Economy is not a cold, unfeeling, and worldly science, and that the conclusions to which the science leads on the subject of the poor, are the conclusions of comprehensive and enlightened benevolence.

The question respecting population, as it is treated by Mr Malthus and his opponents, is another which we think is still open to discussion; it certainly is not treated by Mr Malthus in either a logical or philosophical method, and his fundamental principle of counteracting proportions in the rate of increase of the means of subsistence, and in the rate of increase of population, cannot be maintained; if this principle had been given as a conjectural one, or as one not forming the basis of his reasonings, it might have been abandoned by the author, without impeaching his powers as a logician and philosopher; and his theory may be maintained after its abandonment: but it is then not the theory of Mr Malthus.

On the other hand, his theory has been attacked in a loose and declamatory manner; or, where facts and reasoning have been employed, the facts have been irrelevant and indecisive, and the reasoning, if founded upon them, necessarily unsatisfactory, and if proceeding on applicable facts, for the most part loose and unsound. All except strong partizans, agree that the question, whether regarded as merely speculative, or such as ought to regulate the practice, not only of individuals, but also of governments, accord-

ing to the manner in which it is solved—is still without a complete answer.

There are many other topics in Political Economy of great practical interest and importance, on which there is still great diversity of opinion; especially such as relate to taxation, the National Debt, the Sinking Fund, &c. And if a person wishes to satisfy himself on any of these—if he wishes to learn, for instance, on whom taxes ultimately and really fall—out of what fund they are paid—what, in fact, is the amount of the burden they inflict—what kind of taxes produce the most in the Exchequer, with the least loss and grievance to individuals: If he wishes to make up his mind on the subject of the National Debt, and to satisfy himself whether it is a piece of unmixed evil, or whether, as some maintain, it is no evil, or an evil mixed with, and productive of good—if he wishes to learn the real nature and operation of a Sinking Fund, and whether, under some circumstances, it may not be disadvantageous to social wealth, he will, indeed, find no want of treatises on these subjects; but if he really wishes to arrive at the truth, and applies himself to the study of these topics, with a mind impartial and able to determine, and, at the same time, not to be convinced, except by numerous relevant and undoubted facts, by clear and close reasoning, and by full and definite definition of terms, uniformly adhered to—he will rise from the study wearied and perplexed, rather than satisfied and convinced.

Are there difficulties, obscurities, and contradictions, inherent in Political Economy? Is it a subject so refractory that it will not yield to the power of the human mind—so deep, that no line of intellect can fathom it—so high, that it is beyond the reach of man, whom it concerns, and from whose worldly interests it derives its being? It is natural to ask these questions, after the display which we have given of the various conflicting opinions that are entertained on some of its most fundamental and important topics.

In our next Essay, therefore, we shall inquire whether Political Economy may not be reduced to a science, that is, whether it may not be founded on general principles derived from facts, and when thus founded, whether it may not be employed as a practical science, of the highest importance and utility to the social interests of man.

POSTHUMOUS LETTERS OF CHARLES EDWARDS, ESQ.

No. III.

Medhurst, 1816.

Thanks for your congratulations; and take mine in return, on your having escaped free with life, and, what is more important still, without disfigurement. Really, to see a man, in these times, go through ten years' service untouched—Talavera, Busaco, Salamanca, and Waterloo; besides duels, bye skirmishes, and occasional leaps out of window; might almost make one a believer in "The Special Grace," or the Mussulman doctrine of predestination.

Your kind papers met me at Falmouth, where I landed, from a pilot-boat, on the 14th, after contending thirty hours with such a gale as the very spirit of larceny might have given itself up for lost in. One whole night we had of it, and best part of two days, with top-masts struck, top-gallant masts rolled away, hatches battened down, dead-lights shut in, boats gone, spars washed off, (except a few that we lashed across the deck, to avoid being washed off ourselves,) and lower masts groaning, and creaking, and straining, as if well inclined, if the hubbub lasted, to make away after their companions.

Never was so frightened before in all my life—which I attribute entirely to my having lately become "monied." In the onset of the affair, a trifle of a sea took us; beat in all the quarter boards on our weather side; and carried away six water casks, and four pigs, besides the cook-house, the cook in it, and the binnacle. It was night—dark as pitch, and raining. So black, that the man at the helm could not have seen shore if his bowsprit-end had run against it. And then, on a sudden, by the flashes of lightning half a minute long—the whole hopeless, interminable prospect of white foaming water opened before you; with the pigs, and the casks, and the

hen-coops, each riding off upon a separate wave as big as Westminster Abbey.

Beggary, time out of mind, has been valiant. He must be brave (perforce) who has no breeches; but the holder of exchequer bills hates instinctively to find himself one moment trespassing upon the moon—flying upwards, to impugn the dog-star, as if out of a swing nine times as high as the gibbet Haman was hanged upon; and, the next, to be sunk down into a cursed bottomless black chasm, with the water, on three sides at least of him, above the pitch of his top-gallant yard, the whole bed of sea, in the ordinary course of fluids coming to their level, being to close fifty feet over his head within the next half second.

And then, in the midst of the provoking darkness, which hides the extent of your danger, and enables you to add just two hundred per cent to it, arises a vast array of multifarious clatters, to terrify those who don't know their import, and those who do. First, your jeopardy is suggested by the lively rattling of the thunder, the pelting of the rain, and the hoarse roar of the wind in the rigging. Next, you become interested in the rending and shivering of sails, the rocking and squeaking of yards and masts, the choking and hiccuping of pumps, and the frequent crashes of "something gone!"—expecting the next thing that "goes" to be yourself. The lighter accompaniments consisting, chiefly, in a perpetual rush of boiling water under your bow, and the blowing of a score of grampuses (who are evidently waiting for you) in it; these last performers (doubtless the original tritons) spouting, and committing all kinds of *singeries* in their hilarity; obviously esteeming it a mistake of Providence that it should not be a tempest always!

A man may be as stout as Hercules, and yet not care to be eaten by cetaceous fishes. Did you never observe that the people who bring themselves to subaqueous terminations in and about London, almost always choose to conclude in something like smooth water? Nursery maids take the New River and the Paddington Canal,—lovers, the "Serpentine," and the "Bason" in Hyde Park;—stock-jobbers go to Westminster Bridge and Blackfriars;—whipped school-boys, and desperate 'prentices, into water butts and fish ponds; but no adventurers (at least I don't recollect any) ever jump off London Bridge, where the flood has an angry, threatening appearance. Man, even where he is to be a slave and a fool, finds a satisfaction in being a slave and a fool in his own way. One gentleman conceits to die in battle; another has a fancy to pass in his bed. Many part by corrosive sublimate and laudanum, who would live on if they were bound to use the knife. There are obstacles to the application of the "bare bodkin" more than the high-souled Hamlet could descend to think of; and, for myself, if I were going to be drowned, I confess I should like to meet my fate in quiet water.

But here I am, my friend, on shore; every thought of danger (and of water) over; master of myself, ten years of life and youth, and a hundred thousand pounds of fortune that I never hoped for. Your letter is most welcome. For excuses, let them trouble neither of us. A lapse of intercourse is not necessarily a breach of friendship; and, if it were, the act that made the lapse was mine. "Man proposes," as somebody says, "and God disposes;"—few sublunary resolves can stand against the force of circumstances. I took my course seven years since—at least I think so—not as a man who was without friends, but like a man who wished to keep them. When the sheet-anchor could not hold my vessel, it was as well to drive, and keep the kedge on board. Fools "try" their friends, and lose them—pressing on a toy of glass, as though it were a rock of adamant. They forget the very first condition upon which they hold the feeling they are trusting to; void the lease, and yet marvel when the lord enters for breach of covenant. A man must perish—this is an arrangement in nature—before he can be regretted. The tragic poet dares not, for all Parnassus, save his hero in the last scene. You are mistaken, and you do me injustice, when you say, that I had no "friend" (at the time you refer to) but yourself. I tell you, that at the very moment when, upon deliberation, I "took service" as a private soldier—an act of which I am more proud than of any I ever performed in my whole life!—at that very moment I had a letter in my

hand from a woman—God bless her!—She was the widow of an officer whom I had once served, and she suspected my condition—entreating me, in terms which I can never forget, though I will not quote them, to share her means (and they were slight ones) till my embarrassments were over. If friendship could have helped me, Heaven knows! here it was in its most agreeable form. But there is a principle of re-action, among the first ordinances of nature, which makes it impossible to profit by such an offer. It seemed a jewel, the thing that was held out to me; but, had I grasped, it would have turned to ashes in my hand. I was famishing, and cool water stood at my lips; but it would have fled and mocked me, had I sought to taste it. Here lies no failure; for, on the point, there is no power in the will of the proposing individual; the obstacle, which is insurmountable, is a parcel of the very system under which we breathe. The precise qualities which procure a man offers of assistance, are those (nine times in ten) he would sacrifice by accepting it.

Few people will give away, even their money, to a crouching coward—a dependant—a hanger-on; and yet what else than these can he be who consents to live upon the bounty of another? The romantic generosity of Mrs ———'s character was excited by what she took to be a corresponding principle of chivalry in mine. She would have saved a man, (she guessed from death,) whom certain qualities, which she liked, went to endanger; and forgot to think of the folly which had brought him into peril, in surprise at the unshrinking obduracy with which he stood to meet it. Why, you see, a man's very vanity, in a situation like this, leaves him no choice but to be cut up and devoured. From the moment that I listened to a thought of safety, I ceased to be the hero that the lady took me for. I should have been absolutely an impostor if I had accepted her offer; for, the very instant that I even paused upon it, it became the property of somebody else. You must be burned—there is no help for it—if you wish to be a martyr. You must die (though it is unpleasant) before your name can be emblazoned on your tomb. I desire to wrong no man's feeling; but the course you complain of is the course which I should take again. Assistance from "friendship" is always bought dearly, and turns out generally to be good for nothing when you have it. You part, in a sad state of the market, with, perhaps, a good character; and, after the bargain is concluded, find that you have got in payment a bad shilling.

But a truce to past troubles, unless it be to laugh at them—Did I not tell you, even when I was falling—did I not tell you that I should rise again? It is but yesterday that I stood in the world alone, without rank, reckoning, or respect; that I was a nameless creature, without rights, without possessions, without even personal liberty; and to day, I, the same "Charles Edwards"—helped by no man—thanking none—I breathe my horse on ground that is mine own, and am a "lord" and a gentleman of worship! I went forth as a sold and purchased slave; and, Mameluke like, I have returned as a chief and a conqueror. Charles Edwards—("rogue Wellborn!")—"Lord" of the manor of Medhurst! and the "lance-prisade" hath two bankers;—the "rough-rider" knows when it shall be "quarter day!" Yesterday my estate was an empty stomach, and Chelsea was my inheritance! and to-day, there is a gentleman who cannot stand straight in my presence, shews the rent-roll of my "landed property;" and talks of "rents," "farms," "feoffments," "fisheries," "waifs," "strays," and "commonable rights!"—

Come to me, if possible, for I am full of business; and my head might be in a better condition for transacting it. People who inherit fortunes from their fathers, never guess even at the real advantages of wealth. You never got a true feeling of the deliciousness of having money—no, not even from seeing half your acquaintances go without it. But, for me! I am just bursting as from darkness into the broad blaze of sunshine—from bondage into freedom uncontrolled—from childish helplessness, into the strength and power of a giant! My quarrel always with life was, that a man could not work his way into a house in Grosvenor Square, until a narrower house might serve his desires, and be more than sufficient for his necessities. There was no path by which a man could make a fortune to himself, and sit down to dissipate it

in profusion, even at thirty. I had a thought once of going to the bar—I scarcely know how or why. But, when I peeped into a court of law, and saw the bare results of years of puzzlement!—the "damned Hebrew, or parchment as thick as a board," what was the net product of eyes pored out, and brains distracted! and the Chancellor himself, the *enfant gaté* of forensic fortune,—suffering arguments, and reconciling absurdities, for eight or ten hours every day—even if he got off for that!—I found myself, (with the power of locomotion, and two shirts,) incomparably the richer man of the two! His lordship had the peerage; but I could walk "i' the sweet air." He held the seat of honour; but I was at liberty to "depart the court." Like the Frenchman in Montaigne's tale, who had his choice to be hanged or married, I cried, "Drive on the cart!"—it was cheaper to starve than (on such terms) to earn the money! But now—when I have the money, Robert—and have it—as only it becomes worth having—without the earning!—when I have it honourably too, and conscientiously—in my own undoubted right! no kidnapped prodigy of ninety to break in upon my graceful leisure, with fables of cajolement, plunder, and desertion! no heiress wife, even though young and beautiful, made bold by an unreasonable settlement, to hint that my extravagancies, or infidelities, are committed, in all senses, at her cost!—the luxury—the splendour—the free agency—that all my life I have been thirsting for, are mine! Not a wild scheme that I have dreamed of but takes a "local habitation," and a shew of accomplishment! Not a light wish but now seems feasible, fitting—only unpossessed, because I may possess it when I will. How many a woman have I adored—and fled from—lest I might make her estate as desperate as my own! How many a man, whom I could have trampled, have I suffered to insult over me, when those I loved might have been injured by my triumph! I was prudent, and forbearing, and humble, where the tempers of some would have given way. I was modest, and shunned collision, where I felt myself the weaker vessel. I did not care even to be fought with, where the contest would have been felt a matter of hardship by my antagonist. I "abode my time" in suffering and in silence—but that time is come at last! and what I owe in the world, both of good and ill, please Heaven! shall now be paid to the utmost farthing. If it was sport while the poor bear was chained, the scene may change now he has broke free. I have never complained of the abuse of strength by others, let none complain of its reasonable exercise by me. I will ask no account for what has been done in the past, but the right shall be mine to do now for the future. I will seek for no combat with any man alive; but it shall go hard, if, with some, I have not the benefit of a victory.

And this seems very heroical, all of it, and very foolish, when I meant to be in the best humour in the world? But the fact is, I have had a touch or two of the *piquant* here—my recollection just a little stirred up—since my arrival. I came to England, prepared to be pleased at all points. Home shews delightfully, to the imagination at least, after six years' absence. And then there was the white bread in the hotels of Falmouth, and its blue-eyed Saxon beauties—and the incomparable fresh butter—and the cream!—I felt my heart cleave to my country the moment I sat down to breakfast. So I saddled at once, finding my cavalry *sain et sauf*, (which I had shipped from Figuera a week before me,) and rode at a round rate through Cornwall, Devonshire, and Somerset, purposing, as "greatness" was "thrust upon me," to lose no time in taking possession of it; but, when I got to Bath, an idea struck me—it was for the first time—that Sir Walter Beauvoir—(my grandfather's executor)—that it might not be pleasant, under all "existing circumstances," for me to have to introduce myself to the worthy Baronet.

We had not been always strangers, in times past, the Beauvoir family, and your very devoted servant; and there had been a cessation of usual attention to him, at a certain time when perhaps he was not acting so cautiously as he might have done. Whether I distrusted my own merits, or their "friendship," I wrote a formal letter of announcement, covered all over with family arms and black wax, and sent it forward by a courier, addressed to Sir Walter; which done, I again

put on, with as much speed as I could muster, wishing to get a peep, if possible, at my property, without being recognized as the owner of it.

I got to Medhurst before my messenger; but found myself already *cried* at the very Market-cross! I had been hatching devices all the way, to know what people thought about me. I might have spared myself the pains. Most of my grandfather's tenants held beneficial leases; and their "prophetic souls" were on the *qui vive*. My "listing for a horse soldier," and "going off with the Major's lady"—the whole history was afield, with additions, alterations, and exaggerations. I sent for a hair-dresser, and had it all (without asking) in five minutes. My father's unreasonable postponement gave some offence; my most-to-be-lamented succession still more. I was to make a seraglio of the manor-house in a fortnight; and to get rid of the last acre in a year.

Next day, I sent my own servant to Beauvoir, with a note, setting forth my arrival, and requesting an interview. Signor José wore his foreign livery, and red Montero cap; and departed, upon a very curious Spanish horse, that I have brought over with me, with half the population of Medhurst at his heels. In truth, the horse—you shall see him when we meet—was a *monture* fit for Murat in person! No whipped and curbed-up restive English jade, that you thrust spurs into, and, when he flinches, call it spirit; but a beast that will eat of his master's bread, and drink of his cup; never felt a spur in all his life, and knows switches and halters only by report. On my affirmation!—(my attorney shall make affidavit of it)—he is the very steed—the real *Rabican*—sung of by Ariosto—who cheats the sand of his shadow, and on the snow leaves no mark of his foot-step! Who was begotten of the flame, and of the wind! Who might pace dry-shod upon the sea; make his *trot-toir* of a zephyr; and for speed!—I forget the rest of the poetry; but I know I bought the animal when he was a colt, and have pampered him ever since, till he is as fleet as a roe-buck, and as fierce, in any hands but my own, as a three-days-taken tiger.

And noon brought this inestimable quadruped back, with an answer to my letter, and with so many clowns in admiration of his curvetting, that I was fain to command the locking of his stable door.

Sir Walter's communication was less offensive than I had expected; but my mind was made up as to how I should proceed. Fight always at once, if possible, where you desire to be quiet—you are sure of peace, after men know that there is nothing to be got by going to war with you. These Beauvoirs are of your *gens de coterie*—your people of the "real *caste*" and "tone"—(that is, your people who, singly, would be hunted down as owls and bedlamites; but who, as a "set," have managed to make their joint-stock impudence imposing.) I suspected the reception that I should meet from them; and I waited upon good Sir Walter without my scabbard. There is a *recipe* in some old book—"How to avoid being tossed by a mad bull." And the instruction given is—"Toss him!" Try the experiment upon the first coxcomb who fancies that you are his inferior;—charge first, and give him to understand roundly that you fancy he is yours. Be coldly supercilious with all "important" caitiffs, and most punctual be your attention to the matter in debate; but let no temptation prevail with you to touch on any earthly point beyond it. In business all men are equal. The casting of an account knows no distinction of persons. But remember, that he (whoever he is) stands a babbler, *convict*, who utters one word except to state the sum total of it. Get an observation about the weather, you reply with some—"Thirteen and ninepence!" and your interlocutor is dead. A syllable *de trop* will enable you to decline "general communication," where no approach to such a state was ever intended. Poor Sir Walter came down, loaded to the very muzzle, to repress "familiarity" on my part; but I found him guilty of "familiarity" himself, and made him bear the penalty of it, before six sentences had been exchanged between us.

"The late gales"—there was no "Happy to see me at Beauvoir!"—"The late gales had rendered my passage from the continent difficult?"

"It had not been pleasant."—This came after we were seated; and after a salutation such as might pass between the automaton chess-player and the ghost in Don Juan.

I had received letters, of course, from Mr Dupuis?

"At Figuera, to the 30th ult."—Followed by a long pause, which I did not move to interrupt.—Mr Dupuis is my agent and attorney.

"The late Mr Charlton Edwards," in a tone of condescension this and dignified feeling, which made me think that the Lord had delivered the speaker into my hands—"The late Mr Charlton Edwards, I was perhaps aware, he (Sir W. B.) had much respected?" (I was aware, Robert, that it was very inconvenient for a gentleman to speak, and not be answered; but, as this observation needed no reply, I made none, except a look of polite surprise.)

"That sentiment alone"—here a little hesitation, occasioned by my omitting such an opportunity to protest—"that sentiment alone had induced him to take upon himself the somewhat laborious duty of an executor. There was a legacy of five hundred pounds attached to the office; but,"—(this was the *coup* that was to annihilate me)—"that—remembrance—he should desire to be excused from accepting."

As six cards at least more, in the potential way, were coming, I trumped the suit at once.—"In that case, the sum would pass to any charity which he (Sir Walter) might be disposed to favour; and I would endeavour to add something which should be worthy to accompany so munificent a donation."—This reply, not even pointed with contempt at his thinking to overwhelm me by giving up five hundred pounds that I knew he did not want—(had it been ten thousand, with all the family consequence, I had trembled for my patrimony)—this reply, given without the movement of a single muscle, carried us straight to reading "the will;" during which operation, the Baronet's temper was once or twice nearly overcome by the irreverent neighing of my Spanish steeds, who challenged all comers, from under the window. We did get through, however—temper, gravity, and all—and, Mr Dupuis being summoned, Sir Walter and I formally took leave of each other;—I, on my part, tolerably well satisfied that I had waived no dignity in our brief conference, but a little surprised why a man, who certainly disliked me, should have chosen to act as my executor; and he, as I thought, somewhat disconcerted (though I never guessed with what abundant cause) at the seeming change in my humour, and habits of acting and thinking.

My grandfather has left me everything; and (with all his eccentricities, he had spirit and taste,) his last order was, that Monckton Manor should be kept, to my arrival, just as he himself had lived in it. It would be nonsense to talk of feeling any deep regret for the death of a man whom I scarcely ever saw; but—I am not quite ungrateful—if half his money would bring him to life again, he should have it. As the case stands, however, I get a diamond, you see, not only ready polished, but ready set to my hand, and had nothing to do when I arrived here, but walk straight into the well-ordered mansion of my forefathers—from the which imagine me writing, just now, to bid you welcome! So despotic, that not a mouse, if I list be silent, dares raise his voice within three stories of me! Conceive me, sole master, and disposing of all, in the very last house of all the world in which I ever looked to dispose of anything! Sitting in a small room, more stocked with roses than with books, which takes rank as "The Library." Before a buhl-table, at a long narrow Gothic window—people did not care for too much light, even before there was a tax upon it—really extant, I believe, (the window,) since the days of Henry the VII. My great-grandfather, I know, traced it back to Rufus, and had his doubts if it might not have been carried up to the Conqueror. With a great deal of nicknack furniture, and some good Flemish pictures; a most unnecessary list of servants, and an incomparable cellar of wine, to amuse me within; and, without—a strange, irregular, semi-barbarous kind of prospect to look at,—almost grotesque, but not unpleasing—between the remote, and the immediate. Beyond my "ring fence," a branch of the Wye—a real steeple (the church of Medhurst)—the village inn, with a rising sun (for a sign) that might warm all Lapland through a three-months winter—and abundance, generally, of heath, and rivulet, and hill, and copse, and forest, part of mine own, and part belonging to the demesne of Beauvoir.

More at home, a great multiplication of flower-gardens, kitchen-gardens, and nurseries, shrubberies, zig-zag walks, and fish-ponds, with duck islands in the middle of them. The view total supplying a sort of index to the various tastes of the twelve last incumbents on the property; each of whom thought it a pity to undo any trifle that had been done by his predecessor; and all had such a horror of either rebuilding, or radical alteration, that a surveyor, caught even making a sketch upon the estate, would have found no more quarter from them than a beast of prey.

For my own part, I rather agree, I confess, in this opinion about the "surveyor." I think, in strictness, he belongs to that class of artists—as the attorney—the house-painter—or the undertaker—in whose very callings there is something that men shudder at the recollection of. Certainly, if I were in trade myself, I would be a wine-merchant, or a confectioner, or of some craft, so that people should be able to look me in the face without abhorrence; and, for the present at least, I shall so far affirm my ancestral piety, as to let Monckton remain with all its inconveniencies. But you lost much, I assure you, that—not meeting me on the coast—you missed the solemnity of my "taking possession."

The "joyful tidings" of the "new lord's" arrival had been promulgated as soon as I reached Beauvoir Castle; and, in the hall of that edifice, (on leaving it,) I found my steward, attended by a couple of keepers, waiting to "pay his duty." I mounted my grey horse, who had collected all the domestics of Sir Walter's stable department in criticism round him; and the unearthly immoveableness which I preserved of feature, joined to a few words of Spanish, in which I now and then spoke to José, seemed to root the very thought of my ever having been an offending Adam out of men's minds. As I rode through the village, "attended," the landlord of the Rising Sun stood, in devotion, to bow to me. His wife and daughters were forthcoming too in their best clothes; and there was my barber, looking as though he wished, for once, he had been less communicative; although, as he told me afterwards, by way of excuse, "he had only said what everybody else said." So we moved forward—the bells ringing for my "happy return." I, in the front, with Mr Poundage a little to the rear on one side, and Mr Dupuis, wishing to be familiar, but not quite knowing how to compass it, on the other; José behind, and the two keepers taking long shots, (in the way of comprehension,) at his English; and the folks of the village taking off their hats as we passed—to the whole of which I returned a grave courtesy; but as though it disturbed my own reflections, rather than otherwise.

I shall be in the Commission of the Peace, Robert, within these six months, and set people in the Stocks! The five hundred pound legacy goes to repair "the church," as the joint gift of Sir Walter Beauvoir and myself. The parish-officers have already waited upon me in procession! I shall have a tablet put up for me of marble, and a vile verse inscribed on it in Latin—and "Charles Edwards, Esq." gave—so much—to "beautify,"—"Anno MDCCCXVI."—with an *obiit* when I die, and a notice who was church-warden when I was buried.

On my arrival at "Home," everything—the short notice considered—was creditable to my friend Poundage's taste. People, all very alarmed and anxious, as beseems those who have to get their own livelihood. At the lodge-gate I found my "porter" in deep black, and reverence, "deeper still." My gardeners were scattered at different points about the grounds, that I might not, by any accident, go too far without having worship paid me. Before the grand entrance, (to which Mr Poundage rode forward, with a bow for permission,) stood my serving-men, in full livery. My housekeeper, fat and oppressive, as an ancient lady ought to be, ready to welcome me. Half a dozen of my chiefer tenants, all "in mourning" (for the "beneficial leases;") my maid-servants peeping here and there, round corners, and out of upper windows.

And then, MOI—Myself—*Le Grand Homme vient!*—Don't you see me, Bob?—in my long dark pelisse, able to stand alone with lace and embroidery—upon my grey horse, full sixteen hands high, with his massy furniture, foreign saddle, holsters, pistols, &c., all complete. The whole cavalcade an extremely well got up and imposing affair, I assure you; and one which would have led me to think

most puissantly of the chief personage concerned in it, if I had not (on certain previous occasions) enjoyed the advantage of his acquaintance.

My location completed, "domestic duties" commenced; and I couldn't find in my heart (though I shall economize) to discharge any of my people.

Audience to Mrs Glasse—"Forty years in the family!"—"Hoped my Honour's breakfast had given my Honour satisfaction." She must die, I suppose, at Monckton, and be buried at my cost.

Audience to my Steward—at breakfast—and told him I was satisfied with his way of doing things. He had a desire, I saw, to fall at my feet, but doubted whether it might not be taken as a liberty.

Visit from Mr Dupuis;—thought he seemed rather a scoundrel, and went through all his accounts at one sitting!—Cost me seven hours, but completely took down the gentleman's importance. Concluded by making him commit several valuable documents to my own iron chest; and ordered his bill (convinced he'd never live to make it out) for "the morning of the 27th."

Day following, full of business. Opened letters from all the tradesmen within ten miles, craving "orders." Before dinner, made a progress through my whole estate, and went through the ceremonies (legal) of taking possession. Rode my grey horse again, who neighed furiously, bringing everybody out of doors at every fresh house or stable he came near. Going home—all the people about quite deafened with this outcry, met one of the junior Beauvoirs, on horseback, in a lane. At the sight of whom, *le dit Rabican* gave such a ferocious neigh, rearing and plunging at the same time, as if for battle, that the Captain's hunter bolted into the hedge, and had nearly overthrown him. I moved slightly, looking at Dupuis—who was riding in great bodily fear, as far as he might from me—and the compliment was (quite as slightly) returned.

But I had a hold all this while (of which I knew nothing) upon the heart of the Beauvoir family; and it procured me the unhoped-for honour of a visit from Sir Walter, almost before I became aware of its existence.

Dupuis let me into the fact first—as a last card against bringing in his bill, and giving up his agency. It was the *borough* of Medhurst, it seems, that formed the grand link between my late grandfather and the people at the castle.

He always gave up the parliamentary interests; but our property is suspected of carrying a majority. Major Beauvoir sits for Medhurst; Sir Walter is one of the members for the county. I was to have been played upon by these good folks as they pleased, and slighted as they pleased into the bargain. But my business-like movements have struck them with alarm. A general election approaches, and, though they are rich, they must not lose Medhurst. I am a beast, instead of (what they hoped to find me) a fool; but my "beneficial leases" are dangerous. And so—though the Beauvoirs are "select,"—down came Sir Walter, to trim between his pride and his necessity.

It was really pitiful to see the poor old buzzard, who, you know, is high and mighty, compelled to communicate with a wretch, who would have no notion of anybody's being high and mighty at all. First, he had a sort of hope left that I was an ass, and that he might cheat me out of what he wanted, instead of purchasing it. Then, got out of patience at my obstinate formality; but still was sure that any direct overture towards intimacy from him, would remove it. At last, in the midst of the creature's doubt whether *he* would be friends, he suddenly happened to doubt whether *I* would; on which the quibbling was dropped in alarm, and nothing thought of but carrying the point. And so, two hours after Mr Dupuis had told me this long election story, "in confidence,"—a confidence to which I just trusted so far, as not to give him the slightest hint how I meant to act upon it in return,—though I was a "rough-rider," and had a horse that "neighed," I received a morning call from Sir Walter, which ended (sorely against his will) in an invitation to dine at Beauvoir castle.

If I could make head against the world when I was naked and penny-less, I can hardly fear to do so now. You know me, and know how I value the opinion of such people as these; but they are still members of a party, that in some way or other must be dealt with. I shall have to fight my

passage, against something perhaps of prejudice, into certain circles to which a man of fortune should have admission. As the first goose might cackle, ten to one the whole flock would follow. This Beauvoir *bidding* was an opportunity to begin the struggle with advantage.

I rode to the castle on horseback, (this took place yesterday,) and arrived as nearly as possible at the last moment; having declined using one of Sir Walter's carriages, "until my own could be put in order." From the very entry of the avenue, I saw what was to be my reception,—the evening was tempting, but the windows and balconies were deserted. The "having me" was evidently an "infliction." —I'll try if I can't teach some of the family what "infliction" is.

Dinner was instantaneous,—(as I had hoped,)—so sparing me an inconvenient preliminary ten minutes in the drawing-room. The party quite private, in order that the open avowal of me might still be got rid of, if possible. We had Sir Walter, pompous, but rather fidgetty. We had Lady B., well-bred enough, and not very ill-natured. The two Misses Beauvoirs, looking most determinately—"nothing less than nobility approaches Kitty!" Major B., the gentleman who "sits;" Captain B., the gentleman whom I nearly overthrew; the *gouvernante* of the young ladies; and the parson of the parish.

This was the "bore" party,—evidently premeditated; everything was conducted "in a concatenation," as Goldsmith has it, "accordingly." I was meant—transparently—to be a "lost monster" within the first five minutes; and yet I never enjoyed an entertainment so much, I think, in my life. It is so delicious a *role* to play—and, withal, so easy—when a man is desirous only of being disagreeable! And when I reflected that these lunatic creatures, who really stood personally within the scope of my danger—these "splacknucks," into whose house I would have hired myself as their footman, and, in twelve months, have ruled it as their lord—that they, who were absolutely suitors to me for a boon, and over my prospects, or possessions, could have no breath of influence,—that they should be so mad as to desire to distress me, and hope by exhibiting a few common grimaces to succeed!—the thing, so far from supplying a cause of annoyance, was, as you must perceive, unboundedly jocose and entertaining.

We had the stale farce of silent *hauteur* played off; and a few more modern airs in the peculiarities of eating and drinking. The Misses B. were prodigious in the arrangements of their salad. The Captain—he is of "the Guards"—ate fish with his fingers. But, for the *ton*, I had *carte blanche*, as being a foreigner; and, for the silence, you don't very easily awe any man where he feels that circumstances make him your master. I talked, if no one else did; and he who talks *prepense*, may even "talk" with safety. With Sir Walter Beauvoir, I spoke of property and interests, in a way that made him very anxiously attend to me. The Captain I addressed once, (in reply,) and that in a tone just more steady, the twentieth part of a note, than I had been using with his father,—a word more, and I would have apologized for *his* ill horsemanship on the preceding day. The Misses Beauvoir I took wine with, and would not see that they were fair and inexorable. To Lady B. I ventured a few words, just to shew that I could behave decently, if it was my cue to do so. But it was with the Major —the member for Medhurst (that has been)—the gentleman for whose immediate convenience my presence was submitted to; it was with him that my high fortune lay; and the gain was greater than I could have even hoped for.

The Major, I believe, is a person that you have no acquaintance with?—I knew something of him, and disliked him, when we both were lads. He had then—allowing for my prejudices—the qualities which compose a brute; but has now acquired cunning enough, in some degree, to conceal them. His early familiarities were with watch-houses; his exploits, the beating of hackney-coachmen, and dandy linen-drapers at Vauxhall. You may recollect the fact, perhaps, of his exchanging out of the Fusileers, at Cheltenham, for having put a tailor (who asked for money, I believe) into the fire?

The man either was troublesome, or his creditors wanted amusement; but he was ordered, I know, to come for payment to a house at which

three or four gentlemen were dining; the whole party then made a very facetious assault upon him, in consequence of which Ensign B—— had to quit his regiment; and the relatives of the other offenders paid near two thousand pounds to avoid the disgrace of the matter coming into Court. Those times are over. Men grow more prudent, if not more honest, as they increase in age. And my friend the Major's rank and associations have made him a man of fashion; but still he is one of those men, whom, at first sight, you would dislike. There are a description of persons, as we all find out sometimes, whom you can hardly meet, even in the stage-coach, without looking for a quarrel with them. The slightest degree of intercourse seems to make the event quite certain; and, feeling that, you desperately think that the sooner it happens, and is over, the better. I remember once sitting in the same coffee-room with a man whose deportment absolutely fascinated me. Not a word had passed between us; and yet I felt that I must either instantly insult him, or leave the apartment. Major Beauvoir's manner yesterday, at our re-introduction, was a curious illustration of the ungovernableness of this particular faculty: it was decidedly repelling, (though not sufficiently so to call for notice,) while, from what followed, I have no doubt that it was meant to be conciliatory.

For he has the infirmity upon him, (this gentleman,) among others, of being easily affected by wine; and the spirit of play, which also constantly attends him, had caught a scent of my ready money. The exposure that followed was good enough to have been bought by encouragement; but his monstrous folly made even encouragement unnecessary. A wild extravagance keeps him constantly poor; and he has not brains enough to make him timid; for, take successful speculators, with the odds ten to one against them generally, and you will find them coarse-minded, obtuse men—acute intellect would see too clearly the chance of overthrow. In spite of all Sir Walter's exertion, after the first eight glasses, my mere listening became sufficient to draw him out. First, he adverted to the circumstance of our former acquaintance, and drew on valiantly, though I made him pull me all the way. Then we talked of the country—of horses (his and my own) and hunting—my share in the discussion going little beyond monosyllables. From thence it came to arrangements for town, (whither the Major himself was forthwith returning;) and clubs—matches—bets—introductions—all the circumstances of currency which I wanted, (the command of,) I was enabled politely, but without the slightest acknowledgment, to decline. At length I rose to take my leave, accompanied to the last possible moment of conversation by Sir Walter, who saw his son's failure with obvious horror, although the ingenious gentleman himself never suspected it. We descended the great staircase, with solemn deprecation on my part, and immense, though not very happily managed, conciliation on his. But just as the august personage was expressing his hope, under great ardent suffering, that he should early have the pleasure to see me again at Beauvoir Castle, when perhaps something might be suggested, with respect to certain political arrangements, which might operate to the mutual conveniences, and, indeed, advantage, of both our families—just as he got to this point, we reached the lower hall, and my grey horse, who was in waiting, uttered a most extra hyæna-like, and demoniacal neigh. This strange interruption—(which was produced, I believe, by the hearing my voice)—and at such a juncture too!—disconcerted him completely. He stopped—gulped—recollected himself—doubted whether to piece his discourse, or begin over again. In the end, the poor Baronet stammered out a parting compliment, even worse turned than that which *Monsieur Rabican* had broken in upon; and I returned home a personage decidedly more hateful to the Beauvoir family than ever, but completely relieved from all anxiety about my reception—as a potentate of the vicinity—in future; and as an object of detestation with the worthy folks, you know, of necessity, an object, if not of terror, of respect.

This, I think, is as it should be. I am *fêted* by these people, and will be farther so; and, when they have gone through the abomination of getting my interest, they shall find that

they have lost it. But that they are clumsy impostors, and deserve no such lenity, I could end their anxiety in a word; for, if I really have a majority in the borough, I think I shall sit for it myself. You laugh—but I can't come back to the army, after six years' desertion, to face your Waterloo reputation upon a "lady peace" establishment. And a seat in Parliament gives a man a semblance of pursuits in life, which (where no trouble attaches) is convenient. You will come over to my election, (if I find I can command the place,) and help to eat the bad dinners, and kiss the people's wives. Drop no word, however, I charge you, in the interim; because I must bamboozle these coxcombs, who meant to bamboozle me. The hook is in their mouths, and I shall be able to keep them on, without giving either a reasonable expectation. The moment they ask my decision, I shall give it against them; and yet, before them, I will have gained all they sought to withhold from me. This is not a world, Robert, in which a man can live by the use of candour, or of liberal principle; and he who is wise will fall into its spirit, and acquire a taste for hollow-heartedness and selfish feeling. To have one's "opinions" always flying out against those of everybody else—one's heart pinned upon one's sleeve—is it not to fight too much at a disadvantage? And may there not be some whim in shaking hands with a man very cordially, when you know he means to do you a mortal injury, and when you have digged a countermine, (in the way of surprise,) which, in five minutes, is to blow him to the moon! When I was poor, who ever behaved even fairly to me? And is it not monstrous vanity to expect that I now should behave disinterestedly to those I love not?

Farewell till we meet, which I hope will not be many days; but I must (with the kind aid of Sir W. Beauvoir) stamp my credit in the right way, before I go—here—in Glostershire. I have got a touch, you see, of the true moneyed feeling already—letting policy detain me in one place, when inclination would carry me to another.

Fare you well once more, until we shake hands; which, with you, I would not do, unless I did it honestly. I shall be in town, I believe, by the 28th; and a Lieutenant-Colonel, I am sure, can leave a regiment at any time. As a proof that (for my part) we are still upon the same terms that we used to be—ask your father if he will "present" me. I could make old Sir Walter here, I have no doubt, submit to the duty, (and, in case I go to the continent, it may be convenient to me to get this done;) but I would not have him able to say that I ever hoaxed him out of any politeness worth a moment's consideration. Besides, I know enough of your father, to believe that he will feel no hesitation in obliging me; and I write to shew you that I can *ask* a favour from a friend, when it is such a favour as may be conferred by one *gentleman* upon another.

THE DEVIL'S ELIXIR.*

THE DEVIL'S ELIXIR is, we think, upon the whole, our chief favourite among the numerous works of a man of rare and singular genius. It contains in itself the germ of many of his other performances; and one particular idea, in which, more than any other, he, as a romancer, delighted, has been repeated by him in many various shapes, but never with half the power and effect in which it has been elaborated here. This idea is, to be sure, exactly what the minor English critics will think they say quite enough of, when they pronounce it *ore rotundo*, a vile German idea. No matter, whatever these gentry may say, for as to thinking—of that they are tolerably guiltless—whatever small men, accustomed to move in one very small sphere of intellect, may say, the *horrible* is quite as legitimate a field of poetry and romance, as either the pathetic or the ludicrous. It is absurdity to say that Mrs Radcliffe has exhausted this. That very clever lady

---

* The Devil's Elixir: from the German of E. T. A. Hoffmann. 2 vols. William Blackwood, Edinburgh: and T. Cadell, London. 1824.

had not brains to exhaust anything—and she no more worked out horror, than she did the scenery of the Appenines. Maturin's Montorio is far above any horrors she ever excogitated—the St Leon of Godwin, again, is very far above the Family of Montorio—and Schiller's Ghost-seer is well worth both of these. And why? why, simply, because Godwin is a hundred times a cleverer man than Maturin, and because Schiller was a thousand times a cleverer man than Godwin. Nothing that is a part, a real essential part, of human nature, ever can be exhausted—and the regions of fear and terror never will be so.—Human flesh will creep to the end of time at the witches of Macbeth, exactly because to the end of time it will creep in a midnight charnel-vault:—

> So was it when the world began,
> So ever will it be.

Ghosts, Spirits of the elements, intermediate beings between angels and men, fire and water spirits, dwarfs of the mines, good and evil attendants on individual men—in one word, all sorts of supernatural appearances, and wonderful interferences of invisible beings—these, in spite of all that philosophy can do, have taken such a place in the imaginations, and, indeed, in the hearts of men, that their total banishment from thence must for ever remain an impossibility. Every story of that kind, everything that looks like an *anecdote from the world of spirits*, and in general every attempt to support these fantastic existences, or to remove the grounds on which reason would shun to reject them—is sure of a favourable reception from the most part of mankind. Even the more enlightened among us, persons who would on no account have it said of them that they are serious believers in ghost-stories, or in the possibility of the incidents on which such stories turn,—even these persons are in common well pleased with an opportunity of chatting over such things in a quiet way, by the fireside. Nay, the philosopher himself, who, with all parade of reasoning, contends against the reality of these appearances on which the ghost-seers rest their faith, feels, at times, his own fancy getting the better of his judgment, and has often enough to do to prevent himself from forming the same wish which others would have no hesitation in expressing—the wish, namely, *that the facts of the story-teller might be more closely examined.*

A tradition, which is as old as our species, or, at the least, many centuries older than philosophy, has produced, in regard to such things, a sort of universal belief and consent of all nations. From infancy, in whatever quarter of the globe we are born, we are sure to be nourished with the same unvarying provender of tales, dreams, and visions, all connected with this belief; and it acquires over us a power too deep ever entirely to be shaken, at a period when we are not only devoid of any suspiciousness in regard to others, but unprovided by reason with any weapons wherewith to defend ourselves from the assaults of our own credulous imaginations. In a word, as Horace says of Nature in general, "However contemptuously we may toss from us feelings which are common to all men, there are moments in which they creep unperceived into our bosoms;" so we are sincerely of opinion, that the earth does not at this moment contain one single individual who never felt a superstitious shudder in passing a church-yard at midnight. We are equally of opinion, that so long as this feeling, this painful feeling, as to the reality of such things continues, the human mind will continue to receive a tragic pleasure from the skilful use made of them in works of imagination. And we are farther of opinion, that no reader of taste can go through this book, entitled The Devil's Elixir, without enjoying a great deal of this sort of pleasure. Who is he that hath not known the delightful horror of perusing a book full of ghosts and devils at midnight—the dear shudder with which one turns over the leaf, half-suspecting *its* rustle to be the approaching footstep of some fearful creature, "not of the earth earthy?" If there be any such person, let him congratulate himself—let him hug himself as much and as long as he pleases—we would not purchase his indifference to the pain by giving up our own sensibility to the pleasure of it. We like to be horrified—we delight in Frankenstein—we delight in Grierson of Lagg—we delight in the Devil's Elixir.

We have already hinted, however, that there is one particular idea on which this author, when in his horrible vein, is chiefly delighted to expatiate. This is the idea of what he

calls, in his own language, a *doppelganger;* that is to say, of a man's being haunted by the visitations of *another self*—a *double* of his own personal appearance. We have something not very remote from this conception in certain wraith-stories of our own popular mythology: but either the original German superstitions are much richer in their details of the notion than ours, or La Motte Fouqué, and Hoffmann, have made more of what their country-people's old tales gave them than any of our writers have made of their native materials of a similar kind. In some of their works, the idea is turned to a half-ludicrous use—and very successfully too—but by far the best are those romances in which it has been handled quite seriously—and of all these, the best is the book now before us in an English garb.

The superior excellence of the Devil's Elixir lies in the skill with which its author has contrived to mix up the horrible notion of the double-goer, with ordinary human feelings of all kinds. He has linked it with scenes of great and simple pathos—with delineations of the human mind under the influences of not one, but many of its passions—ambition—love—revenge—remorse. He has even dared to mix scenes and characters exquisitely ludicrous with those in which his haunted hero appears and acts; and all this he has been able to do without in the smallest degree weakening the horrors which are throughout his *corps de reserve*. On the contrary, we attribute the unrivalled effect which this work, as a whole, produces on the imagination, to nothing so much as the admirable art with which the author has married dreams to realities, the air of truth which his wildest fantasies draw from the neighbourhood of things which we all feel to be simply and intensely human and true. Banquo's ghost is tenfold horrible, because it appears at a regal banquet—and the horrors of the Monk Medardus affect our sympathies in a similar ratio, because this victim of everything that is fearful in the caprices of an insane imagination, is depicted to us as living and moving among men, women, and scenes, in all of which we cannot help recognizing a certain aspect of life and nature, and occasionally even of homeliness. We shall endeavour to give some very faint notion (purposely it shall be but such) of the fable, and a specimen or two of the author's style in handling different sorts of themes.

The main idea, then, is this: A certain Italian Prince, having committed a series of the most atrocious crimes, at last enters into a sort of compact with the Fiend, which, however, is never quite completed. The fruit of a *horrible* amour is his only child: and being seized upon its birth with the most agonizing remorse, he is suffered to purchase his pardon, on the condition that he shall continue to do penance as a wanderer on the face of the earth, until the race to which his guilt has given origin, shall be entirely at an end, and that in the person of some descendant, whose sanctity shall be as remarkable as was the original depravity of his doomed ancestor.

Medardus, the hero of this book, is one of the remote descendants of this Being. The unhappy Ancestor contrives to be near him in his infancy, and strives, in giving a turn the most pious and holy to his earliest imaginations, to lay the foundation of that sanctity of life on which his own peace is to depend. He also, for obvious reasons, desires to have him educated as a monk—and a German monk he becomes. Being a youth of great talent and genius, his ambition is kindled, and he distinguishes himself very much as a popular preacher. This distinction strikes at the corrupted part of his blood, and destroys him. He becomes vain, proud, voluptuous, and, amongst other offences, is induced, by the example of a gay young travelling Count, to swallow part of the Devil's Elixir—that is to say, uncorks a bottle that has for ages been laid up in the reliquiary of the convent under that horrific name. The story was, that the Devil had once tempted St Anthony with this bottle, and that the Saint having seized it from the grasp of the fiend, had bequeathed it to those pious fathers as the trophy of his victory. But it is farther understood that, such is the hellish virtue of the liquor contained in the flask, if any man drink of it, he will of necessity become the victim of all those impure thoughts which were most repugnant from the spotless temperament of St Anthony; and more, that if any *two* persons drink of it, they will not only become equally victims to these horrid influ-

ences, but be constrained to bear in the eyes of men a more than twin-like resemblance to each other; while, at the same time, every evil deed of the one shall unconsciously and mysteriously tend to the evil, not of himself merely, but of his guilty *Double*.

It will naturally be supposed, therefore, that the young travelling Count acts as the Doppel-ganger of the Monk—such is the case: but it is also discovered in the sequel, that the resemblance between them may admit of a natural explanation, since, in point of fact, Victorin the Count, and Medardus the Monk, are both of them the sons of one father. The poor Monk leaves his convent; and these two persons are involved in a long variety of adventures, the eternally intermingling and undistinguishable threads of which we have no intention to attempt untwisting on this occasion. Let it be sufficient to say, that their collision embraces the whole field of human passion—that they are rivals in love, in war, in guilt, in misery, and in madness; and that they at last both die childless and repentant, whereby the great knot is unloosed, and the unhappy wanderer allowed to quit the world, of which for centuries he has been weary. Such is the tale: or rather such we understand it to be, for, in truth, Hoffmann has many excellencies, but clearness of narrative is not of the number.

This is quite enough in the way of explanation—for we abominate the reviewer who forestalls his author. We shall proceed, therefore, without farther preface, to make a few quotations, simply in order that the reader may satisfy himself as to the energy and masterly skill with which Mr Hoffmann handles his materials of various kinds. As for the translator, we might safely allow one specimen of his performance to speak for itself. His version is not only a faithful, but a highly elegant one; and in addition to all this, the writer has shewn great judgment in omitting certain details which would not have been over acceptable to the English public in its present mood. In a word, he has contrived to prune off all the indelicacy of his German original, without doing the smallest injury to the author's genius; but, on the contrary, to the great and manifest benefit and advantage of the work, in every possible point of view. When we add, that the translator is the same gentleman whose specimens of scenes versified from some of the modern German dramatists, have long been familiar to the readers of this journal, we have perhaps said more than enough as to this matter. The fact, that this translation comes from such a person, might of itself, indeed, be a sufficient pledge, not only that the translation is well executed, but that the work on which he has chosen to exercise his own graceful talents is no ordinary work.

Imagine, then, the lowly sequestered Monk in his dim cell, and come with us to Hoffmann's picture of the simultaneous wakening up of his genius and his ambition. Nothing, certainly, can be better than the whole of this part of the book is in its way; we are sorry that we must confine ourselves to a mere specimen.

"The eventful holiday soon arrived. The church was unusually crowded, and it was not without considerable trepidation that I mounted the pulpit. At the commencement, I remained timidly faithful to my manuscript; and Leonardus told me that I had spoken with a faltering voice, which, however, exactly corresponded with certain plaintive and pathetic considerations with which I had begun my discourse, and which, therefore, was interpreted by most of my auditors into a very skilful example of rhetorical *tact*.

"Soon afterwards, however, it seemed as if my inward mind were gradually lighted up by the glowing fire of supernatural inspiration. I thought no more of the manuscript, but gave myself up to the influence of the moment. I felt how every nerve and fibre was attuned and energized. I heard my own voice thunder through the vaulted roof. I beheld, as if by miracle, the halo of divine light shed around my own elevated head and outstretched arms. By what means I was enabled to preserve connection in my periods, or to deliver my conceptions with any degree of logical precision, I know not, for I was carried out of myself. I could not afterwards have declared whether my discourse had been short or long—the time past like a dream! With a grand euphonical sentence, in which I concentrated, as if into one *focus*, all the blessed doctrines that I had been announcing, I concluded my sermon; of which the effect was such as had been in the convent wholly unexampled.

"Long after I had ceased to speak, there were heard through the church the sounds of passionate weeping, exclamations of heartfelt rapture, and audible prayers. The brethren paid me their tribute of the highest approbation. Leonardus embraced me, and named me the pride of their institution!

"With unexampled rapidity my renown was spread abroad; and henceforward, on every Sunday or holiday, crowds of the most respectable inhabitants of the town used to be assembled, even before the doors were opened, while the church, after all, was found insufficient to hold them. By this homage, my zeal was proportionably increased. I endeavoured more and more to give to my periods the proper rounding, and to adorn my discourses throughout, with all the flowers of eloquence. I succeeded always more and more in fettering the attention of my audience, until my fame became such, that the attention paid to me was more like the homage and veneration due to a saint, than approbation bestowed on any ordinary mortal. A kind of religious delirium now prevailed through the town. Even on ordinary week days, and on half-holidays, the inhabitants came in crowds, merely to see Brother Medardus, and to hear him speak, though but a few words.

"Thus vanity gradually, by imperceptible, but sure approaches, took possession of my heart. Almost unconsciously, I began to look upon myself as the *one elect*,—the pre-eminently *chosen* of Heaven.

* * * *

"That unaffected cheerfulness and inward serenity which had formerly brightened my existence, was completely banished from my soul. Even all the good-hearted expressions of the Prior, and friendly behaviour of the monks, awoke within me only discontent and resentment. By their mode of conduct, my vanity was bitterly mortified. In me they ought clearly to have recognized the chosen saint who was above them so highly elevated. Nay, they should even have prostrated themselves in the dust, and implored my intercession before the throne of Heaven!

"I considered them, therefore, as beings influenced by the most deplorable obduracy and refractoriness of spirit. Even in my discourses, I contrived to interweave certain mysterious allusions. I ventured to assert, that now a wholly new and mighty revolution had begun, as with the roseate light of morning, to dawn upon the earth, announcing to pious believers, that one of the specially elect of Heaven had been sent for a space to wander in sublunary regions. My supposed mission I continued to clothe in mysterious and obscure imagery, which, indeed, the less it was understood, seemed the more to work like a charm among the people.

"Leonardus now became visibly colder in his manner, avoiding to speak with me, unless before witnesses. At last, one day, when we were left alone in the great *allee* of the convent garden, he broke out—'Brother Medardus, I can no longer conceal from you, that for some time past your whole behaviour has been such as to excite in me the greatest displeasure. There has arisen in your mind some adverse and hostile principle, by which you have become wholly alienated from a life of pious simplicity. In your discourses there prevails a dangerous obscurity; and from this darkness many things appear ready, if you dared utter them, to start forward, which, if plainly spoken, would effectually separate you and me for ever. To be candid—at this moment you bear about with you, and betray that unalterable curse of our sinful origin, by which even every powerful struggle of our spiritual energies is rendered a means of opening to us the realms of destruction, whereinto we thoughtless mortals are, alas! too apt to go astray!

"'The approbation, nay, the idolatrous admiration, which has been paid to you by the capricious multitude, who are always in search of novelty, has dazzled you, and you behold yourself in an artificial character, which is not your own, but a deceitful phantom, which will entice you rapidly into the gulf of perdition. Return, then, into yourself, Medardus—renounce the delusion which thus besets and overpowers you! I believe that I thoroughly understand this delusion,—at least, I am well aware of its effects. Already have you lost utterly that calmness and complacence of spirit, without which there is, on this earth, no hope of real improvement. Take warning, then, in time! Resist the fiend who besets you! Be once more that good-humoured and open-hearted youth whom with my whole soul I loved!'

"Tears involuntarily flowed from the eyes of the good Prior while he spoke thus. He had taken my hand, but now letting it fall, he departed quickly without waiting for any answer.

"His words had indeed penetrated my heart; but, alas! the impressions that they had left were only those of anger, distrust, and resentment. He had spoken of the approbation, nay, the admiration and respect, which I had obtained by my wonderful talents; and it became but too obvious that only pitiful envy had been the real source of that displeasure, which he so candidly expressed towards me.—Silent, and wrapt up within myself, I remained, at the next meeting of the brethren, a prey to devouring indignation."

We must now be contented to imagine, as we best may, that Medardus has yielded to all manner of temptations, wandered far from his cloister, committed sundry heinous crimes, at the instigation of the real Devil's Elixirs of lust and hate; and that having entirely laid aside his Capuchin character and costume, he is travelling *en seigneur*, through a remote part of the German empire. His carriage breaks down by night in a forest, and

he is obliged to take refuge in the house of the ranger. This gives Hoffmann an opportunity of affording us some capital glimpses into that simple and hearty life, which really does even to this day linger amidst the immense woodlands which everywhere intersperse the private domains of the German princes—and the reader will see how well he contrives to blend this source of interest with that arising from the mysterious fortunes of poor Medardus himself.—Here again we can still afford to give but a small extract.

"As soon as we had explained to Christian the mischance that we had met with, he directly opened both wings of the gate, and let the carriage pass into the court. The dogs, who were now pacified, came fawning and snuffling about us; and the man above, who was still stationed at the window, cried out incessantly, in a voice by no means of good humour, 'Who's there?—who's there?—*What for a* caravan is that?' to which neither Christian nor I returned a word in answer.

"At last I stepped into the house, and was walking up stairs, when I met a powerful tall man, with a sun-burnt visage, a large hat, with a plume of green feathers, on his head, (which was oddly contrasted with the rest of his figure, for he appeared in his shirt and slippers,) and a drawn stiletto (or hunting dagger) in his hand. In a rough voice, he called out to me—'Whence do you come? How dare you disturb people in the dead of night? This is no public-house; no post station. Here no one lives but the *Ober-revier-forster*, and, for want of a better, I am he. Christian is an ass, for having opened the gates without my permission.'

"In a tone of great humility, I now related the story of my mischance, explaining that nothing but necessity had brought me hither. Hereupon the man was somewhat conciliated. He said, 'Well, no doubt the storm was very violent; but your postilion must be a stupid rascal, to drive out of the road, and break your carriage in that manner. Such a fellow should have been able to go blindfolded through these woods. He should be at home among them, like any one of us.'

"With these words, he led me up stairs into a large hall, furnished with a long oak table and benches; the walls adorned with stags' antlers, hunting weapons, bugle-horns, &c. An enormous stove was at one end, and an open *kamin*, where there were yet the warm embers of a wood-fire, at the other.

"The *Ober-revier-forster* now laid aside his hat and dagger, and drawing on his clothes, requested I would not take it ill that he had received me so roughly; for, in his remote habitation, he must be constantly on his guard. All sorts of bad people were in the habit of haunting these woods,—and especially with poachers, he lived almost always in open warfare.—'However,' added he, 'the rogues can gain no advantage over me, for, with the help of God, I fulfil my duty to the prince conscientiously and faithfully. They have more than once attacked my house by night; but, in reliance on Providence, and my trusty dogs and fire-arms, I bid them defiance.'

"Involuntarily, and led away by the force of old habits, I here thrust in some common-place words about the power and efficacy of trust in God. However, such expressions were not lost on the forester, but seemed to gain for me his confidence and good opinion. He became always more cheerful, and notwithstanding my earnest entreaties to the contrary, roused up his wife—a matron in years, of a quiet, good-humoured demeanour, who, though thus disturbed from her sleep, welcomed, in a very friendly manner, her unexpected guest, and began, by her husband's orders, to prepare supper.

"As for the postilion, he, by the forester's decision, was obliged, for a punishment, that night, to drive back (as he best could) to the station from which he had come,—and on the following morning I should be carried on by the forester to the place of my destination. I agreed the more readily to this plan, as I found myself now much in want of repose.

"I therefore said to my host that I would gladly stay with him even till the middle of the following day, as, by constant travelling, I had been greatly fatigued, and would be much the better for such refreshment.

"'If I might advise you, sir,' said the forester, 'you had better remain here through the whole of to-morrow—After that, my son, whom I must at any rate send to the *residenz*, will himself take you forward in my carriage.'

"I was, of course, well contented with this proposal; and by way of conversation, while supper was placed on the table, began to praise the solitude and retirement of his house, by which I professed myself to be greatly attracted.

"'It is remote, sir, no doubt,' said the forester; 'at the same time, our life here is the farthest possible from being dull or gloomy, as a townsman would probably conclude it to be. To such people every situation in the country appears both lonely and stupid; but much depends on the temper and disposition of the party by whom a house like this of ours is inhabited.

"'If, as in former years in this castle, an old gloomy Baron were the master,—

one who shuts himself up within the four walls of his court, and takes no pleasure in the woods or the chase,—then, indeed, it would be a dull and lonely habitation—But since this old Baron died, and our gracious Prince has been pleased to fit it up as a *forst-haus*, it has been kept in constant liveliness and mirth.

" ' Probably you, sir, may be one of those townspeople, who know nothing, unless by report, of our pleasures, and therefore can have no adequate idea, what a joyous pleasant life we hunters lead in the forest—As to solitude, I know nothing either of its pains or pleasures—for, along with my huntsmen lads, we live all equally, and make but one family. Indeed, however absurd this may seem to you, I reckon my staunch wise dogs also among the number—And why not? They understand every word that I say to them. They obey even my slightest signals, and are attached, and faithful even to death.

" ' Mark there, only, how intelligently my Waldmann looks up, because he knows already that I am speaking about him!

" ' Now, sir, not only is there every day something to be done with the huntsmen and dogs in the forest—but every evening before, there is the pleasure of preparation, and a hospitable well-supplied board, (at which we enjoy ourselves with a zest, that you townsmen never experience;) then, with the first dawn of day, I am always out of bed, and make my appearance, blowing all the way a cheering *réveille* upon my hunting-horn.

" ' At that sound every one directly starts up—The dogs, too, begin to give tongue, and join in one great concert, of barking and rejoicing, from their delight at the anticipation of the coming sport. The huntsmen are quickly dressed; they throw the game-bags and fire-arms on their shoulders, and assemble directly in this room, where my old woman (my wife, I mean) prepares for us a right stout hunter's breakfast, an enormous *schüssel* of hot ragout, with a bottle of vin-ordinaire, a reaming flagon of home-brewed ale, with another of *Stettiner beer*, sent us from the *residenz*; then, after a glass of *schnaps*, we all sally forth in the highest possible spirits, shouting and rejoicing.

" ' Thereafter we have a long march before us—(I speak of our employments at this present season)—but at last we arrive at the spot where the game lies in cover—There every one takes his stand apart from the rest; the dogs grope about with their noses on the ground, snuffing the scent, and looking back every now and then to give notice to the huntsman, who, in his turn, stands with his gun cocked, motionless and scarcely daring to breathe, as if rooted to the ground. But when at last the game starts out of the thicket, when the guns crack, and the dogs rush in after the shot, ah! then, sir, one's heart beats—every fibre is trembling with youthful energy; old as I am, I thus feel transformed into a new man.

" ' Moreover, and above all, there are no two adventures of this kind exactly like each other. In every one is something new, and there is always something to talk over that never happened before. If it were no more than the variety of game at different seasons of the year, this alone renders the pursuit so delightful, that one never can have enough of it.

" ' But setting aside these diversions, I assure you, sir, that the mere superintendance and care of the woods, is an employment which would amply fill up my time from January to December. So far am I from feeling lonely, that every tree of the forest is to me like a companion.

" ' Absolutely, it appears to me as if every plant which has grown up under my inspection, and stretches up its glossy waving head into the air, should know me and love me, because I have watched over, and protected it. Nay, many times when I hear the whispering and rushing of the leaves in the wind, it seems as if the trees themselves spoke with an intelligible voice, that this was indeed a true praising of God and his omnipotence; a prayer, which, in no articulate words, could so well have been expressed.

" ' In short, sir, an honest huntsman and forester, who has the fear of God before him, leads, even in these degenerate times, an admirable and happy life. Something is yet left to him of that fine old state of liberty, when the habits of men were according to nature, and they knew nothing of all that conventional artifice, parade, and frippery, wherewith they are now tormented in their walled-up garrisons and cities. *There*, indeed, they become totally estranged from all those delightful influences which God, in the midst of his works in this world, is ready to shower upon them, by which, on the contrary, they ought to be edified and rejoiced, as the free sylvan people were in former ages, who lived in love and friendship with nature, as we read in the old histories.'

" All this (though his style was somewhat rambling and methodistic) the old forester uttered with a *gusto* and emphasis, by which one could not fail to perceive that he felt whatever he had said deeply in his own heart; and I truly envied him in his station in life, together with his deeply-grounded quiet moods of mind, to which my own bore so little resemblance, or rather presented so painful a contrast.

* * * * * *

" In another part of the building, which

was of considerable extent, the old man shewed me a small and neatly fitted-up apartment, in which was a bed, and where I found my luggage already deposited. There he left me, with the assurance that the early disturbance in the house would not break my sleep, as I was quite separated from the other inhabitants of the castle, and might rest as long as I chose. My breakfast would not be carried in until I rung the bell, or came down stairs to order it. He added, that I should not see him again till we met at the dinner-table, as he should set out early with his lads to the forest, and would not return before mid-day.

"I gave myself no farther trouble therefore, but being much fatigued, undressed hastily, and threw myself into bed, where I soon fell into a deep sleep. After this, however, I was persecuted by a horrible dream. In a manner the most extraordinary, it began with the consciousness of slumber. I said to myself, 'Now this is fortunate, that I have fallen asleep so readily; I shall by this means quite recover from my fatigue, and, for fear of awaking, must only take special care to keep my eyes shut.'

"Notwithstanding this resolution, it seemed to me as if I must, of necessity, open my eyes, and yet continued at the same time to sleep. Then the door of my room opened, and a dark form entered, in whom, to my extreme horror and amazement, I recognised *myself* in the capuchin habit, with the beard and tonsure!

"The monk came nearer and nearer to the bed, till he stood leaning over me, and grinned scornfully. 'Now, then,' said he in a hollow sepulchral voice, and yet with a strange cadence of exultation—'now, then, thou shalt come along with me; we shall mount on the *altan** on the roof of the house beside the weather-cock, who will sing us a merry bridal-song, because the owl to-night holds his wedding feast—there shall we contend together, and whoever beats the other from the roof of the house is king, and may drink blood!'

"I felt now that the figure seized upon me, and tried to lift me up from the bed. Then despair gave me courage, and I exclaimed, 'Thou art not Medardus!—thou art the devil!' and as if with the claws of a demon, I grappled at the throat and visage of this detestable spectre.

"But when I did so, it seemed as if my fingers forced their way into empty skeleton sockets, or held only dry withered joints, and the spectre laughed aloud in shrilling tones of scorn and mockery.

"At that moment, as if forcibly roused by some one violently wrenching me about, I awoke!

"The laughter still continued in the room. I raised myself up. The morning had broken in bright gleams through the window, and I actually beheld at the table, with his back turned towards me, a figure dressed in the capuchin habit!

"I was petrified with horror. The abominable dream had started into real life! The capuchin tossed and tumbled among the things which lay upon the table, till by accident he turned round, and thereupon I recovered all my courage, for his visage, thank Heaven, was *not mine!* Certain features, indeed, bore the closest resemblance, but I was in health and vigour; he was, on the contrary, worn and emaciated, disguised too by an overgrown head of hair, and grisly black beard. Moreover, his eyes rolled and glared with the workings of a thoughtless and vacant delirium.

"I resolved not to give any alarm, but remain quietly on the watch for whatever he might do, and not interrupt him unless he attempted something formidably mischievous, for my stiletto lay near me on the bed, and on that account, together with my superior strength, I could soon be completely master of this intruder.

"He appeared to look at, and to play with, the things that lay upon the table, as a child would do with toys; especially, he seemed delighted with the red *portefeuille*, which he turned over and over towards the light of the window, at the same time making strange grimaces, and jumping up like a patient in the dance of St Vitus.

"At last, he found the bottle with the rest of the Devil's Elixir, which he directly opened and smelt at; then he seemed to tremble convulsively through every limb. He uttered a loud and indescribable cry—'He, he, he!—He, he, he!' which echoed in faltering reverberations through the room, and passages.

"A clear-toned clock in the house just struck three (but the hour must have been much later.) Thereupon, to my great annoyance, he lifted up his voice, and howled as if seized by some horrible torment; then broke out once more into the same shrill laughter that I had heard in my dream. He heaved himself about into the wildest attitudes and caprioles, concluding with a long draught from the bottle with the Devil's Elixir, which (after having exhausted the last drops) he then hurled from him against the wall, and ran out at the door.

"I now instantly rose up and looked after him, but he was already out of sight, and I heard him clamping and clattering down a distant staircase; and, lastly, the violent hollow clank of a door, as he closed it after him.

"I then carefully locked and bolted

* Balcony.

that of my own room, that I might be secured against any second intrusion, and threw myself once more into bed. I had been too much excited to be able for some time to sleep again; but at last slumber fell heavily upon me, and I did not awake till a late hour, when, refreshed and strengthened, I found the bright warm sun beating into my apartment."

One more specimen we must give. In order to have some notion of the subject, the reader must understand that Medardus, while living at a small German court, in considerable style, under the *alias* of Leonard, and enjoying much favour with the prince, (who, by the way, is evidently meant for the Duke of Saxe-Weimar,) is unexpectedly recognized by a person who had some knowledge of a very dark part of his career. The consequence is, that he is thrown into prison—examined, &c. &c.; and that he would have been executed, had not a sudden discovery taken place, that *another Medardus* was the tenant of the cell immediately below his.—But we totally despair of making the thing intelligible.—Try what the fragment will do by itself.

"Many days passed over in dreary captivity, without any farther examination, and without the slightest variety. The time of a prisoner is seldom or never a blank; it is filled up by horrible phantoms and distorted reveries, such as have often been described, though mine probably were of a new character. The detail of them, however, is not within the limits of my present undertaking; I record only simple facts, in the manner of an obtuse old chronicler; and if there be a colouring of imagination, it is not only unsought, but unwelcome and involuntary.

"During these three days, I did not behold the features of any living being, except the peevish face of an old sub-janitor, who brought my food, and in the evening lighted my lamp. Hitherto, I had felt like a warrior, who, in a mood of martial excitement, was determined, at all risks, to meet danger and fight his way to the last; but such passion had now time enough to decline entirely away.

"I fell into a dark melancholy trance, during which all things became indifferent. Even the cherished vision of Aurelia had faded, or floated in dim colours before me. But unless I had been in body as much disordered as in mind, this state of apathy could not, of necessity, continue long. In a short time my spirit was again roused, only to feel in all its force the horrid influence of nausea and oppression, which the dense atmosphere of the prison had produced, and against which I vainly endeavoured to contend.

"In the night I could no longer sleep. In the strange flickering shadows which the lamp-light threw upon the walls, myriads of distorted visages, one after another, or hundreds at a time, seemed to be grinning out upon me. To avoid this annoyance, I extinguished my lamp, and drew the upper mattress over my head—but in vain! It was now dark, indeed, but the spectres were visible by their own light, like portraits painted on a dark ground, and I heard more frightfully the hollow moans and rattling chains of the prisoners, through the horrid stillness of the night.

"Often did it seem to me as if I heard the dying groans of Hermogen and Euphemia. 'Am I then guilty of your destruction? Was it not your own iniquity that brought you under the wrath of my avenging arm?' One night I had broken out furiously with these words, when, on the silence that for a moment succeeded, there distinctly and unequivocally arose a long deep-drawn sigh or groan, differing from the noises which had disturbed me before. The latter might have been imaginary—this was assuredly real, and the sound was reverberated through the vault. Driven to distraction, I howled out—'It is thou, Hermogen!—the hour of thy vengeance is come—there is for me no hope of rescue!'

* * * * * *

"It might be on the tenth night of my confinement, when, half-fainting with terror, I lay stretched out on the cold floor of my prison. I distinctly heard on the ground directly under me a light, but very audible knocking, which was repeated at measured intervals. I listened attentively. The noise was continued, as if with the determination to attract attention, and occasionally I could distinguish a strange sound of laughter, that also seemed to come out of the earth.

"I started from the floor, and threw myself on the straw couch; but the beating continued, with the same detestable variety of laughter and groans. At last I heard a low, stammering, hoarse voice syllabically pronounce my name—'Me-dar-dus!—Me-dar-dus!'—My blood ran ice-cold through every vein; but with a vehement effort I gained courage enough to call out, 'Who's there?'—The laughter now became louder—the beating and groaning were renewed; again the stammering demon addressed me—'Me-dar-dus!—Me-dar-dus!'

"I rose from bed, and stamped on the floor. 'Whoever thou art,' cried I, 'man or devil, who art thus adding to the torments of an already miserable captive, step forth visibly before mine eyes, that I may look on thee, or desist from this unmeaning persecution!' The beating was

now right under my feet. 'He—he—he! he—he—he!—Broth-er, broth-er! Open the door! I am here—am here! Let us go hence to the wood—to the wood!'

"Now, methought I recognized the voice as one that I had known before, but it was not then so broken and so stammering. Nay, with a chill shivering of horror, I almost began to think there was something in the accents that I now heard, resembling the tones of my own voice, and involuntarily, as if I wished to try whether this were really so, I stammered, in imitation, 'Me-dar-dus!—Me-dar-dus!'

"Hereupon the laughter was renewed, but it now sounded scornful amd malicious. 'Broth-er,—Broth-er,' said the voice, 'do you know me again?—Open the door—the—the door!—We shall go hence, to the wood—to the wood!' 'Poor insane wretch!' said I; 'I cannot open the door for thee—I cannot enable thee to go forth into the pleasant woods, to hear the fresh rustling of the leaves, or breathe the fragrance of Heaven's pure atmosphere. I am, as thou art, shut up, hopeless and abandoned, within the gloomy walls of a prison.'

"To this address I was answered only by sobs and moans, as if from the bitterness of despairing grief; and the knocking became always more faint and indistinct, till at last it ceased altogether; and from exhaustion, I sunk into troubled slumber.

"At length the morning light had broke in slanting gleams through the window; the locks and keys rattled, and the gaoler, whom I had not seen for many days, entered my room.

"'Through the last night,' said he, 'we have heard all sorts of strange noises in your apartment, and loud speaking. What means this?'

"'I am in the habit,' answered I, 'of talking loudly in my sleep, and even when awake I indulge in soliloquy. May not this much of liberty be granted me?'

"'Probably,' said the gaoler, 'it is known to you, that every endeavour to escape, or to keep up conversation with any of your fellow-prisoners, will be interpreted to your disadvantage?' I declared that I never had formed any intentions of that kind; and after a few more surly remarks, he withdrew."

The following passage comes a few pages afterwards:—

"The prison-clock had struck twelve, when I again heard softly, and as if from a distance, the knocking which, on the preceding day, so much disturbed me. I had resolved that I would pay no attention to this noise; but it approached nearer, and became louder. There were again, at measured intervals, the same divertisements of knocking, laughing, and groaning. I struck my hand with vehemence on the table—'Be quiet!' cried I—'Silence below there!' Thus I thought that I should banish my persecutor, and recover my composure, but in vain! On the contrary, there arose instantly a sound of shrill discordant laughter, and once more the same detestable voice—'*Brü-der-lein!—Brüder-lein!** Up to thee! Open the door! Open the door!'

"Then right under me commenced a vehement rasping and scratching in the floor, accompanied by continuous groans and cachinnation. In vain did I try to write, and persuading myself that these were but illusions of the arch enemy, determined to hold them in contempt. The noise always became more intolerable, and was diversified occasionally by ponderous blows, so that I momentarily expected the gaolers to enter in alarm.

"I had risen up, and was walking with the lamp in my hand, when suddenly I felt the floor shake beneath my tread. I stepped aside, and then saw, on the spot whereon I had stood, a stone lift itself out of the pavement, and sink again. The phenomenon was repeated, but at the second time I seized hold of the stone, and easily removed it from the flooring.

"The aperture beneath was but narrow, and little or no light rose from the gulf. Suddenly, however, as I was gazing on it, a naked arm, emaciated, but muscular, with a knife, or dagger, in the hand, was stretched up towards me. Struck with the utmost horror, I recoiled from the sight. Then the stammering voice spoke from below—'Broth-er—broth-er Med-ar-dus is there—is there!—Take—take!—Break—break!—To the wood! To the wood!'

"Instantly all my fear and apprehension were lost. I repeated to myself, 'Take—take!—Break—break!' for I thought only of the assistance thus offered me, and of flight! Accordingly I seized the weapon, which the hand willingly resigned to me, and began zealously to clear away the mortar and rubbish from the opening that had been made.

"The spectral prisoner below laboured also with might and main, till we had dislodged four or five large stones from the vault, and laid them aside. I had been occupied in this latter purpose, that is, in placing the large stones in a corner of my room, that they might not interrupt my work; when, on turning round, I perceived that my horrible assistant had raised his naked body as far as the middle, through the aperture that we had made. The full

* Little brother. One of the German diminutives of familiarity or endearment.

glare of the lamp fell on his pale features, which were no longer obscured as formerly, by long matted locks, or the overgrown grizzly beard, for these had been closely shaven. It could no longer be said that I was in vigorous health, while he was emaciated, for in that respect we were now alike. He glared on me with the grin, the ghastly laughter, of madness on his visage. At the first glance I RECOGNIZED MYSELF, and losing all consciousness and self-possession, fell in a deadly swoon on the pavement.

"From this state of insensibility I was awoke by a violent pain in the arm. There was a clear light around me; the rattling of chains, and knocking of hammers sounded through the vault. The gaoler and his assistants were occupied in loading me with irons. Besides handcuffs and ankle-fetters, I was, by means of a chain and an iron hoop, to be fastened to the wall.

"'Now,' said the gaoler, in a satisfied tone, when the workmen had finished, 'the gentleman will probably find it adviseable to give over troubling us with his attempts to escape for the future!'

"'But what crimes, then,' said the blacksmith, in an under tone, 'has this obstreperous fellow committed?'

"'How?' said the gaoler, 'dost thou not know that much, Jonathan? The whole town talks of nothing else. He is a cursed Capuchin monk, who has murdered three men. All has been fully proved. In a few days there is to be a grand gala; and among other diversions, the scaffold and the wheel will not fail to play their part!'

"I heard no more, and my senses were again lost. I know not how long I remained in that state, from which I only painfully and with difficulty awoke. I was alone, and all was utter darkness; but, after some interval, faint gleams of daylight broke into the low deep vault, scarcely six feet square, into which I now, with the utmost horror, perceived that I had been removed from my former prison. I was tormented with extreme thirst, and grappled at the water-jug which stood near me. Cold and moist, it slipped out of my benumbed hands before I had gained from it even one imperfect draught, and, with abhorrence, I saw a large overgrown toad crawl out of it as it lay on the floor. 'Aurelia!' I groaned, in that feeling of nameless misery into which I was now sunk—'Aurelia!—and was it for this that I have been guilty of hypocrisy and abominable falsehood in the court of justice—for this only, that I might protract, by a few hours, a life of torment and misery? What would'st thou,' said I to myself, 'delirious wretch, as thou art? Thou strivest after the possession of Aurelia, who could be thine only through an abominable and blasphemous crime; and however thou might'st disguise thyself from the world, she would infallibly recognize in thee the accursed murderer of Hermogen, and look on thee with detestation. Miserable deluded fool, where are now all thy high-flown projects, thy belief and confidence in thine own supernatural power, by which thou could'st guide thy destiny even as thou wilt? Thou art wholly unable and powerless to kill the worm of conscience, which gnaws on the heart's marrow, and thou wilt shamefully perish in hopeless grief, even if the arm of temporal justice should spare thee!'"

Suppose, now, that Mr Von Leonard, in other words *our* Medardus, is not only at liberty, in consequence of the discovery of the other Medardus, but that he is on the very brink of being made the husband of her whose love has already tempted him to a hundred crimes—her whose beauty first fired his monkish bosom—her whose pure and lovely idea is destined to haunt him wherever he goes, almost as faithfully as the black shadow of his own guilt—her, who loves him frantically, and who yet, even at the moment when she is about to be his bride, can scarcely divest herself of the horror which Leonard's likeness to Medardus the murderer had at first excited in her bosom.—Imagine all this, and then read—

"We had no time for conversation, however. Scarcely had I saluted Aurelia, when a servant of the Prince announced that we were waited for by the wedding-party. She quickly drew on her gloves, and gave me her arm. Then one of her attendants remarked that some ringlets of her hair had fallen loose, and begged for a moment's delay. Aurelia seemed vexed at the interruption, but waited accordingly.

"At that moment a hollow rumbling noise, and a tumult of voices on the street, attracted our attention. At Aurelia's request I hastened to the window. There, just before the palace, was a *leiter-wagen*, which, on account of some obstacle, had stopped in the street. The car was surrounded by the executioners of justice; and within it, I perceived the horrible monk, who sat looking backwards, while before him was a capuchin, earnestly engaged in prayer. His countenance was deadly pale, and again disfigured by a grizzly beard, but the features of my detestable *double* were to me but too easily recognizable.

"When the carriage, that had been for a short space interrupted by the crowd, began to roll on, he seemed awoke from his reverie, and turning up his staring spectral eyes towards me, instantly became animated. He laughed and howled aloud—

'*Brüd-er-kin—Brüd-er-kin!*' cried he. —'Bride-groom!—Bride-groom!—Come quickly—come quickly.—Up—up to the roof of the house. There the owl holds his wedding-feast; the weather-cock sings aloud! There shall we contend together, and whoever casts the other down is king, and may drink blood!'

"The howling voice in which he uttered these words, the glare of his eyes, and the horrible writhings of his visage, that was like that of an animated corse, were more than, weakened as I was by previous agitation, I was able to withstand. From that moment I lost all self-possession; I became also utterly insane, and unconscious what I did! At first I tried to speak calmly. 'Horrible wretch!' said I; 'what mean'st thou? What would'st thou from me?'

"Then I grinned, jabbered, and howled back to the madman; and Aurelia, in an agony of terror, broke from her attendants, and ran up to me. With all her strength, she seized my arms, and endeavoured to draw me from the window. 'For God's sake,' cried she, 'leave that horrible spectacle; they are dragging Medardus, the murderer of my brother, to the scaffold. Leonard!—Leonard!'

"Then all the demons of hell seemed awoke within me, and manifested, in its utmost extent, that power which they are allowed to exercise over an obdurate and unrepentant sinner. With reckless cruelty I repulsed Aurelia, who trembled, as if shook by convulsions, in every limb—'Ha—ha—ha!' I almost shrieked aloud—'foolish, insane girl! I myself, thy lover, thy chosen bridegroom, am the murderer of thy brother! Would'st thou by thy complaints bring down destruction from heaven on thy sworn husband?—Ho—ho—ho! I am king—I am king—and will drink blood!'

"I drew out the stiletto—I struck at Aurelia,—blood streamed over my arm and hand, and she fell lifeless at my feet. I rushed down stairs,—forced my way through the crowd to the carriage—seized the monk by the collar, and with supernatural strength tore him from the car. Then I was arrested by the executioner; but with the stiletto in my hand, I defended myself so furiously, that I broke loose, and rushed into the thick of the mob, where, in a few moments, I found myself wounded by a stab in the side; but the people were struck with such terror, that I made my way through them as far as to the neighbouring wall of the park, which, by a frightful effort, I leapt over.

"'Murder—murder!—Stop—stop the murderer!' I had fallen down, almost fainting, on the other side of the wall, but these outcries instantly gave me new strength. Some were knocking with great violence, in vain endeavours to break open one of the park gates, which, not being the regular entrance, was always kept closed. Others were striving to clamber over the wall, which I had cleared by an incredible leap. I rose, and exerting my utmost speed, ran forward. I came, ere long, to a broad *fosse*, by which the park was separated from the adjoining forest. By another tremendous effort, I jumped over, and continued to run on through the wood, until at last I sank down, utterly exhausted, under a tree.

"I know not how the time had passed, but it was already evening, and dark shadows reigned through the forest, when I came again to my recollection. My progress in running so far had passed over like an obscure dream. I recollect only the wind roaring amid the dense canopy of the trees, and that many times I mistook some old moss-grown pollard stem for an officer of justice, armed and ready to seize upon me!

"When I awoke from the swoon and utter stupefaction into which I had fallen, my first impulse was merely to set out again, like a hunted wild beast, and fly, if possible, from my pursuers to the very end of the earth! As soon, however, as I was only past the frontiers of the Prince's dominions, I would certainly be safe from all immediate persecution.

"I rose accordingly, but scarcely had I advanced a few steps, when there was a violent rustling in the thicket; and from thence, in a state of the most vehement rage and excitement, sprung the monk, who, no doubt in consequence of the disturbance that I had raised, had contrived to make his escape from the guards and executioners.

"In a paroxysm of madness he flew towards me, leaping through the bushes like a tiger, and finally sprung upon my shoulders, clasping his arms about my throat, so that I was almost suffocated. Under any other circumstances, I would have instantly freed myself from such an attack, but I was enfeebled to the last degree by the exertions I had undergone, and all that I could attempt was to render this feebleness subservient to my rescue. I fell down under his weight, and endeavoured to take advantage of that event. I rolled myself on the ground, and grappled with him; but in vain! I could not disengage myself, and my infernal double laughed scornfully. His abominable accents, 'He—he—he!—He—he—he!' sounded amid the desolate loneliness of the woods.

"During this contest, the moon broke, only for a moment, through the clouds, for the night was gloomy and tempestuous. Then, as her silvery gleam slanted through the dark shade of the pine trees, I beheld, in all its horror, the deadly pale visage of my *second self*, with the same expression which had glared out upon me from the cart in which he had been dragged to exe-

cution. 'He—he—he!—Broth-er, brother!—Ever, ever I am with thee!—Leave thee, leave thee never!—Cannot run as thou canst!—Must carry—carry me! Come straight from the gallows—They would have nailed me to the wheel—He—he—he!—He—he—he!'"

These passages must suffice for "The Devil's Elixir." We had intended to introduce this work to our readers by some notices of the personal history of the author. His *Memoirs* are now before us: but we perceive that we cannot make any use of them without extending our article beyond all reasonable bounds. We shall, however, return to M. Hoffman next month, and present our friends with some of the most interesting passages in his very singular and picturesque life. In particular, his narrative of the occurrences which took place in and about Dresden at the time of Moreau's death, will, we are sure, be acceptable to all classes of readers. He was a man of true genius—unfortunately for himself, and for the world, he was a man of most irregular life and conversation, and he died at a very early period, of nothing but Rhine-wine and brandy punch, leaving many works behind to attest the greatness of the talents which he for the most part abused.

His romances and tales are at present about the most popular of all books among the light readers of Germany; and, we have no doubt, "The Devil's Elixir" will command an abundant portion of favour among the kindred tribes of our own country. But we also think lessons of great and serious importance may be drawn from certain circumstances in his career, both personal and literary, and we shall therefore not fail to redeem the pledge now given, in our ensuing Number.

COCKNEY CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THE FIRST OF APRIL.

[The following articles were intended for our April Number, but unfortunately have only now reached us. We print them, however, for the amazement of our readers. We had certainly appointed Leigh Hunt our Vice-laureat, but we gave him the place merely as a kind of sinecure. However, as Leigh hates all sinecures, he has taken up his pen crisply, and has not only sent us a complimentary letter, accompanied by a contribution of his own, written in a fine Italian hand, but has moreover ordered one of his gentlemen of the press—Billingsgate, *alias* Billy Hazlitt, *Esquire*,—to furnish an article, which he has done. HUNT AND HAZLITT BECOME CONTRIBUTORS TO BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE!!! *The Aristotle and Longinus of the Cockneys joining the "Crew of mischievous Critics in Edinburgh!"*—!!—!!!—"Vy, this is vonders above vonders!" as Mr Coleridge says—and as all Cockneys *must* say—compelled by the same eternal and immutable law which obliges them to superadd an R to every word, of which the final letter has the misfortune to be a vowel.]

I think we do know the sweet Roman hand.—*Twelfth Night.*

'Tis extant—and written in very choice Italian.—*Hamlet.*

A very, very—peacock.—*Hamlet.*

LETTER FROM LEIGH HUNT TO CHRISTOPHER NORTH, ESQ.
(INCLOSING AN ARTICLE.)

Florence, 1st April, 1824.

MY DEAR NORTH,

(WHAT a jauntiness there is in beginning a letter in this way!) *We* (for we are still so conscious of the critical, that we are apt to slide into these sorts of contradictions to personal identity) began the dedication of "The Story of Rimini" with an address to "My dear Byron," for which a certain base and reviewatory person had an uncongenial fling at us in the Quarterly. This awakened in our spirits a mild surprise; for we thought we were only engrafting upon the passionate, and breathing of our rhymes some natural and hushing gentilities—too fine to be apprehended by the person aforesaid. But we are

sure that you, Mr Christopher North, (we find ourselves unconsciously writing these words in a better hand than the rest,) feel too well what is social and off-hand, to be offended at this kind-of-sort-of-kind-of-thing, or to rate us very clevically about it; and though you have often a touch of the minneous or so about you, one may easily see that it proceeds only from an excess of the jovial, and that there are always handsome laughs ready to sparkle out over the deep and sweet gravity of your face. We like a charming nature of all things; and there is a kind of sufficing and enjoying naturalness about all you write, that convinces us that you love all true and fine humanities, and that you are an admirer of all sorts of green leafinesses in your heart. We have therefore determined (ourselves and some more) to send you certain liberalities of ours, in the shape of articles, which we are sure will give you a lift in the world. Indeed, though we feel that we have been great and calumniated spirits, we are just now in such good humour with every possible thing and body, that we could go rhyme on the grass, or stand upon our heads, or drink tea out of an absolute rain-spout. But we will do none of these nice and graceful things; but sit down at our piano, and put forth our whole gentle strength in composing an elaborate harmony to that handsome and genteel lyric—

Hey, Johnny, Johnny,
Looking blithe and bonny,
And singing nonny, nonny,
With hat just thrown upon ye, &c.

—which seems as if it would warble itself into chromatics. Music is always sure to float us into a fine kind-spiritedness; and it is for this reason we are coy of a science which was Mozart's, and is now ours. This will give us a little inspiring to effect what is to follow; and we shall then go into the most agreeable-looking corner of our library, which pierces out upon the youngest green of a garden, powdered all over with flowers, that are perking up their beauty in your face, in spite of you—together with all sorts of jauntinesses in general—and then we will write a deep and lively article for Blackwood's Magazine. What shall be the subject? Let us poke about and see. There is Croly's new Comedy *laying* on the table, like a petition to the House of Commons; let us notice it, which the House never does the other. The comedy will, no doubt, have been already reviewed by some of the great and pleasant men who write for that oddic and periodic Miscellany; for in this spot of spots ("sitting by the sweet shores Italian," as that most lovely and fearful spirit Barry Cornwall* says) we do not hear as often as we wish of what is going on in the one we have left. But we must try our hand at plumping up an article upon it, notwithstanding. We shall no doubt have something abundant and sweet-natured to say about it, which the readers of that apex and tenderest top of Magazines could not afford to go without. We have no rhymes upon table at present, not having put on our mild singing clothes this morning; but we must try to set some a-flowing before your next Number. We could easily send you a good savage assortment of blank verse; but as to having it said that we could not do anything better and more rimatory, we had as lief be told that we never had an old aunt, or that we were our grandmother. However, to make up for our lack of verse, we have sent our commands to Mr W. Hazlitt, to furnish you with an article before he writes any more for Mr Jeffrey, or Mr Campbell, or *The London;* and we inclose you a copy of our royal orders to Mr H., which will be like a thump to make him jump, and give a sort of twitch to his memory like a dun, or any other dull stumbling-block to orthodox fancies. We are sure you will print our contributions (as Mr Jeffrey does) without even looking at them, a custom for which we have no light esteem—

(Black, but such as in esteem, &c.)

We have got a *Wishing Cap* of our own, as good as new, though not quite so good as Fortunatus's; if it were, we would put it on, and wish you could

* We have been promised an article—a fragment of a poem—by Barry Cornwall. It is to be called "The Skiey Immortals (those who peopled Greece"), and will be about "Apollar, and Mercurius, and the rest."—C. N.

be brought to our gate some day or other, just as we were sitting at our writing of an evening: And some one of our two maid-servants, with their worsted graces, should conduct you hushing to our library-door, which opening, should shew a kind face reflected in our own graceful and social looks. Our wife should make tea and hot buttered toast, (a thing of taste "not inelegant," as Milton says—especially in July, and under Italian heavens;) we would then go out and taste the lawns and trees, and returning at night through the green leaves, we would have a booze of gin and water sociable together. We, however, never take more than one weak glass—for we are fonder of nice health and quiet sleeps, than of all sorts of contradictions to both. But we must make an end of this, for fear of sliding off into something which would make us forget our promised article, which would be a dull mistake. So, to finish our letter, pleasantly and grandly, as we like to do everything, we add only our *sign manual*. ☞

(COPY OF HIS MAJESTY'S LETTER TO MR HAZLITT.)

We, Leigh the First, Autocrat of all the Cockneys, command our trusty and well-beloved cousin and counsellor, William Hazlitt, Gentleman of the Press, &c. &c. &c., to furnish forthwith, in virtue* of his allegiance, an article for Blackwood's Magazine—in which there shall be nothing taken out of the Edinburgh Review, or other Periodicals for which the said William Hazlitt scribbleth, and in which there shall be as little as may be possible to the Gentleman of the Press aforesaid, about "candied coats of the auricula,"—"a fine paste of poetic diction encrusting" something or another—"clear waters, dews, moonlit bowers, Sally L—," &c. &c. As witness our hand. ☞

Liunto, *Imperatore e Re di Cocagna.*

PART OF AN ARTICLE BY LEIGH HUNT.

(*Addressed to C. North, Esq.*)

We are always unwilling to speak of ourselves: but as your readers will otherwise see no reason upon table for the delay of our article promised on the First of April, we are obliged to afflict them by saying, that we have had for the last fortnight an aggravating (as the old women say) toothache, in the fourth tooth of our critical under-jaw. The said toothache has not only shut us out from such in-door amusements as theatres and books, but even from relishing as finely and deeply as we do at other times the green and glad world without them, which is invidious. We are not even yet quite as we should be, and are afraid that instead of saying natural and lively things, as usual, we may slide into a melancholy hilarity, amounting to the ponderous. However, as everybody told us, that folks would be impatient to know what those at the top of the critical in these matters thought of the new comedy, we contrived to fortify ourselves with flannel and fortitude, (things not to be lightly praised,) and sat down to our desk. The evening was most bird-like and sparkling—and was just such a one as we once described in a distich of our own, written long before a sense of wars and debts had taken place in our minds of all sorts of amenities and merry graces—

The climbing trees were sleeping in that colour
Which richly trembles out crisp-hair'd Apollo.

What a contrast there is now to those days when we used to go to town of an evening to see plays, and write our Theatrical Examiner! Oh, the sweet morning-time of these evenings! If the wind was now and then thundering without doors, we had an inside place, and could enjoy it; and thinking of all sorts of natural pieties, we used to get snugly into the theatre, which to us had always a frank and agreeable-looking feel about it. There is nothing that draws us to such a fine and true humanity, as finding ourselves together at the theatre.

* In the original MS. *wartue.*

There are people in the City, we are told, who know so little of the glad and flowering world about their very ears, that if they ever do exchange their ledgers for nature, they do nothing but grumble at the blackness of the green leaves, and hasten back to the world of brick and mortar, and money getting. To us, now, a tree or so is an absolute god-send; and as to seeing even a flower-pot without a certain freshening-up, we could just as soon think of shattering the benignity of the summer-heavens. We have never lived in the city, which is perhaps the reason why we have always had a high taste for gracefulness of living: We love to have the flowers in season put upon our table along with the mutton—whereas these folks, if care and common-places do not prevent any addition whatever, make it a sorry business of a pudding or so extra. But though such people can scarcely relish anything but their own forlorn money-makings, (which are much less to the purpose than the Christmas merry-makings we have done so much to revive,) there is always something enjoying even to them about the Theatre. Play-houses are the most social of houses; and one feels more sociable together at Covent-Garden, than at any of the others, (our old pit-and-box-hand-shaking favourite, the Haymarket, excepted). Indeed, when one sits in the pit, (as we always used to do,) one feels a certain frank cordiality about one, which is quite delicious, at the sight of so many pleasant faces sparkling all round you; and the most intellectual and graceful-spirited may there enjoy humanity even in its very common-places. You shall have on the same bench a high and dark far-thoughted, inward-looking aspect, worthy of the finest times of Italy, (if anything English, except perhaps Mr Hazlitt and one or two more, may be compared to the great and pleasant men whom Raphael has painted,) contrasted with the pale and perking-up face of a city clerk, just escaped from his ledger, and glad to be for an hour or two out of the common-place sphere of realities, and to get into the less material world of poetry and the drama—those eternal stumbling-blocks to square-toes. In this way, those whose natures are not fine enough to relish fields and flowers as we do, are drawn into a kindly sympathy by apprehending along with us the passionate of a play—or starting off into a bench-and-side-shaking merriment at a comedy—a thing which is (to our idea at least) much more devout and thankful than the unhappy sounds that one hears of a Sunday, from churches, in as forlorn a taste as their music * * * *

* * * *

[Here our Vice-laureat get so very * * * * * * * * * * and impertinent, that we dare not print the rest of his article. Indeed, a Second Review of Croly's admirable comedy, even by Hunt, would be a work of supererogation, after the excellent article that has already been written upon it in this Magazine—especially as Leigh says very little that we had not already said. His criticism is, upon the whole, "kind-natured" and indulgent; though he says that the fine imitations of Shakespeare, which occur in the comedy, "are as unlike as imitations are apt to be, yet not ill felt in the general." He finds fault, indeed, with the title, (*Pride shall have a Fall*,) which he says, "we are sure we have often written for a copy when a boy at school;" and he adds, what must have been no doubt suggested by his own personal experience, that "it smacks too much of a truism." He praises, in general, "the lovely and fearful beauty" of the verse, which he thinks "resembles Beaumont and Fletcher in its swalings and undulations;" but he thinks it too ambitious—or, as he phrases it, "the verse is always wanting to be great and grand, as the maid-servants say." Of course, we must not dispute with Leigh about maid-servants or char-women, with whose ways and opinions he is much better acquainted than we can pretend to be; and, for the same reason, we must agree with his criticisim on the *Suivantes* of the piece, who, he says, "talk wilful blank verse just as well as their mistresses—which is a thing not to be thought of." The exquisite and polite critic

finds "a good deal of raffishness" in the scenes with the Hussars, and says there is "some ill-worded expressing" in the dialogue. However, he assures us, that he has "prodigiously felt and admired the comedy in general," —a fact, of which the knowledge must be infinitely delightful to Mr Croly. But we must now come to Mr Hazlitt's article. We print his Latin and French quotations as we find them in the MS., and as our readers will always find them printed in the Edinburgh Review, &c. &c.]

TABLE TALK. A NEW SERIES.

No. I.

On Nursery Rhymes in general.

> To me the meanest flower that blows can give
> Thoughts, that do often lie too deep for tears.

SWEET are the dreams of childhood, but sweeter the strains that delight its early ears!* We would give anything to recall those pleasant times, when we thought Jack Horner finer than anything in Shakespeare. And sometimes we think so still! What a poet was he who composed all these sweet nursery verses—the violet bed not sweeter! Yet he died "without a name!" How unintelligible they are, and yet how easily understood! They are like Wordsworth, (but oh, how unlike!) and we admire them for the same reason that we do him. How many young lips have breathed out these "snatches of old songs," making the breeze about them "discourse most eloquent music!" Wherever these rhymes "do love to haunt, the air is delicate." Let us try to make them "as palpable to the feeling" of others, as they are to our own.

We once said in Constable's Magazine, that, "to be an Edinburgh reviewer, was the highest distinction in literary society;" because, about that time, we began to write in the Edinburgh Review. We were proud of it then, and we are so yet!—But it is a finer thing now. One could not then be radical, if one would. Now it is *tout au contraire*—Whigs and Radicals have met together—Jeffrey and Hunt have embraced each other. And it is right they should. Jeffrey is the "Prince of Critics and King of Men;" just as Leigh Hunt is King of Cockaigne, by divine right. They are your only true legitimates.† They are like the two kings of Brentford! There they sit upon their thrones—the Examiner and the Edinburgh Review—*sedet, eternumque sedebit*—"both warbling of one note, both in one key." Each "doth bestride his little world like a Colossus"—(little, but oh! how great!) *There* they are *teres et rotundus*; while Universal Suffrage, like "Universal Pan, knit with the graces" of Whiggism, leads on the eternal dance! We have said in *The London*, that "to assume a certain signature, and write essays and criticisms in THE LONDON MAGAZINE, was a consummation of felicity hardly to be believed." But what is writing in the Edinburgh Review, or the New Monthly, or the London, compared to writing in Blackwood's Magazine? That, after all, is your only true passport to Fame. We thought otherwise once—but we were wrong!—Well, *better late than never*. But we must get to our subject.

What admirable pictures of duty (finer than Mr Wordsworth's Ode to Duty) are now and then presented to us in these rhymes!—what powerful exhortations to morality (stronger and briefer than Hannah More's) do we find in them! What can be more strenuous, in its way, than the detestation of slovenliness inspired by the following example? The rhyme itself seems "to have caught the trick" of carelessness, and to wanton in the inspiration of the subject!

---

* Quære, *years*.—Printer's devil.

† Mr Hazlitt here omits the name of *another* sovereign, of whom he thus speaketh in the Edinburgh Review—"The Scotsman is an excellent paper, with but one subject—*Political Economy*—but the Editor may be said to be *King* of it!" But perhaps he bethought him afterwards, that, to be "King of one subject," was no very brilliant sovereignty.

See saw, Margery Daw, sold her bed, and lay in the straw;
Was not she a dirty *slut*, to sell her bed, and lie in the *dirt*?

Look at the paternal affection (regardless of danger) so beautifully exemplified in this sweet lullaby:—

Bye, baby bunting! papa's gone a-hunting,
To catch a little rabbit-skin, to wrap the baby bunting in.

There is a beautiful spirit of humanity and a delicate gallantry in this one. The long sweep of the verse reminds one of the ladies' trains in Watteau's pictures:—

One a penny, two a penny, hot cross-buns,
If your daughters do not like them, give them to your sons;
But if you should have none of these pretty little elves,
You cannot do better than to eat them yourselves.

Economy is the moral of the next. It is worth all the Tracts of the Cheap Repository!—

When I was a little boy, I lived by myself,
All the bread and cheese I got, I put it on the shelf.

What can be more exquisite than the way in which the most abstruse sciences are conveyed to the infant understanding? Here is an illustration of the law of gravitation, which all Sir Richard Phillips's writings against Newton will never overthrow!—

Rock a bye, baby, on the tree top,
When the wind blows, the cradle will rock:
If the bough breaks, the cradle will fall,
Then down tumbles baby and cradle, and all.

The theories of the Political Economists are also finely explained in this verse, which very properly begins with an address to *J. B. Say*, who has said the same thing in prose:—

See, *Say*, a penny a-day, Tommy must have a new master—
Why must he have but a penny a-day? *Because he can work no faster.*

This is better than the Templar's Dialogues on Political Economy in The London, and plainer and shorter than the Scotsman. It is as good as the Ricardo Lecture. Mr M'Culloch could not have said anything more profound!

There is often a fine kind of pictured poetry about them. In this verse, for instance, you seem to hear the merry merry ring of the bells, and you see the tall white steed go glancing by:—

Ride a cock-horse to Bamborough Cross,
To see a fair lady sit on a white horse;
With rings on her fingers, and bells on her toes,
That she may have music wherever she goes.

There is also a rich imagination about the "four-and-twenty black-birds, baked in a pye;" it is quite oriental, and carries you back to the Crusades. But, upon the whole, we prefer this lay, with its fearful and tragic close:—

Bye, baby bumpkin, where's Tony Lumpkin?
My lady's on her death-bed, with eating half a pumpkin.

No wonder!—for we have seen pumpkins in France, that would "make Ossa like a wart!" There is a wildness of fancy about this one, like the night-mare. What an overwhelming idea in the last line!—

We're all in the dumps, for Diamonds is trumps,
And the kittens are gone to St Paul's:
And the babies are bit, and the moon's in a fit,
And the houses are built without walls!

But there is yet another, finer than all, of which we can only recollect a few words. The rest is gone with other visions of our youth! We often sit and think of these lines by the hour together, till our hearts melt with their beauty, and our eyes fill with tears. We could probably find the rest in some of Mr Godwin's twopenny books; but we would not for worlds dissolve the charm that is round the mysterious words. The "gay ladye" is more gorgeous to our fancy than Mr Coleridge's "dark ladye!"

London bridge is broken down—
How shall we build it up again?
——With a gay ladye.

The following is "perplexed in the extreme"—a pantomime of confusion!

Cock-a-doodle-do, my dame has lost her shoe;
The cat has lost her fiddle-stick—I know not what to do.

There is "infinite variety" in this one: the rush in the first line is like the burst of an overture at the Philharmonic Society. Who can read the second line without thinking of Sancho and his celestial goats—"sky-tinctured?"

Hey diddle, diddle, a cat and a fiddle,
The goats jump'd over the moon;
And the little dogs bark'd to see such sport,
And the cat ran away with the spoon.

But if what we have quoted is fine, the next is still finer. What are all these things to Jack Horner and his Christmas-pye? What infinite keeping and *gusto* there is in it!—(we use keeping and *gusto* in the sense of painters, and not merely to mean that he kept all the pye to himself, (like a Tory,) or that he liked the *taste* of it—which Mr Hunt tells us is the meaning of *gusto*.) What quiet enjoyment! what serene repose! There he sits, *teres et rotundus*, in the *chiar' oscuro*, with his finger in the pye! All is satisfying, delicious, secure from intrusion, "solitary bliss!"

Little Jack Horner sat in a corner,
Eating his Christmas-pye:
He put in his thumb, and he pull'd out a plumb,
And said, "What a good boy am I!"

What a pity that Rembrandt did not paint this subject! But perhaps he did not know it. If he had painted it, the picture would have been worth any money. He would have smeared all the canvass over with some rich, honeyed, dark, bright, unctuous oil-colour; and, in the corner, you would have seen, (obscurely radiant) the figure of Jack; then there would have been the pye, flashing out of the picture in a blaze of golden light, and the green plum held up over it, dropping sweets! —We think we could paint it ourselves!

We are unwilling that anything from our friend, C. P., *Esquire*,* should come in at the fag-end of an article; but, for the sake of enriching this one, we add a few lines from one of the *Early French Poets*, communicated to C. P., by his friend *Victoire*, *Vicomte de Soligny*, whom he met in Paris at the *Caffée des Milles Colonnes*. The translation is by Mr Hunt; it is like Mr Frere's translations from the *Poema del Cid*, but is infinitely more easy, graceful, and antique:†

C'est le Roy Dagobert,
Qui met sa culotte à l'envers;
Le bon Saint Eloy
Lui dit: "Mon bon Roy,
Votre Majesté
Est mal culottée."
"Eh bien," lui dit le bon Roy,
"Je vais la remettre à l'endroit."

It was King Dagobert who poking on his yellow breeches,
Whisk'd out the lining with a fling, and most elaborate stretches;
Kind Saint Eloi perk'd crisply up, and said with frankliest air,
"Your majesty's most touching legs are got one don't know where."
"Well," (with his best astonishment hush'd out the kindly king,)
"We'll swale them over jauntily, and that's the very thing."

W. H.

---

* *Alias Wictoire, Wicomte de Soligny.* This Cockney wrote (as few but Mr Colburn the bookseller have the misfortune to remember) *Letters on England*, under this title, which we demolished. We had then occasion to shew that this impostor did not even know how French noblemen signed their names; and we might have added, that his title-page proved he did not know a man's name from a woman's—*Victor* being evidently the name which *C. P. Esq.* was vainly endeavouring to spell. *Victoire, Vicomte de Soligny*, sounds to a French ear just as *Sally, Lord Holland*, would to an English one. Besides, *Victoire* is, as everybody knows, a name given in France (almost exclusively) to females of this *Wicomte's* own rank—*maid-servants*; and when he was IN PARIS, he had, no doubt, often occasion to violate propriety, by calling out from his room on the ninth floor, *Wictoire, woulez wous wenir wite awec du win.*—C. N.

† Quære, *antic*. Printer's devil.

THE LATE SESSION OF PARLIAMENT.

PEACEABLE, monotonous, and comparatively uninteresting, as the late Session was, a review of some of its leading features cannot be altogether devoid of amusement and instruction.

The state of parties, or rather the state of party creeds and schemes, is at all times a matter of the highest national importance, and, therefore, we will, in the first place, glance at the *exposé* of this state which the Session practically furnished. We fear that our lower orders have yet only changed their opinions in a partial degree, but, nevertheless, they have become silent and peaceable. Their efforts only led to ruin; their hopes were blasted; petitions and public meetings, as they possessed no intrinsic charms, lost their attraction with their novelty; work became plentiful; every interest in the state became reasonably prosperous; and, therefore, they retired with one consent from active political life. This retirement—this abandonment of revolution by our labourers and mechanics—has actually ruined two of our Parliamentary parties.

For a long time Burdett stood alone in the House of Commons. Sometimes he could find an individual to second his motions, but never one to divide with him. The populace then had not entered the political world to become a leading portion of it; the Whigs were a powerful party; they paid some regard to character; and they had not adopted the doctrine, that everything which the Ministers opposed ought to be voted for. In proportion as the cause of revolution prospered with the mob, Burdett acquired followers and influence in Parliament, until at length he became the virtual head of the Opposition. For some years he and his party have led the Opposition, and the Whigs have been content to embrace their principles and schemes, and to act as their humble auxiliaries. The Whigs have constantly voted for all the motions of the Burdettites, no matter how abominable these motions might be in assertion and object. Well, the Burdettites are now objects of compassion. "Westminster's Pride" can no longer be abusive, except towards defunct ministers and Orange societies; and he is compelled to make some approaches towards honesty and common sense in his speeches, or to remain silent. Hume is ruined. Bennett has lost his speech. Wilson has only spoke some three times during the Session, merely to confess that he is the greatest man in the universe. No one can tell what has become of Whitbread. Wood never ventures a step beyond city business. And poor Hobhouse delves, and stammers, and musters his brass again and again, and all to no purpose. May our enemies become Gods of revolutionary mobs! May they obtain a little notoriety by repeating the drunken ravings of their worshippers, and then be forsaken! We shall then have our revenge. We should not give vent to so dreadful a wish as this respecting them, were we not exceedingly malicious.

As the Whigs have long been the abject followers of the Burdettites, and as they have long had no other supporters in the community than the revolutionary multitude, what has ruined the one party has likewise ruined the other. Their conduct, however, under calamity, is as different as possible. The Burdettites are in agony and despair, but still they truckle not to their conquerors: their language is—

> "What though the field be lost,
> All is not lost; the unconquerable will
> And study of revenge, immortal hate,
> And courage never to submit or yield,
> And what is else not to be overcome;
> That glory never shall their wrath or might
> Extort from us."

This is, at any rate, manly, and it saves them from utter contempt; but the Whigs, always excepting poor Brougham and Earl Grey, display neither torture nor sorrow. They have, with all imaginable alacrity, laid Reform, Emancipation, &c. upon the shelf, and become the most officious of the supporters of the Ministry. Every one remembers what their conduct was during the growth of Radicalism—on the trials of blasphemers and traitors—touching the Manchester meeting—on the Queen's trial—at her funeral—and during the prevalence of agricultural distress. Every one remembers that they fought with all their might the battles of the revolutionists of this and all other countries, so long as the cause

was not utterly hopeless; that they strained every nerve to wrap the whole continent of Europe in the flames of civil war; and that they trafficked without ceasing in sedition, rebellion, misery, and blood, with the hope of plunging this quarter of the globe into anarchy and horrors to the last moment of their ability. And every one remembers that they prosecuted with intense ardour the most gigantic schemes of change and innovation; that they wished to give us a new House of Commons, new laws of almost every description, and a new set of constitutional and other opinions; that they laboured to give a new form and operation to the constitution, by means of what they called Catholic emancipation; and that they attempted to repeal twenty millions of taxes at once, to demolish the Church, to involve us in war with France in behalf of deism and democracy, and to do we know not what else beside. These Whigs—not different men bearing the same name—but the self-same individuals, have, in the last Session of Parliament, become the eulogists of the Ministers. Yet these Ministers are not new ones; they are the very men whom the Whigs, for some thirty years, have constantly blackened, as the most unprincipled and incapable of all living people; and they are the very men who, in these thirty years, have, by their deeds, if not by their words, utterly blasted the character of the Whigs, both for the present age, and for ever. Our factions of former times were unprincipled and wicked enough, in all conscience, but still they generally bore disaster with heroism; it was reserved for the Whigs to shew how far faction could become despicable as well as depraved.

This difference of conduct between the two parties amply confirms all that has been taught us touching human nature. Burdett took the field manfully against the whole nation. Like the illustrious Don Quixote, by whose side posterity will place him, he believed that the giants, wizards, castles, dungeons, groaning captives, and distressed damsels, of his imagination, were realities. Preposterous as the principles were which he propagated, hebelieved them to be just ones. He was guided by a false understanding and a madman's temperament, rather than by wicked motives; therefore he is now unchanged by defeat, and still keeps the field, though the whole nation has forsaken him. But the Whigs renounced the creed of their ancestors for that of revolutionism, for the sake of gain, and against their consciences. They fought with the utmost desperation the battles of the revolutionists; and still they admitted, when they could be made to speak, that the revolutionists sought the overthrow of the constitution. Of course, men who could be capable of this were sure of becoming the sycophants of the Ministers, whenever the multitude should desert them, and they should only be able to exist as public men by such sycophancy.

Why do we make this recapitulation of Whig criminality and degradation? Because we wish to prevent that faction which so lately brought the empire to the verge of destruction, from ever escaping from the flashes of public scorn; because we wish to impress upon the minds of our rising statesmen, particularly those who in a few years will have to form the Opposition, that honesty is the best policy, and that an Opposition, as well as a Ministry, can only prosper by integrity, patriotism, and wisdom; and because we wish to contribute our mite towards providing our country with an upright, patriotic Opposition, when the present generation of Whigs shall be seen no more. We have another reason. The Whigs are as destitute of principle as they ever were, and they are now endeavouring to ruin those by adulation who crushed them in open conflict. Like a leading personage of the immortal poem from which we have made an extract, they have been driven from the field, and their only resource is to assume the shape of the serpent, and to work by seduction. We know not whether they have ever thought with that personage—

> "Oh foul descent! that we, who erst contended
> With Gods to sit the highest, are now constrain'd
> Into vile beasts:"

But certain it is that they have transformed themselves according to his example, and that they are labouring as he laboured after his transformation. We fear that they are likely to achieve more by their present system, than they ever achieved by the one they

have abandoned, and we wish, therefore, to put the nation upon its guard as far as possible against them.

The Whigs, since their change of system, have been incessantly bespattering that portion of the Ministry which is favourable to what is called Catholic emancipation, but more especially Mr Canning, with their panegyrics. Now Mr Canning—the same Mr Canning—was always, previously to the last two years, the especial object of Whig execration. We remember how eternally the Whig papers lampooned and vilified him—how eternally the Whig leaders belaboured him—how Tierney scoffed at his theatrical action and wicked sophistries—how Burdett raved respecting his robberies of the public—how Hume dilated on his cruelty—and how Brougham scourged his mercenary treachery. We have not forgot what was said respecting his mission to Portugal, and the pensions granted to certain members of his family; we have not forgot the pamphlet, the author of which he in effect challenged, and the remarks which the Whigs made respecting that pamphlet and his conduct; and we have not forgot the scrape into which he drove poor Hume, with regard to the Times newspaper, and the scrape into which he drove poor Burdett, with regard to some asseverations delivered to the populace. No one member of the Ministry, if we except the late lamented Marquis of Londonderry, was so intensely hated, and so fearfully slandered by the Whigs, as Mr Canning. Well, it is now with the Whigs, Mr Canning, or no one:—"He has the rare fortune," says Sir James Mackintosh, "to possess the confidence of his opponents, as well as the favour of his supporters." Here is Mr Canning, the Foreign Secretary, the ministerial leader of the House of Commons, actually declared to possess the confidence of the Opposition, of the Whigs, of the very men who, for the whole period of his public life, have said daily of him everything that could imply incapacity and want of principle!

The conduct of the Whigs is very different to the other portion of the Government. Mr Canning is little less than a god—Mr Robinson is amazingly clever and patriotic—the Marquis Wellesley cannot err—Mr Plunkett is a fine fellow—Mr C. Grant is vastly wise. Here the Whigs pause. Lord Liverpool is neither fish nor flesh; but still he is a decent kind of person, and might be moulded into something in a certain state of things—Mr Peel is a queer sort of body; but he has friends, and it is best to be silent respecting him at present—Mr Goulburn is nobody; and the Lord Chancellor is Satan himself. Every one knows that this venerable nobleman, who will be regarded by posterity as one of the best and greatest of men that this country ever produced, occupies no prominent political office in the government, and abstains more than any other member of it from party conduct. If ever an individual in Parliament fastidiously adhered to fact and argument, and the naked merits of the matter before him, in his speeches, that individual has been Lord Eldon. It is notorious that his political influence flows almost altogether from his high character and commanding talents. Yet all the party malignity and ire that the Whigs can possibly muster are constantly directed against him. The Prime Minister must be spared, the Ministerial Leader must be eulogized, but the Lord Chancellor must be crushed. It is not the Foreign Secretary, the Home Secretary, or the Chancellor of the Exchequer; it is the Lord Chancellor, whom the Opposition must oppose and drive from office. It has hitherto been the practice to ascribe every act of the Ministry to the Ministry as a body; or, at any rate, if such acts were ascribed more particularly to the leading Minister, he was held accountable for the unpopular as well as the popular ones: but now all that the Ministry does which pleases the Whigs is done by Mr Canning, and all that it does which vexes them is done by the Lord Chancellor. It is Lord Eldon who keeps the Catholics from power, who will not suffer the rabble republics of South America to be recognized, and who blows up the schemes of the Liberals as rapidly as they are fabricated; while Mr Canning does, or seeks to do, everything that the Whigs wish. Lord Eldon, it seems, in addition to his being the Chancellor, travels about from the Home Office to the Foreign Office, and from the Colonial Office to the Exchequer, and makes little boys of all his colleagues, the Premier included. Poor Carlile has been so widely misled by this, that, the other day, he actually addressed a number of his Republican

to the Lord Chancellor, in which he spoke to this exalted individual by the terms "Fellow," and "Thou," and protested that it was he who brought the late shower of prosecutions upon the blasphemy shop in Fleet Street. To Lord Eldon this is the brightest of glory—but what is it to Mr Canning?

Now what is the cause of all this? The Whigs declare that Mr Canning has apostatized from his creed, and has become a Liberal; he protests that he has not. They assert that he has given a new direction to our foreign policy; he declares that he pursues the line which was chalked out by his predecessor; and he produces irrefragable proof of it in the shape of a state paper drawn up by that predecessor. Looking beyond the assertions, and counter-assertions, it seems to be pretty certain that Mr Canning is as far from Whiggism as he ever was. He has stated in Parliament, that the war on the continent was between extreme opinions, of which we could support neither; and that the "constitutional system" of Spain was altogether unfit for a nation. This, we think, ought to be regarded as one memorable point of difference between him and his adulators. With regard to reform, church robbery, and the other leading points of Whig policy, his opinions remain unchanged. He has indeed complimented Wilson, and sat at table with Waithman, Favell, Hobhouse, Hume, &c.; but although we wish from our souls that he had not done this, still we think that, so far as it concerned himself, it amounted to nothing more than a sacrifice of personal dignity. Evidence is altogether against the alleged apostacy of Mr Canning.

The plain truth is, the Whigs are not quite so simple as to be duped by a few bows and soft phrases. They know that Mr Canning is now what he was when he was the most prominent object of their abuse; they love him as much now as they did when they lavished this abuse upon him, and they speak of him and to him as they do, because it constitutes their best means of pushing their own interests. They know that all ranks despise them at home, that they can be no longer aided by continental allies, that they do not possess among themselves what would form a Ministry, and that, as a separate party, they never can reach office. Their grand object therefore is, to split the Ministry, that they may stick themselves into the tail of one of the fragments, and thereby mount to some of the subordinate offices of the government. Ministers are divided in opinion touching the Catholic question, and therefore the Whigs are eternally labouring to puff this question into one of the first rank, and to drive them to open conflict with each other respecting it. If only Lord Eldon's party and Mr Canning's party will quarrel, then the Whigs are sure either of being taken by the hand by those who remain in office, or of being reinforced by those who leave it. They take the part of Mr Canning, because on this question they agree with him, because he is the youngest and most accommodating man; and they dilate on his Liberalism, and worship him to conceal their wretched arts, and to intimate to him that they will abandon reform, turn Brougham and their less tractable members adrift, think as he may wish them to think, and coalesce with him whenever he will hold up his finger as a signal. Such is clearly their present object, and it is worthy of them: We pretend not to foretell the issue, but still we think that Mr Canning is too well acquainted with his own interest to suffer them to ruin him.

It cannot, however, be denied, that the Whigs have reaped some success from their change of tactics. Flattery is a most potent weapon, and it has not been applied to Mr Canning's sides altogether in vain. Bating his notice of the Radical drabs, we do not think that it has made him do what he ought not to have done; but we fear that it has made him leave unsaid much that he ought to have said, and this is no light matter. The strife which has in late years convulsed the world, has raged between the friends and enemies of the principles and feelings which hold society together—to determine whether these should or should not be destroyed—and we think it was the highest duty of the ministers to occupy the first place among the former. The Whigs have never ceased to attack these principles and feelings, even when they have poured their panegyrics the most thickly upon Mr Canning, and he has seemed to be so far overcome by their smiles and cant, as to be unable to find in his heart to

contradict them. The consequence has been, that from his silence, the House of Commons, in the last two sessions, has appeared to sanction opinions directly levelled against public spirit, public honesty, and the best interests of the empire.

Our readers cannot have forgotten what took place in Parliament in the session of 1823. Nothing was to be heard but reprobation of the conduct of France, and praise of the Spanish Revolutionists; the Whigs represented the latter to be the best of beings, and the little that fell from the Ministers seemed to countenance it. Of course, the Ministerial as well as Opposition prints took their cue from this, and almost all the guides of public opinion laboured to make us the enthusiastic friends of these Revolutionists. Now, the naked facts of the matter were these:—These persons were the brothers of our Radicals in all things. We had just, with no little difficulty, put down our own Revolutionists, and we were advised to sympathize with and assist those of another country. It was in effect proclaiming that the self-same opinions were true abroad and false at home—that the self-same actions were laudable in other countries, and crimes in this—and that the Liberals ought to be cherished on the continent, and destroyed in Great Britain. It was even doing worse than this. It was virtually making a surrender of Toryism, encouraging our Liberals to redouble their exertions, and notifying to the sound part of the community that they ought to war no longer against "liberal opinions."

This was not only in the highest degree preposterous, but it was calculated to be in the highest degree mischievous. Mr Canning, as the ministerial leader of the House of Commons, committed a capital error in not declaring, that while he condemned the conduct of France, he equally condemned the conduct and principles of the Spanish rulers. He ought to have stated that this country never could support such a system as had been established in Spain, and that it never could regard the principles which had revolutionized that unhappy nation with anything but abhorrence.* The neutrality for which we had declared, and our interests throughout, demanded this. He has since said, that he was not then called upon for such a declaration, but we nevertheless think that he was. If he had made it, he would have proved that the assertions of the Whigs respecting his own change of opinions were false, he would have prevented the House of Commons from appearing to sanction Jacobin principles, and he would have kept the ministerial prints from that mischievous course which they are now pursuing.

A still more wanton disregard for the conservation of sound principles and feelings, was manifested by Parliament during the last session. According to the papers, Mr Canning, in his official character, complimented Wilson in the House of Commons, and to render this the more unaccountable, he did it in a speech which charged the same Wilson with having violated the spirit of the laws, and with having exerted himself to the utmost, and not wholly without effect, to involve this country in a war with France. Mr Lyttleton was represented to say, that Wilson was an honour to his country, and it was asserted that the whole House joined in the panegyrics. Now, the best that can be said of Wilson, is, that he possesses as much personal bravery, as is possessed by almost every man in Great Britain, while his dark side might, we think, strike the most unscrupulous eulogist in the world speechless. We remember that he was the chairman of a public meeting in the very height of the Queen-fever, at which it was lamented that Spain had got the start

---

*In the innumerable debates which took place in the two last Sessions on the Spanish question, only two individuals ventured to express their hostility to the creed and conduct of the Revolutionists, and these were—we name them to do them honour—the Duke of Buckingham in the Upper, and the Hon. C. Lamb in the Lower House. We wish that Mr Lamb would speak much more frequently than he does; such speeches as he makes are greatly needed in Parliament, and he is robbing himself of public estimation by his silence. Few even of those who are eloquent, are capable of taking accurate views of great questions, and of these scarcely any in these times dare make themselves independent of the press and the populace. The truckling to these two fearful despots was never so universal, so abject, and so full of evil consequences, as it is at present.

of us in revolution, and hoped that we should speedily follow her example;—we remember that he assisted our Revolutionists to the utmost, so long as they would keep the field, and that he afterwards assisted in the same manner those of other nations;—we remember his feats at the Queen's meetings, and at her funeral;—and we remember that he was expelled the British army. Now, where is the set-off against all this? Where is the history of his achievements—where are the records of his national services—and where, amidst his multifarious books and speeches, are the proofs that his talents rise even to mediocrity? If these can nowhere be found, where, at any rate, is the evidence that he has become a peaceable and well-affected member of society? If this be likewise lacking, on what ground has he been panegyrised in Parliament?

Again, Sir J. Mackintosh passes a flaming eulogium on Lord Cochrane, and in the most seductive manner invites some Minister of the Crown—Mr Canning, of course—to advise the restoration of his commission in the navy, and the House is reported to have received this even with cheers! Lord Cochrane is unquestionably a brave man, but what is he more? We recollect that it was his eternal practice at mob meetings, to *solemnly pledge his honour*, that he would in Parliament prove different members of the government to have committed the most heinous crimes, and that he never redeemed, or attempted to redeem, his pledge. We recollect the groundless abuse which he cast upon his superior officers. We recollect his abominable and infamous speeches to the populace. We recollect that he was tried by a jury for a scandalous fraud—for a fraud, the object of which was to enrich himself by the ruin of thousands of poor families—and that he was convicted on the clearest evidence. We recollect that he swore *by his honour*, and everything else, that he was innocent, although no man ever to this day doubted that he was guilty. We recollect, that putting his conviction out of sight, he was one of the most unprincipled demagogues that ever the country was cursed with. And we cannot be ignorant, that while he has been in South America, he has generally been acting the part of a buccaneer—that he has been as often the master as the servant of those who hired him—that on one day he plundered every flag he durst touch, and on the next quarrelled with his employers, and ran away from his duty, that he might pocket the chief portion of the booty—and that his conduct throughout has proved that his ruling motive has been lucre. Against this appalling history nothing—nothing can be thrown into the scale, save personal bravery! Yet this is the man whose eulogy the superficial and infirm understanding of Sir J. Mackintosh has chaunted, and whose eulogy the House of Commons is reported to have heard with approbation.

We will here say, and we challenge contradiction, that these two men would never have been heard of in Parliament, if they had not mingled in the broils of faction, and been Radical leaders;—that if their swords had been employed a thousand times more than they have been, and they had been covered with wounds received in the battles of their country; still, if they had in the late perilous times exerted themselves as strenuously in favour of the constitution, the laws, social order, and public peace, as they exerted themselves against them, they would only have been named in Parliament to have been made the objects of Whig abuse. We will say further, that if these men had never violated the laws of their country and of the world, and had never uttered their sickening puff and swagger respecting themselves, they would never, in spite of their services to Radicalism, have received any Parliamentary notice whatever.

We will now ask, not factions, not the Whig leaders, nor the Ministerial leaders, but that portion of our countrymen who think and act for themselves on public matters—1. Is it meritorious for individuals to violate the laws of their country and of other nations?—2. Do military and civil punishments confer character?—3. Do men possess a particle of honour, who say what is untrue to delude the ignorant, and who pledge their honour to prove what they never can prove?—4. Is it decent and proper for our tremendous mass of military and naval officers, to be virtually told that the way to obtain honourable distinction, is to trample upon the laws, to

plunge into the filth of factious politics, and to become leaders of the rabble, against all that is dear to the country?—5. Will it produce public good, for the nation to be informed that the men who have been degraded and punished, and who owe their wretched notoriety to their enmity to our best institutions, and their efforts to produce public convulsion, are alike honourable and deserving? If the answers be—No! what are we to think of the parliamentary praise which has been bestowed on Mr Wilson and Lord Cochrane?

We do not say this for the sake of doing disservice to these persons; if the matter affected their personal interests alone, Mr Canning and Sir J. Mackintosh might splice them together, and make a two-headed four-legged king of them, and it would excite in us only merriment. But they are used as the instruments for destroying the foundations of society, and therefore it is our duty to disable them as far as we can for being put to such use any longer. This duty nothing shall prevent us from discharging. The eulogies which have been heaped upon these mountebanks, are directly levelled against all the distinctions between honour and dishonour, between guilt and innocence, between merit and demerit; and they are calculated to teach the community to follow dishonour, guilt, and demerit alone. So long as our rulers hold such persons up to public admiration, it will be a mockery in them to define crime, to make laws, and to call upon the people to be innocent, peaceable, and well-affected.

After having thus acted towards Mr Wilson and Lord Cochrane, how did the House of Commons act towards Lord Eldon? Here is a man who possesses the most rare talents and acquirements, who combines these with the most rare qualities of conduct, and who has employed the whole in the most beneficial manner possible for his country, for the longest period that human life will admit of. Compare him with such people as Brougham and Mackintosh—compare his views, principles, and life, with theirs, and then his gigantic powers, his splendid virtues, and his invaluable services, will be correctly judged of. Independently of these, his conduct throughout has been so thoroughly English—so straight-forward, artless, steady, and courageous, that no one could refrain from revering him whose heart was an English one. He has ever scorned factious deeds—he has ever disdained to court popularity—he has ever proved to every one that he heard nothing but his conscience, and saw nothing but his country. If his colleagues were dismayed by perils, he was the hero to re-nerve them—if they were seduced by interest, he was the patriot to bring them back to their duty—if they abandoned him, he fought the good fight without them and triumphed. Whatever others may have done, Lord Eldon has never compromised his friends—Lord Eldon has never conciliated away his creed—Lord Eldon has never concealed his sentiments, to escape sarcasm and slander—Lord Eldon has never for a moment deviated from that glorious path, which can only be trod by the best and the greatest. Against this illustrious individual, charges were made, which, no matter how it was denied, were evidently meant to destroy his character for both ability and integrity, to cover him with parliamentary censure, and to drive him in disgrace from office. These charges notoriously originated in the most unworthy motives, and they were only supported by the assertions of those who brought them, and which were proved to be monstrously untrue. It might have been expected that the members to a man would have started from their seats in indignation, to defend a public servant like Lord Eldon, and that they would have spurned from them charges, thus made and thus supported, by acclamation. But no! the House of Commons, which, according to the papers, heard Wilson's nauseous boasting with delight, and cheered the proposition for replacing Lord Cochrane in the navy, actually divided on the question, whether the Lord Chancellor should or should not be visited with parliamentary condemnation unheard—whether he should or should not without trial have his fame blasted, and be covered with ignominy!

These matters we conceive to be of the very highest public import. Only let our rulers convince the nation that such men as Wilson and Lord Cochrane are spotless and meritorious people; and that such as Lord Eldon are the contrary; and they need do no-

thing more to ruin the nation. The whole that is valuable to us, stands upon the *old* distinctions between the worthless and the deserving—between good and evil. Conduct like this cannot fail, if persisted in, of blasting public spirit—of leading public functionaries to scorn honour and honesty—of corrupting public feeling—of blinding public judgment—and of producing everything that the worst enemy of the state would wish to witness.

We are well aware that all this is to be ascribed to the new systems of *Conciliation* and *Liberality*. We wish from our souls that some member of the new trimming school would write a book to explain these systems, and to advocate them. The distinctions of which we have spoken are either just, or they are unjust; no sophistry or cant phrases can prove that they are both—that black is both black and white in the same moment. If they be just, maintain them—if they be unjust, abolish them. If it make no difference whether men be honest or knavish, honourable or dishonourable, virtuous or vicious, loyal or seditious, tell us so in plain English; but do not say that the laws which have hitherto governed society ought to be observed, and then stigmatize us as bigots, because we treat those who violate them as offenders.

Looking at this merely as a matter of policy, we think it the worst that could be followed. The demagogues who acted so depraved a part during our late convulsions, are now deserted by the multitude; they are scorned by every one; they lie at the lowest point of contempt and helplessness; and it is this, and this alone, which keeps them peaceable. The courtesy and kindness which they receive from some of the Ministers cannot possibly have any other effect than to raise them again, to give them power, and to make them once more mischievous. Wilson was ruined, utterly ruined, and the Ministers have restored him to character and to influence. What are our lower orders to think when they see Waithman, Wilson, Hobhouse, Hume, &c., complimented by such men as Lord Liverpool and Mr Canning? They must believe that those persons are really upright, knowing, and worthy of being followed. As to the hope that these demagogues, in case of renewed troubles, would shew more forbearance towards the government than formerly, an idiot would not indulge it.

In so far as *Conciliation* is meant to destroy party spirit, it is levelled against the best interests of the state. Party spirit is the soul of public spirit; it is the guardian of the public weal. What the friends of the nation have to do, is to keep parties properly balanced, and to keep them under the guidance of proper leaders. The tremendous dangers through which we so lately passed, were brought upon us, not by the existence of party spirit, but by the base conduct of those who led the parties opposed to the government. The Whig heads slandered the King—they attacked royalty in the abstract—they waged war, not merely against the Ministers, but against the legislature, the aristocracy, the church, the magistracy, and the whole of our political and social system; and while they did this, their coadjutors, the Radical chiefs, deluged the country with the most abominable calumnies and falsehoods to prove it. When the *leaders* thus applied every incitement to rebellion to their followers that could be applied, it was perfectly natural that these followers should become rebellious, and it is certain that this was the cause of their being so. Government at this moment, instead of *Conciliating*, ought to exert itself to the utmost to destroy, as public men and party leaders, all who then acted the demagogue—it ought to exert itself to the utmost to place the Opposition exclusively under the guidance of such men as the Marquis of Lansdown, Mr Calcraft, and Mr Baring. It may call the feeding and caressing of such people as Waithman, Wilson, Hobhouse, &c., when they are forsaken by all beside, *Conciliation*; but it will speedily find that this is something of a very different nature, or we are much mistaken.

Passing to other matters, it must give sincere grief to every friend of the country, to find that so many barristers have got into the House of Commons, and that they take so large a share in the transacting of public business. Of those who were only educated for the bar, and who forsook it for political life before they became immersed in practice, we do not speak; our words

apply only to the hacks—to such as Brougham, Denman, Williams, &c. We do not wish to cast groundless censure on any body of men; but we will say, because our words are amply justified by history, that barristers are disqualified, by their habits and occupations, for being members of the legislature. They are not, perhaps, worse by nature than other men, but they are apprenticed to, and they spend their lives in, that which must incapacitate them for discharging the duty of a Member of Parliament. Their regular calling is to say for hire anything that is put into their mouths, whether true or false, whether just or unjust; and we are very certain that, admitting exceptions, men in general cannot follow a calling like this, without having their principles corrupted.

We will refer in proof of this, not only to the history of all legislative assemblies that ever existed, since lawyers became a distinct portion of mankind, but to the history of our own Parliament—to that of the existing House of Commons. Brougham is a man of great abilities and acquirements, and yet what is his parliamentary conduct? What are his speeches, with regard to truth, integrity, just views, and right feelings? When we hear him in the House of Commons, we hear nothing but the special pleader of a party—nothing but the counsel, who for this party will say anything or do anything, no matter what the consequences may be to the country. We can scarcely forbear exclaiming—what a noble statesman has been here ruined by the fraud and chicanery of the bar! Great as his powers are, a balance between the good and the evil that he has occasioned since he became a member of the legislature, might make us shudder. Denman would be still more mischievous than Brougham, were he not nearly destitute of talent. That the House has patience to listen to the interminable and violent speeches of this weak man, on all manner of subjects, amazes us, for these speeches are actually intolerable in a newspaper. As to Williams, we need only say, that the proceedings respecting the Lord Chancellor, and the "facts" that were cited to support the charges against him, would well justify a law for excluding practising barristers from Parliament for ever. As to any use that barristers are of in the House of Commons, they are of comparatively none, as far as the country is concerned. We agree in a remark made by the late lamented Marquis of Londonderry, that they are disabled by their habits for taking correct views of great state questions. The debates on the Manchester meeting—on the charges against Lord Eldon—with regard to the introduction of the Queen's name into the Liturgy—and on the case of Smith, abundantly prove that their party-spirit renders them worse than useless in the discussion of mere legal matters. With regard to new laws, it is the principles of these laws which have to be debated, and barristers are incapable of debating them; and speaking merely of the drawing up of the laws, the acts that issue from the House generally testify, that they could not be more faulty than they are, if there were not a lawyer in it.

Passing on, the late Session increases the sorrow which has been so long felt, that eloquence should have fallen to so low a point in the House of Commons. The debates form the grand source to which the nation at large resorts for instruction in state matters, and they will now rarely supply such instruction. Compared with the debates of former times, they make us ashamed of our present statesmen. If Mr Canning had gone to India, weak as the Opposition is in speakers, it would have driven the Ministers out of the House by superiority of oratory. Were Mr Canning to be abstracted from his side of the House, there is not at present a single individual in it capable of leading it; and if we except Mr Peel, there is scarcely a single young man on the Tory side, who shews any promise of ever becoming a commanding speaker. It frequently enough happens, that when truth and reason are on the side of Ministers, they are worsted in debate by their inferiority in point of eloquence. This proves against them a neglect of duty, as well as of interest, and we fear the time is not far distant, when they will bitterly deplore their negligence. Mr Peel does not appear to cultivate his capabilities, and he rather sinks than rises as an orator. We lament this deeply. He may, if he pleases, in a less space of time than ten years, become the most powerful man in the

empire; the nation reveres his character and conduct, and the mighty of the land are with him in principles: those who think as he thinks, are all powerful in the State, and they will continue to be so. But he will never become this, if he do not make himself a powerful orator. It has been said, that "Eloquence is the bridle with which a wise man rides that monster of the world, the people;" and, in spite of the contempt with which eloquence is spoken of by those to whom it is denied, we believe this to be strictly true. No Minister can carry the people along with him by his ability and virtues, if he cannot carry the House of Commons and the people along with him by his eloquence. Let Mr Peel reflect upon this, let him calculate how much Mr Canning owes to his eloquence, and let him labour without ceasing to make himself a powerful orator. We need not say, that we do not understand the term eloquence to mean florid froth and declamation, but such speeches as were delivered by Pitt, Burke, and Fox, and such as are delivered by Canning, and, when he will be honest, by Brougham.

Glancing from these matters to the business that was transacted in the last Session, if we find in it something to censure, we likewise find in it something to applaud and rejoice over. "Reform," and "Catholic Emancipation," have been laid upon the shelf by their friends, although we have been so long told, that they were indispensable for saving the empire from ruin. The first is "laid by," because, now that treason is silent, no one will ask for it; and as to the second, its supporters have been constrained to confess, that the conduct of the Catholics themselves rendered it impossible to attempt to carry it. The Catholics have, in truth, lately fought gloriously for Protestantism. We were disbelieved and scoffed at; the Parliamentary emancipators protested that everything was false which was said against the Catholics. While we were looking around us, almost in vain, for support among our Protestant brethren, behold! the Catholic Association stood forward to testify to the truth of what we had uttered; and then, to our astonishment, Bishop Doyle volunteered his evidence in our favour; and then, to our utter amazement, the Pope himself sent his rescript to silence all who might gainsay us. Who, after reading this letter of his holiness, will dare to say that Popery is changed, and that it will admit any Protestant into heaven?

It is a matter of rejoicing that these two topics—the two grand levers of disaffection and madness—are now powerless. How the causes which render them so act upon their friends, we need not describe.

Of the remission of taxes that was made we shall say nothing; but we will say something with regard to the remission that is contemplated. If we are plunged into war—and the political horizon is by no means a serene one—we shall in the first two or three years render our debt what it was when the last war closed; and we shall be again saddled with the whole of the taxes which have been remitted since that period. What we shall have to do afterwards can be foreseen by every one. Now, when this is the fact, when every class in the nation is in a state of prosperity, and when our present load of taxes sits lightly upon us, would it not be wise to speak more of a reduction of debt, and less of a repeal of taxes? We regard it to be indisputable—we are certain that to do our duty, to pay only common regard to our interests, we should raise the sinking fund to eight or ten millions before we repealed another penny of taxes. The chase of spurious popularity is, however, now the rage with all sides, and we must not, therefore, expect that any *unpopular* care will be taken of the public interests, however loudly it may be called for by wisdom.

We must, of course, say something of the principles of free trade, as they are called, when they are so loudly panegyrized by all parties. If these are to be practised to the extent which is threatened, they will very speedily prove themselves to be principles of ruin. They stand on a false foundation. They assume as their corner stone, that any country will at all times provide as much of any particular kind of labour as its population may call for; and this is refuted at the present moment by England, and more especially by Ireland. They assume, that what is the interest of one trade is the interest of all trades, and that what is the interest of one country is the interest of all countries. Their inevitable ten-

dency is to produce an equalization of profits and wages throughout the world; and as they cannot raise other nations to our level, they must sink us to the level of other nations. Their constant operation must be to reduce profits, to lower wages, to prevent the accumulation of capital, and thus they will act much more against consumption, and consequently trade, in one way, than they will act for them in another. Let us have a free trade in corn, which is so much clamoured for by some people, and which ought to be granted if the "principles of free trade" be just ones, and our farmers, their labourers, and tradesmen, must immediately sink to the state of the continental ones. They must eat, drink, and clothe themselves, as the continental ones do. What would be the consequences to our agricultural population, and what would be the effects on consumption? He must be a wretch who, for the sake of a little increase of trade, would inflict such horrible privations on so large a portion of his countrymen; and he must be a fool who can expect that increase of trade would flow from such privations. We care not who may say, that "we have grown rich and great in spite of our restrictions, and not through them;" we will answer, that it is refuted by common sense, and the whole of history. We will say, that the gigantic mass of capital which fills the nation was either rained upon us from the clouds, or it was extracted in the main from those restrictions with which our laws or the war surrounded us; and that we should not have been either rich or great, had it not been for this capital. We are the friends of good rents, good profits, and good wages; these are the grand sources of consumption, and consequently of labour and trade, and to these the "principles of free trade" are irreconcilably hostile.

These principles gave to the Bill for the repeal of the Usury Laws almost all the support it received. It was on the very point of being carried; and a bill more largely fraught with ruinous consequences was never introduced into Parliament. It was perfectly uncalled for—not a petition worth noticing was received in its favour; not a voice out of Parliament, bating two or three factious publications, asked for it;—the case of the spendthrifts, who deserve neither relief nor compassion, formed the chief ground on which it was craved; and the Usury Laws were working far more lightly than usual upon the community. Every one who has any *practical* knowledge of society knows, that in this country, putting the great capitalists out of sight, almost every man who begins business, begins it, in a greater or smaller degree, with borrowed money. The farmer, the mechanic, the tradesman, the manufacturer, the smaller merchant,—nearly the whole of these begin the world with less or more of borrowed capital. Every one who has any *practical* knowledge of business, knows that scarcely any borrower can afford to pay above five per cent interest. The proprietor of land can seldom pay above three per cent; if the farmer borrow much, five per cent ruins him; and five per cent is, in general, the utmost that trade, on the average, will pay for borrowed money. Why, then, are the Usury Laws, which limit the rate of interest to five per cent, to be repealed? Will the repeal raise rents and profits, and thus enable borrowers to pay greater interest? Serjeant Onslow himself dare not say so. He dare not say that borrowers, in general, can even afford to pay five per cent, and still he wishes to destroy their chief security against being called upon for more.

As to the assertion, that lenders and borrowers meet upon equal ground, it is so glaringly false, that its being made astonishes us. The lender, with government securities and banks at his elbow, acts from choice, the borrower from necessity; the former may lend or not at his pleasure, the latter must have money to save him from heavy loss, perhaps from ruin;—the one gains reputation by calling competitors around him for his money; the other blasts his credit if he make it publicly known that he wants to borrow. A trader is not, and never will be, able to borrow for a term of years upon his personal security; after the first twelve months, he is liable to be called upon at any time for repayment, and the moment he receives the money he fastens it in business, and cannot perhaps repay it for several years without sustaining grievous injury. If the laws against usury were repealed, the lender would take advantage of the borrower's inability to pay, and would

sponge from him one per cent, and then another, of additional interest, until he ruined him. As to real securities, it would be impossible to obtain money on mortgage for a term of years, except at ruinous interest, and it would be ruinous to take it on any other condition on mortgage than for a term of years. A borrower cannot raise rents or profits in proportion to any rise of interest, and yet people speak of interest being at the rate of eight or ten per cent, as though this could be done, and as though such interest could be safely paid. Were the repeal to take place, it would operate in the most partial manner possible. Men would have to pay interest, not in proportion to their ability, but in proportion to their want of it. Rich men—men who could do either with or without borrowing—would be able to borrow at a very low rate of interest; but men of small capital—men who could not commence business, or who could not get forward in business, without borrowing—would only be able to borrow at a rate of interest destructively high. The rich would thus obtain a monopoly of the money-market, of the profits of trade, and of trade itself, against the middling classes. Much of this would take place during peace, and in war, a state as natural to us as peace, the consequences would be fearful. We are confident, that if the usury laws had not existed during the latter part of the last war, the interest of money in the country would have been pushed up to ten per cent, and we need not say what the effects would have been on the national debt, on taxation, and, ultimately, on both borrowers and lenders. When the expense of borrowing money is at all times great—when the disclosures which it calls for on the part of the borrower are of the most delicate and dangerous nature—when the money, on being received, is sunk in trade, and cannot be taken out for some years without subjecting the borrower to great inconvenience and loss—and when rents and profits will not rise and fall with the fluctuations of the money-market, nothing could be more erroneous even in mere theory, than to cause borrowers to be perpetually liable to be called upon for any increase of interest that lenders might ask for.

The great capitalists, as a matter of interest, must support the learned Sergeant; but we trust, that all men of business below them throughout the country will meet his bill in the next Session with petitions against it; and we hope, that Government will re-consider the matter—will feel some compassion for the gigantic mass of small and middling traders, and will prevent the moneyed interest from setting its foot upon all the other interests of the state.

The fact is, the innovators, who are now so industriously at work among us, are either mere theorists, or they are the tools of mere theorists. Human nature—the actual condition and conduct of mankind—ought to form the foundation of the calculations of our political economists, and yet these either do not notice them, or they assume them to be what they are not.* As, however, the worst species of innovators have been defeated and silenced, we hope that those who are now in the fashion will be deserted before they produce much calamity. The new company bubbles have been pretty well pricked; the free trade bubbles will, we trust, before long, be treated in the same way; and we anticipate with some confidence, that ignorance, error, romance, and conceit, will ere long be put down by experience, practical knowledge of men and things, wisdom and patriotism. With this we abruptly conclude our observations.

Y. Y. Y.

---

* A striking proof of this may be found in the 78th No. of the Edinburgh Review. In an article against the combination laws and the restraints on emigration, the writer throughout assumes the conduct of our manufacturing labourers to be directly the reverse of what it is. In former times, this would have cut up his reasoning by the roots; but in these days it is regarded as matter of no import. Nothing surely can be more preposterous, than to assume that men, and bodies of men, will at all times do what they ought to do in spite of ignorance, wickedness, temptations, and privations, and yet this assumption forms the foundation of all our *new* systems. It will in time work its own destruction; but what will it not accomplish previously?

[We have always wished, and avowed our wish too, that this Magazine should be the vehicle of free political discussion. We would admit even Brougham or Cobbett with pleasure to write half a sheet every month for us; reserving, however, of course, our own right to answer and destroy their effusions in our own way. We have had, therefore, great pleasure in opening our pages to the preceding article, although our able correspondent has adopted views, in very many particulars, considerably at variance with our own. It is probable that in our next Number we may ourselves put forth a paper under a similar title, illustrative of our own personal opinion in regard to the certain, we hope not serious, differences which exist, and have for some time existed, among the Tories of England. We trust the day is far off when we must take a side among those whom we are so anxious to see united.—C. N.]

TO THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

And they washit us all with the witch water,
Distillit fra the moorland dew,
Quhill our beauty blumit like the Lapland rose
That wylde in the foreste grew.

QUEEN'S WAKE.

Blue Posts, Cork St, Burlington Gardens, July 10, 1824.

MY DEAR JAMES,

You will be wondering when and how the d—l I got here, as I have no doubt you thought I was in the Island of Bute, endeavouring to coax myself to drink a little punch with Glasgow gentlemen, who come down of a Saturday, and stay gallanting their ladies all the rest of the week. And such, alas! till lately, was my employment; but the truth must out, James. However salubrious the island may be for a consumption of the lungs, I do not find that, in my case at least, a protracted residence there would have proved "the sovereignest thing in life" for the physical state of my purse.

The day previous to my departure from the land of my fathers, there arrived in Rothsay from "mine own *rum-antig* town" my tailor and his fat rib, for the benefit of the *saut water* for madam; and he, adding business to pleasure, took the opportunity of calling for the payment of some bills, which I, amongst others, had somehow or other overlooked for more than one Christmas. We cankers of a calm world (half-pay officers) have seldom much superfluous cash about us, so to this very reasonable demand I could only reply in the petrifying language which an eminent banker, a friend of mine, always uses to the holders of doubtful paper—"It does not *shoot*." As, to my knowledge, this answer was all that many a better man was obliged to be satisfied with, I thought I had shut Snip's potato-trap effectually, for he departed with every appearance of that dogged resignation so becoming in a tradesman. But think of my horror when I learned that he had been talking of captions, (which I don't like,) hornings, (I like them better,) and fugæ warrants! When wisdom crieth in the streets in such terms as these, long experience hath taught me that it is folly to sport deaf adder, so next morning found me on board the Liverpool steam-boat, and here I am.

But this is not to the purpose.—What chiefly moved me to write you at present was the perusal of a little French book on the art of beautifying one's self, which fell in my way here, with some of the contents of which I propose to regale you in this epistle. I should have sent you the book itself, but I fear, James, you know as little of French as Ebony once thought Professor Leslie did of Hebrew;—besides, many of the means and appliances required for the decoration of the outward man are easy to be had at the shop of the editor, Mons. Antoine, (who, I suspect, has published this work on the same principle that worthy John Murray does the Quarterly, viz. to puff his own wares,) yet I question if in all Ettrick you could buy a pennyworth of any of the "substances miraculeuses pour engrasser les personnes trop maigres," unless it was in the shape of a haggis. Nor could you procure, nor, I fear, if you had it, would you use on any of the forest

Grizzies, "Tour de Gorge Merveilleux pour diminuer les seins trop gros." I think you would despise "Eau Lactée double pour blanchir le nez rouge," and stick to "Eau de Glenlivet double pour *rougir* le nez blanc;" and, as for the "Pate de Ebêne," for blackening the eyebrows, you would enjoy more the sight of a pasty of Ebony's, enveloping a dozen of doos, bottomed on a solid foundation of six pounds of beef steaks for filling your kite withal. So that, on the whole, a literal translation, with any hints that may occur *in eundo* as to substitutes that may be used for all these materials, will answer your purpose much better.

The work in question, then, is intituled "L'Art de se faire aimer des Femmes, et de se conduire dans le Monde, ou, conseils aux hommes,"[1] which means neither more nor less than "The gate to gar the lasses like you, and the airt o' bonny behaviour." Now, though you perhaps may think that such advice bestowed upon you is only to

"Gild refined gold and paint the lily,"

yet the wisest of us, James, may be improved by a hint; and though you may not want it yourself, yet some of your cronies in the forest may, so it's no lost that a frien' gets.

After about forty pages of preamble, which may be classed under a head that includes much of the literary productions of all ages, and which you would denominate by the great generic term of *Havers*, we come, at the commencement of chapter 2d, to the following sentence, which must be highly consolatory to us both, and of the truth of which you, my dear friend, are a glorious living example —"It is known to all the world, that a man's being handsome is by no means necessary to his being a favourite with the ladies, though a good face and figure are all in his favour; therefore (I don't see the *sequitur*) I must tell you what a good-looking man is;"[2] but we have no concern with that, so we'll just go on to chapter 3d, which treats of baths.

These are divided into three kinds, hot, cold, and air. The first ought to be taken once a-week; the second, as often as convenient; and the third, every day.

For the first, I really fear that hot baths do not abound in Ettrick, but an excellent *succedaneum* might be found once a-fortnight at least, on the washing day, when you might squat yourself on your hunkers, curcuddy fashion, like the statue of Venus coming out of her shell, up to the chin, in a boyne of saipy sapples, while Grizzy scrubbed you with the dish-clout, or hard shoe-brush, or, if you have no such article, a wisp of clean straw.

As to the cold bath, you can never be much at a loss for it while the water runs so close to your door, though God forefend you should ever again require to resort to it under the stimulus of scalding potatoe broo, as once happened you. But of the air bath, as you may not be familiar with it, I must say a word or two. It's really a pity that you can't read the original instructions, for they are quite sublime.

[3]An air bath consists in sitting and

---

[1] L'art de se faire aimer des femmes, et de se conduire dans le monde, ou conseils aux hommes, sur les moyens de connoitre, et de soigner les beautés et les défauts de toutes les parties du corps; de s'habiller avec gout, se tenir, marcher, et parler d'une maniere distinguée; d'observer toutes les convenances sociales; de se conduire dans les relations intimes, et dans toutes les circonstances de la vie; de remplir les devoirs d'homme d'honneur, d'ami, de mari, de père; d'etablir l'ordre dans sa maison; d'eviter les défauts, les vices, les mauvaises habitudes, etc. etc. Par L'Ami, Auteur de l'art de plaire et de fixer, ou conseils aux femmes; de l'art de conserver et d'augmenter la beauté, de corriger et déguiser les imperfections de la nature, etc. A Paris, chez l'Editeur, Rue des Filles S Thomas, No. 5, a l'entresol, en face la nouvelle Bourse.—[There I have copied the whole of it for you. C. B.]

[2] Il est reçu et reconnu dans le monde quil ne'st point necessaire qu'un homme soit beau pour etre aimé des femmes, cependant les beautées du corps et de la figure contribuent a le rapprocher a perfection et consequemment ils doivent etre definis ici.—*See* O'Doherty, *Maxim 55th.*

[3] Des Bains d'Air.

Quand on s'est parfaitement essuyé le matin en sortant du bain d' eau tiede l'hiver, et apres la premiere ablution tous les jours ou l'on ne prends pas de bain le matin, on doit prendre un bain d'air pendant au moins trois quarts d'heure.

pruning yourself for nearly an hour every morning, as naked as you came into this wicked world of ours. Now, to a man who has so much to do as you, this would be a sad waste of time; but you might amuse yourself in shaving, (though, on consideration, you confine that operation to Saturday at e'en.) But could you not contrive to write a moral poem, or delicate novel, in that situation, as your amatory feelings depend much on the thermometer? or write an article for Ebony, or any other matter that requires a chastened imagination, and the strictest attention to delicacy and propriety? or, as only a given quantity of air is required, could you not abridge the process, (on the same principles that my Glasgow friends do salt-water bathing, by taking it three times a-day, so that ten days make a month's *saut water*,) by a brushing scamper up the hill and down again? or, better still, a hunt after a bumbee, or a butterfly, *in puris*, would have a grand, simple, striking, and chaste effect.

[4] As your hair does not curl naturally, you must put it in papers every night; but take care no one catches you at that operation; for if any of the Ebonians got that tale by the right end, it would be a sore hair in your neck, James; and some small time would elapse before you heard the last of it. Great care must be taken that you do not leave your hair in an uproar, like Poodle Byng's; nor in cork-screw curls; nor yet in three-decker style, like the formal and formidable jazy of the minister of the parish.

I can't say I quite agree with the worthy gentleman as to hair; he, contrary to all good taste, giving the preference to black; and adds what I won't take the trouble to translate. "Les Cheveux blonds et sourtout les *Roux* sont tres desavantageux."—Did you ever hear of such an Hottentot?

Over-perfuming, it seems, is not the go. It may suffice if you avoid garlic at breakfast, and use the oil of thyme with moderation.

Much is said about the eyes, ears, nose, chin, and every other part of the body, with as much precision of detail as you may have seen the parts laid down in Moore's Almanack; but as the matters anent the mouth may interest you, we shall say a word or two on that subject, as the mode is novel, and the discovery brilliant.[5] "The best mode that ever was tried for keeping the mouth in good order, is to brush your teeth well, and dislodge every shred of mutton-ham or other matter that may be sticking between them, with a toothpick. You had best use Dr Scott's dentifrice." There's news for you.

Having thus, my dear James, put you on the way of making yourself decent, I shall, following the lead of my author, teach you how to do your manners and dress well; and for that purpose I prefer short pithy sentences, in imitation of the Ensign's Maxims, or the Proverbs of Solomon.

1. Before ladies, look as if butter would not melt in your mouth, though you may be the very devil for all that. (P. 73.)

2. [6]A boy may dress like a dandy, but it don't become people at our time of life, or any man of twenty, to play the dandy, or to be imitating the dress of every puppy on Prince's Street.

3. [7]Shirts should be of the best Dum-

Ce bain est encore plus salutaire que les autres. Il consiste a rester entierement nu dans une piece de son appartement, qu'on a eu soin en hiver de faire bien chauffer auparavant, et dont, en toute saison, on fait renouveller l'air au moment de s'y rendre.

C'est pendant ce bain qu'on s' occupe de la toilette de salubrité du corps et des soins particuliers de toutes les parties de soi meme.

On doit commencer cette operation importante, par les soins de la tete et finir par ceux des pieds.—P. 52.

[4] Un homme peut les faire papilloter lorsqu'ils ne bouclent pas naturellement *mais en secret*, et prendre garde, lorsqu'on a defait ses papillots que ses cheveux ne tombent en tirebouchons ou en boucles comptées et symmétriques.

[5] Le meilleur moyen de se maintenir la bouche en bon etat c'est de débarrasser les dents, avec precaution, des debris de nourriture que restent entr'elles a l'aide des cure-dents salutaires; de les brosser légérement avec de l'eau fraiche melée de l'eau salubre matin et soir ainsi qu' à tous les repas.

[6] Passé l' age de vingt ans un homme est excessivement ridicule de pousser les modes jusqu' à l'extravagance et rien ne peut le lui faire pardonner.

[7] Le linge doit etre d'une finesse recherchée d'une parfaite blancheur, et plissé avec le plus grand soin. Lorsqu' il perd de sa fraicheur il doit etre changé.

fermline, well washed, and the breast well plaited. When they get dirty, or, as the Frenchman says, stinking, after a week's wear, you should put on a clean one.

4. Stockings as thin as a cobweb, that the leg may be seen through them; therefore, discharge Sanquhars from this time forth. I do not observe that holes in them are recommended. (P. 77.)

5. Gloves should be clean, provided always that you wear such articles. In the forest, I believe, mittens have a preference. (P. 78.)

6. Never wear boots or shoes thrice too large for you.

7. Never go to the Border games in an old bonnet. (P. 78.)

8. LET YOUR DRESS BE DECENT. Corollary, forswear the Celtic. (P. 80.)

9. And to conclude, never stare at your silk stockings, as if surprised how you got into them.

Then follows a good deal touching walk and conversation.—Don't be alarmed, James; I use not these words in the sense they are employed by the minister, when rebuking for skulduddery.—But first, a few words would not be amiss, touching your carriage in company. (P. 84.) You should sit on your chair, douce like, and not swing about. You should not keep rubbing the calves of your legs—nor pulling up your breeches—nor scratching your head—nor twitching your nose like Brougham—nor putting your hand on your mouth like Kempferhausen. You should neither look stupid nor gaping like the Stot—nor gleg and impudent like your friend wee Francie, but pleasant and pretty as I do.

"One, two, three—
"Shuffle, and puffle, shuffle;—
"Look genteel like me.
"Shuffle! shuffle! shuffle!!!"

as old M'Caper our dancing master used to say.

As for walking, "you ought neither to trot like a Highland caddy, nor waddle with pomp and circumstance, like an Edinburgh bailie, but cultivate an easy, grave, and dignified demeanour, like the Usher of the White Rod. Neither should you pop your nose under every lass's bonnet, nor halloo to folk at a street's length from you, as my friend the bailie did to you, on the first day the Queen's Wake saw the light. Nor run bump against the lieges, when you're glowering up at a lass in the fifteenth story." When you have a lady on your arm, (particularly in the old town,) you must keep a sharp look-out a-head, and not lead her against the tail of a cod, in a fish-woman's creel.

It farther appears that you should not take two ladies, one on each arm at once.[8] Also, that you should never take hold of a gentleman's arm; but why, I can't tell.[9]

When at table, you should not be solely occupied with filling your own kite, but take care of the lady who sits next you—help her to little bits at a time, and see that she wants for nothing. You must carve neatly, and not splash all the folks about you.[10] But all this is not to prevent you eating with a reasonable twist, for that implies a compliment to your host and his mutton. But by no means gobble your prog, with the avidity of a butcher's dog devouring tripe, for that's abominable.

[11] You must eat whatever a lady offers you, though it should choke you.

Never say a word at table, as long as you can get wherewithal to occupy your jaws to better purpose.

[12] Don't cut your bread, but break it, and above all, avoid taking a snap out of the centre of a round of a loaf, leaving a space the shape and size of a horse shoe, with a proof impression of every tusk in your head, in the vacuum caused by such an enormity.

[13] Don't make a hoggish gruntling as you drink, nor conclude your draught with a *pegh* like a paviour.

---

[8] On ne doit point donner le bras à deux femmes.

[9] Il est mauvais ton lorsqu'on marche avec un homme de lui donner ou prendre le bras. p. 87.

[10] Tous ces petits soins n' empechent pas un homme de manger à son appetit; Il faut qu 'il evite de paraitre glouton; mais il doit faire honneur au repas qui lui est servi.

[11] Il ne doit point refuser ce qu' on lui offre, surtout lorsque c'est une femme qui le lui presente. Il faut peu parler à table excepté quand le service languit.

[12] On ne doit pas couper son pain mais le casser.

[13] En buvant, on ne doit point faire du bruit.

[14] Don't blow your kail to cool it, but first taste it, and if it is too warm, wait patiently till it cools.

[15] You must not be in too great a hurry filling a glass, and it seems it is not right to fill a bumper every time. I look upon the propriety of this advice as problematical, but you can consult ODoherty.

[16] Don't lap the gravy out of a dish like Hector, when he was jealous of the cat; nor lay your lugs in your soup-plate like a hog in a trough—what's the use of spoons?

[17] Sauces, I learn, should be taken with a sponge—it may be very pleasant, but I think it would look beastly.

Don't keep up an infernal clatter of glasses, plates, knives, forks, and spoons, all the time of dinner, for that deaves folk.

[18] In France, it is not considered *haut ton* to eat hash or mince collops with a knife, though our author seems to think it is the mode in England. It is probable, that he may, by some accident, have been in company with Mullion, and knowing him to be a contributor to Ebony, must have considered him as the model of everything that was elegant and gentlemanly—How dangerous it is to generalize too rapidly! In every other instance but this he would have been right.

[19] When you have finished your meat, scrub your knife, fork, and spoon, on the edge of your plate, and then wipe them in your napkin. The beau monde of Ettrick would look upon this as but questionable practice, but it is manners in France.

[20] Never affect singularity, by devouring sallad or pancakes with your paws, nor by taking mustard to apple-pudding, or sugar to oysters; a well-bred man like you should conform to the manners of the people he is among, drinking cold punch at Glasgow or Greenock—grog made of Leeward Island rum in the town of the crooked steeple, and hot whisky-toddy in Ettrick or Yarrow.

[21] THE MOMENT THE LADY OF THE HOUSE QUITS THE TABLE, YOU ARE TO BOLT ALSO!!!

O! James, much as I would sacrifice to be the pink of politeness, and much as I would wish to make you so, I cannot find it in my heart to insist on this harsh law. No! the very thought of it is agony—I feel sick, weak, depressed, dispirited, dejected, faint. It has jarred every fibre of my nervous system, and hurt all the finest feelings and sympathies of my soul. Oh!!!—(waiter, a half-pint glass of brandy.) I add no more, but pity your faithful and disconsolate friend,

COLIN BANNATYNE.

---

[14] Il ne faut pas soufflfer dessus pour le refroidir.

[15] Lorsqu'on verse à boire, il ne faut point verser precipitamment, afin d'eviter que les boissons en sortant des flacons qui les contiennent, ne fassent de bruit.

On ne doit point remplir trop les verres; il faut qu'il y ait toujours un travers de doigt de distance entre le bord du verre et la boisson qu'il contient.—[Stuff! M.OD.]

[16] On doit se garder de porter une assiette ni un bol a la bouche pour prendre les potages, ni les sauces, ni les mets liquides sucres, &c &c.

[17] Les sauces qui doivent etre épongées avec les mets qu' elles accompagnent.—[Oh! Colin! Colin!! you know little about the matter. Our worthy friend L'Ami only recommends you to lick up the gravy with the beef, a sort of sponging which you practice in more senses than one.—M. OD.]

[18] Il est des personnes qui a l'imitation des Anglais, s'aident, pour manger, d'un bout de couteau arrondi—cet usage est mauvais ton en France, ou les conteaux de quelque forme qu'ils soient ne doivent servir mais pour couper.

[19] Il faut avoir soin de tenir avec propreté la cuiller, la fourchette, et le couteau, lorsqu'une de ces pieces est graissée, ou retient de debris d' aliments il faut l'essuyer sur le bord d' assiette et ensuite avec le bout de la serviette.

[20] Il y a des personnes qui croient se distinguer en mangeant differemment que les autres, en prenant avec les doigts de la salade ou des fritures; en melant a l'Allemande des aliments qu'on sert separément, et qui ont des gouts tout-a-fait opposés. Il faut eviter ces bizarreries de mauvais genre, et en chaque pays se conformer entierement aux usages reçus.

[21] On quitte la table au moment ou la maitresse de maison se leve.

SPECULATIONS OF A TRAVELLER CONCERNING THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES; WITH PARALLELS.

PERHAPS the best way, after all, of making any two people thoroughly acquainted with each other, is to run a fair parallel between them, wherever it can be done—with a firm hand, a clear head, and a steady eye. One simple fact, brought home upon us unexpectedly, will often do more than volumes of abstract propositions.

But, in running a parallel of this kind, one should be perpetually upon his guard, or he will wander into poetry and exaggeration. The desire of doing a clever or a brilliant thing—of being lively, smart, and entertaining, is exceedingly prone to interfere with plain matters of fact. But, where national fellowship is concerned, the simple truth is always better than pleasantry, and caricature, however rich and humorous it may be, is entirely out of place. Broad, absolute nature, although it may be, sometimes, offensive, is never so very offensive as affectation.

The language of an American will not often betray him; that of an Englishman will; so will that of a Scot, or an Irishman, unless he be of the highest class, when his English is often remarkable for purity.

But there are no provincials in the United States. The Yankees, who inhabit the New England States, (Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New Hampshire, and Maine,) differ, it is true, from the southern people; and the latter, in their turn, differ from the western people; but then it is only in a few words, the whole of which might be enumerated in half a minute; and in a strong nasal tone, common to a part of the New England population. But for these few words, and this tone, the people of any one state in the Union might become incorporated with the people of any other, five hundred or a thousand miles distant, without being known for strangers. And, as it is, the native of any one state can travel from one end of the Union to the other, thousands and thousands of miles, not only without an interpreter, but with a tolerable certainty, if he desire it, of passing, in every state, for a citizen of that state. An Englishman who has no strong provincial dialect, and no very peculiar pronunciation, may pass in the same way, without suspicion, over the whole of the North American States.

A fact like this cannot but make a strong impression upon us. The best of English, we all know, will not carry a man far, in the British Empire. To a large proportion of the people, it would be wholly unintelligible; and to another large proportion, a sort of dialect.

He who would travel comfortably, for three or four hundred miles, in any direction, from London, should understand many languages and many dialects. But one language, if he speak it tolerably, will carry him all over the North American States; and, in some cases, without permitting him to be known for a stranger.

The country people of New England—the Virginians and the Kentuckians, who are the posterity of the New Englanders—have a disposition to sound the vowel *a*, like the Scotch and Irish; and, in some cases, like the Italians, without any variation of tone. Thus, they say chamber, and even chamber. The first habit prevails among the Yankees; the latter, among the Virginians. So, too, the Virginian will say bar for bear; har for hair; stars for stairs.

A Yankee will say, I guess; or, sometimes, though very rarely, I calculate, but *never* I reckon. A Marylander and a Virginian will say, I reckon—sometimes very oddly, as thus: "Do you visit Mr Jefferson, before you leave the country?"—"I reckon." But a Virginian was never known to say, I guess, or I calculate. A Tennessian or Kentuckian will generally say, I calculate; seldom, I guess; and hardly ever, I reckon. These words, in fact, are the distinguishing marks of three different divisions of the American people.

Hence the absurdity of those representations, however humorous they may be, which put all these phrases, and others that resemble them, into the same fellow's mouth. And hence is it, that an American who goes to see Mr Matthews, although he may

laugh as heartily as another at his drollery, is laughing at a kind of drollery which our countrymen do not perceive. Mr M.'s Yankees come from no particular part of the confederacy; and are, evidently, "made up," at second hand, with two fine exceptions, of which I shall hereafter take some notice.

But how would a native of Great Britain relish a character that should come upon the stage kilted; with a shamrock in his hat, a shilelah in his hand, a leek in his button-hole, or a piece of toasted cheese and a red-herring in his pocket; swearing alternately by St Patrick, St Andrew, St David, and St George; and speaking a gibberish made up of Scotch, Irish, and Welch, interspersed with provincial and Cockney phrases?

And yet that is precisely what has been done by those who have been employed in getting up brother Jonathans for the English market. They have jumbled everything together, true and false—all the peculiarities of all the different people—and called the composition a Yankee.

In almost every book of travels, play, novel, and story, if a New Englander be introduced, he is generally made to do the most absurd things—for a New Englander; things that are hardly less absurd than it would be for an Irishman to wear a Scotch dress, talk Yorkshire, and swear by St David. The character of the American seems generally to have been manufactured at leisure, from the materials collected by other people, in any way, at any time. Thus, the dialogues of Mr Fearon—although there is a great deal of truth in his book, notwithstanding what the people of America may say to the contrary—are evidently made up from story-books and vocabularies. And the representations of Mr Matthews are so full of blundering, with two exceptions, that, had I not met him in America, I should, on seeing his performance, really doubt if he had ever been there; so little is there in his "trip to America," of that extraordinary truth and richness which characterize his trips to other parts of the world. He himself would seem to be aware of this, because he introduces, under one picture and another, three Frenchmen, one Irishman, one Dutchman, one Yorkshireman, and sundry other second-hand characters, for which he had already been celebrated.

But there are two fine exceptions in the entertainment of Mr Matthews. The story of "Uncle Ben" is inimitable—and the sketch of the Kentuckian is masterly. They are two of the most legitimate pieces of sober humour in the world, for one that knows the American character. But then the first—the story about "that are trifle," is an American Joe Miller. Mr Jarvis, a portrait painter of New York—a man of remarkable power and drollery—is the person of whom Mr Matthews had it—as well as that story of General Jackson. The Review is an old story in this country; and the Dutch Judge is from Judge Breckenridge, originally one of the most "genuine" story-tellers that ever lived. His only son, Henry M. Breckenride, a judge of Louisiana, and author of the "Views of Louisiana," inherits a large portion of his father's extraordinary talent; and has made this very story, which he tells better than Mr Matthews, as common in America, as any anecdote of Foote or Sheridan is in this country.

Nevertheless, the finest parts of the Kentuckian's character, and those which are the most severe, because they are the truest, may be safely put down to the credit of Mr Matthews himself. They must have been drawn from life. *They* were never made out at second hand; or got up, in a solitary chamber, out of novels, newspapers, and books of travels, as nine-tenths of the rest of his "trip to America" are.

Thus, nothing can be truer or bolder, than the canting of the Kentuckian about the "land of liberty—where every man has a right to speak his genuine sentiments"—and where, *therefore*, he is free to offer "fifty-five dollars for that are nigger"—being determined, beforehand, if he should be cheated, to "take the balance out of his hide." Nothing can be more resolute and cutting than this. The Americans deserve it; and I am exceedingly mistaken, if they would not immediately acknowledge the truth of it. The worst fault of Mr Matthews, apart from his absurd credulity—is the tameness of his caricatures.—They want spirit; but perhaps that is not wholly unaccountable, since it is believed that he intends to "settle" in

the United States. And yet, there is bad policy in such daintiness. The Americans would respect him a thousand times more, if his whole entertainment were as true—however severe it might be—as are the two sketches alluded to.

It is a common thing, in the United States, to hear a high-spirited Virginian, or Carolinian, declaiming about Liberty, as if he were inspired, in the presence of his own slaves, a part of whom bear an alarming resemblance to the white children of the same family, upon whom they are waiting, perhaps, at the time, in a state of the most abject and pitiable submissiveness—within hearing, it is ten to one, of the overseer's lash—or the cries of some poor fellow undergoing punishment—and the DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE, superbly framed, hanging up in front of him—while he is holding forth—wherein it is proclaimed to all the nations of the earth—that "*all men are born free and equal!*"

There is no exaggeration, therefore, in the character of the Kentuckian—boastful of Liberty; and speculating, at the same time, in the flesh of his fellow-men, with a heartless and abominable indifference, at which I, for one, cannot laugh, notwithstanding the drollery of the picture; because I know it to be true.

But, a word or two of Brother Jonathan's "lingo." We laugh at him for pronouncing genuine, as if it were written genu-wine, forgetful of the fact, that the common people of England very generally say appo-site, giving the same sound to the vowel *i*; and that our public speakers, perhaps without one exception, say hostile, instead of hostil. We wonder, also, at the absurdity of the Yankee "had ought, and hadn't ought," which, after all, are not only pure English, like 'I had rather,' but in common use here, particularly about Coventry; and, in strict analogy with every other language, wherein the verb *to owe* can be found.

We chuckle at his "I guess," "considerable," and "pretty particularly,"—overlooking the fact, that guess is true old-fashioned English, for which "I presume," "I fancy," "I imagine," "you know," &c. &c. are awkward and feeble substitutes; that "darn-nation" is common through Kent; that "guess" in America, is never used so absurdly as people say, hardly ever at the end of a phrase; and that "pretty particularly damned," and all such phrases, are only a sort of Yankee, or Kentucky, flash language; so little known throughout the country, that multitudes in every direction have probably never heard, and would not understand it. It is, in fact, the slang of story-tellers.

We wonder, also, that the Yankees never give a direct answer; that they always reply to one question, by answering another; that they never say yes or no; and that they always begin their answer with some superfluous word.

But all these things, it should be remarked, are common to every people, polite or barbarous. Put what question you will, to a well-educated man or woman; and, whatever people may say to the contrary, you will rarely get a direct answer; and never, unless they are angry, or in haste, as direct an answer as might have been given. Ask a well-bred Englishman, if you shall help him from a dish before you; and what will be his reply? Will it be yes or no?—or, will it, in truth, be capable of any grammatical interpretation, as a reply? Is it not—"I thank you"—"much obliged to you," or something of the same sort? So, a Frenchman will say, "*bien obligé*," or "*mercie, monsieur*;" a German, "*Ich danke ihnen*," each and all seeking to avoid the rudeness of saying, directly, yes or no.

Ask an Irishman the way to St Paul's, and his reply will be, "Is it St Paul's ye'd have?" Put the same question to a Scot, and his reply will begin with, "Aweel?"—accompanied with a look, or word, or tone of shrewd interrogation. And so it is, in fact, with every people, particularly if they are sagacious, social, or situated in a part of the country where a stranger is rarely seen. Every one will have his money's worth. If he give information, he will have information in return.

As a people, take them altogether, the Americans talk a purer English than we—*as* a people. But then, there are not many Americans, who either speak or write so good and pure English, as multitudes of our countrymen do.

Let us not arrogate too much, however, our speakers are far from being scrupulously correct, either in lan-

guage or pronunciation, let them take what authority they will. They, like our writers, are in the habit of coining and manufacturing words at pleasure; and some of our critics have more than once mistaken for Americanisms, pure old English, or English that had been sanctioned by our poets, (the worst authority, by the way, in the world, because the poets are, by inclination, habit, and necessity, the most licentious in the use of words;) and omitted by Dr Johnson, or forgotten by ourselves.

Thus, they have quizzed the Americans over and over again, for using the verb *to improve* (as it is the fashion to call such combinations,) in the sense of the words *to use*. It sounds very oddly to our ears, when we hear a New Englander talk about improving a house, when he only means to occupy it. But the New Englander has a higher authority than is generally known, for this—no less than that of Alexander Pope himself, who says, while speaking of a lady at a theatre, that—

"Not a fan went *unimproved* away."

Let us farther recollect, that our spoken language, and our written language, are two different things. Our English, when written, is the same, throughout the whole British empire; but, when spoken, it varies at almost every furlong. In America, it is not so. The same language is both written and spoken, in the same way, by the same people.

I shall now run a short parallel between the Americans and the English. We are an old people. The Americans are a new people. We value ourselves on our ancestry—on what we have done; they, on their posterity, and on what they mean to do. They look to the future; we to the past. They are proud of Old England as the home of their forefathers; we, of America, as the abiding place of western Englishmen.

They are but of yesterday as a people. They are descended from those, whose burial places are yet to be seen: we, from those, whose burial-places have been successively invaded by the Roman, Saxon, Dane, and Norman, until they are no longer to be distinguished from the everlasting hills.

As a whole people, the Americans talk a better English than we do; but then, there are many individuals among us who speak better English than any American, unless we except, here and there, a well-educated New Englander; and a few eminent public speakers, like the late Mr Pinkney, who was minister to this Court; and Mr Wirt, the present attorney-general of the United States, who will probably succeed Mr Rush in the same capacity; and, then, there are a multitude among us who speak a better English than is common among the well-educated men of America, although they do not speak the best English, such as the few among us do.

I have heard a great deal said about the habits of cleanliness in England and America; and I have sometimes laughed very heartily at the reciprocal prejudices of the English and American women.

I have heard an English woman complain of a beastly American for spitting into the fire: and I have heard an American woman express the greatest abhorrence of an Englishman, for spitting in his pocket-handkerchief;—or, for not spitting at all, when he happened to mention that well-bred men swallowed their saliva. A spitting-box is a part of the regular furniture of every room in American, although smoking is now entirely out of fashion there.

An American will not scruple to pick his teeth or clean his nails, if he should think it necessary—anywhere, at any time—before a lady. An Englishman would sooner let them go dirty.

An American never brushes his hat—very rarely his coat; and his hair, not once a-week. An Englishman will brush the first with his coat sleeve, or a silk handkerchief, whenever he puts it on or off: and the two latter, every time that he goes out. The American is laughed at for his personal slovenliness, in England, and the Englishman for his absurd anxiety, in America. Such is national prejudice.

The Englishman is more of a Roman; the American more of a Greek, in the physiognomy of his face and mind; in temper, and in constitution. The American is the vainer; the Englishman, the prouder man of the two. The American is volatile, adventurous, talkative, and chivalrous. The Englishman is thoughtful, determined, very brave, and a little sullen. The

Englishman has more courage; the American more spirit. The former would be better in defence, the latter in attack. A beaten Englishman is formidable still—A beaten American is good for nothing, for a time.

The countenance of the Englishman is florid: not sharply, but strongly marked; and full of amplitude, gravity, and breadth; that of an American has less breadth, less gravity, less amplitude, but more vivacity, and a more lively character. The expression of an Englishman's face is greater; that of the American, more intense.

In the self-satisfied, honest, hearty, and rather pompous expression of an English face, you will find, when it is not caricatured, a true indication of his character. Other people call him boastful, but he is not. He only shews, in every look and attitude, that he is an Englishman, one of that extraordinary people, who help to make up an empire that never had—has not, and never will have, a parallel upon earth. But then, he never tells other men so, except in the way of a speech, or a patriotic newspaper essay.

And so, in the keen, spirited, sharp, intelligent, variable countenance of an American, you will find a correspondent indication of what he is. He is exceedingly vain, rash, and sensitive: he has not a higher opinion of his country, than the Englishman has of his; but then, he is less discreet—more talkative, and more presumptuous: less assured of the superiority, which he claims for his country; more watchful and jealous; and, of course, more waspish and quarrelsome, like diminutive men, who, if they pretend to be magnanimous, only make themselves ridiculous; and being aware of this, become the most techy and peevish creatures in the world.

The Englishman shews his high opinion of his country by silence; the American his, by talking: one, by his conduct; the other by words: one by arrogance, the other by supercilliousness.

The Englishman is, generally, a better, braver, and a nobler minded fellow, than you might be led to believe from his appearance. The face of an American, on the contrary, induces you to believe him, generally, a better man than you will find him.

But then, they are so much alike; or rather there are individuals of both countries, so like each other, that I know many Americans who would pass everywhere for Englishmen; and many Englishmen who would pass anywhere for Americans. In heart and head, they are much more alike, than in appearance or manners.

An Englishman, when abroad, is reserved, cautious, often quite insupportable, and, when frank, hardly ever talkative; not very hasty, but a little quarrelsome nevertheless: turbulent, and rather overbearing, particularly upon the continent. At home, he is hospitable, frank, generous, overflowing with honesty and cordiality, and given to a sort of substantial parade—a kind of old-fashioned family ostentation.

But the American is quite the reverse. Abroad, he is talkative, noisy, imperious; often excessively impertinent, capricious, troublesome, either in his familiarity, or in his untimely reserve; not quarrelsome,—but so hasty, nevertheless, that he is eternally in hot water. At home, he is more reserved; and, with all his hospitality, much given to ostentation of a lighter sort; substitute—finery and show.

An American is easily excited; and of course, easily quieted. An Englishman is neither easily quieted, nor easily excited. It is harder to move the latter; but once in motion, it is harder to stop him.

One has more strength and substance; the other more activity and spirit. One has more mind, more wisdom, more judgment, and more perseverance, the other more genius, more quickness of perception, more adventurousness.

The Englishman's temper is more hardy and resolute; that of the American more intrepid and fiery. The former has more patience and fortitude, the latter more ardour. The Englishman is never discouraged, though without resources: the American is never without resources, but is often disheartened. Just so is it with the female character.

An American woman is more childish, more attractive, and more perishable: the English woman is of a healthier mind, more dignified, and more durable. The former is a flower—the latter a plant. One sheds perfume; the

other sustenance. The Englishwoman is better fitted for a friend, a counsellor, and a companion—for the mother of many children, and for the partnership of a long life. But the American woman, particularly of the south, is better fitted for love than counsel:—child-bearing soon destroys her. A few summers, and she appears to have been born a whole generation before her husband. An Englishwoman has more wisdom; an American more wit. One has more good sense; the other more enthusiasm. Either would go to the scaffold with a beloved one: but the female American would go there in a delirium; the Englishwoman deliberately, like a martyr.

And so, too, is the American to be distinguished from the Irishman. The Irish are a gallant, warm-hearted, headlong people; eloquent, feeling, hasty, and thoughtful; great dealers in the superfluous. So are the Americans. But, then, the feeling of the Irish, like their eloquence, is rich, riotous, and florid; while that of the Americans is more vehement, argumentative, and concentrated. The declamation of the American is often solemn and affecting—often too dry for endurance; generally too cold and chaste for enthusiasm; and sometimes exquisitely extravagant.

The Irishman is a hurrying, careless, open-hearted fellow, as likely to do wrong as right, in a moment of exultation. But nothing can be more tiresome than the pleasantry of an American, when he feels disposed to be very facetious. There is nothing of that voluble drollery, that uninterrupted flow of sentiment, fun, whim, and nonsense, in his talking, which we find in that of an Irishman at such a time.

The chivalry of an Irishman has a headlong fury in it which is irresistible. It is partly constitutional, and often miraculous. But it differs about as much from the chivalry of an American, as that does from the deep, constitutional, collected bravery of the Englishman, or the profound strange fervour of the Scot.

An American would make a dozen fortunes while a Scot was making one; but then the American would often die a poor man, over head and ears in debt—the Scot never. An American finds it harder to keep a fortune, a Scot harder to make one.

A Scot would do the same thing over and over again all his life long, to obtain a competency for his children. An Irishman would sooner be shot at once a-week at the distance of ten paces. An American would do neither; but, if there were any new worlds to explore, or serpents to catch, that would 'pay well,' he would go to the bottom of the ocean after them in a contrivance of his own.

Everybody has read of Smollet's Irishman, who desired his companion, while he knelt down, and hammered the flint of his pistol, which had missed fire, to "fire away, and not be losing time;" and everybody has acknowledged, that, whether true or false, it was perfectly natural; but could only be believed of an Irishman.

So, too, it is told of an Englishman, that his house having taken fire—containing all that he was worth—finding that he could be of no use in putting it out, he went, and sat down upon a neighbouring hill, and took a drawing of it. Such a story would never have been invented of an American.

And so, too, the well-known anecdote of the young Scot, whose coolness in such an emergency, is a capital specimen of the moral sublime.—"Whare are ye gangin, lad?"—"Back again." Nothing can be more absolutely Scotch. I would trust to it in the hottest fire of another Waterloo.

But I know something of an American quite as characteristic.—"Can you carry that battery, sir?" said an American general to Colonel Millar, in the heat of Battle.—"I'll try—" and the battery was immediately carried at the point of the bayonet.

But, in this answer, there was not a little of that affectation of Spartan dryness which I have often met with in the Americans. Commodores Perry and Macdonough gave a fine specimen of it in their official communications; probably thinking of Lord Nelson's dispatch from Trafalgar.

Not long since, I met with an amusing example of this national vanity of which I have been speaking in the Americans. General Jackson was one of the candidates for the presidency. The papers were ringing with his name; and, go where I would, in some parts of the country, I could hear nothing but what related to the "hero of New Orleans."

Among others, a German undertook

to convince me, that, if General Jackson should become President of the United States, his name alone was so terrible to the rest of the world, that they would have nothing to fear in America. I remember his very words. "*So gross,*" said he, "*ist der Ruf seines namens, durch die ganze zivilisirte welt, dass keine nation es wagen* würde uns zu beleidigen, wenn er am Ruder des staats stünde!"

Let it be remembered, that, in drawing this parallel, I have only given the general character of an Englishman and American. Exceptions, of course, continually occur.

X. Y. Z.

London, July 1, 1824.

CAPTAIN ROCK DETECTED.*

We have heard it made frequently a matter of serious complaint, that Ireland has of late become a sort of standing dish in all our periodical works, on which we compel our readers to gorge themselves *usque ad nauseam*. The same complaint is heard regularly in Parliament, and, in truth, we do not wonder at it. Yet what does it, after all, prove, but that there must be something so out of joint in the affairs of that province, that men's minds are drawn from the consideration of the easy working of the machines of government in every other district of the country, to consider what can be the reason of so notorious an irregularity in that quarter. In truth, we have discovered that it is the *opprobrium regni*—the hair-suspended scimitar which troubles us in the else uninterrupted enjoyment of the fullest feast of prosperity ever vouchsafed to a nation.

Our Whig ancestors governed Ireland with the sword, and enforced peace and tranquillity by the severity of penal laws. In those days Ireland was no trouble to us. We never heard of its existence as a region of turbulence. The storm of the Pretender never disturbed the political atmosphere of the island; and the only precaution deemed necessary to keep her quiet during that hurricane was to send the legislator of bows and curtseys, the Prince of Carpet-knights, my Lord of Chesterfield, to do the amenities at the Castle of Dublin. Other times, however, soon came, and other agents, till then unheard of, were called into action. The fear of the Pretender vanished, and the revolution of the American colonies called up new ideas of provincial importance. The question now was, not whether the sister kingdoms were to be united under the regal sceptre of a Stuart or of a Guelph, but whether they were to be united at all.

They who first agitated political matters under the new views opened to party, disclaimed, no doubt, such an intention. They clamoured but for free trade, which *must* have come when commercial principles were better understood in England—and coming spontaneously, would of course have been of more substantial benefit than when wrung from a reluctant and pluckless cabinet, by noisy defiance and irritating oratory. They, seated for rotten boroughs, and the creatures of a proud aristocracy, made tumultuous appeals for Parliamentary reform—not that they cared a farthing about it, but because it was at that time one of the most popular engines of discontent. They organized under false pretences, an armed force called the Volunteers, and summoned meetings of military delegates to bully Parliament with documents under the title of petitions, but in the tone and spirit of manifestoes. It is in vain to deny it, that many of the leaders of that day aimed at the then fresh glories of George Washington.

Their wishes were not destined to be gratified, but their intrigues had created a new power in Ireland. They mooted, among other topics, the question of Catholic Emancipation. Their education and political views are sufficient to convince us, that they had no affection for the dogmata of that reli-

* Captain Rock Detected: or, the Origin and Character of the Recent Disturbances, and the Causes, both Moral and Political, of the present Alarming Condition of the South and West of Ireland, fully and fairly Considered and Exposed. By a Munster Farmer. London: Printed for T. Cadell, in the Strand; R. Milliken, Bookseller to the University, &c. Dublin; and W. Blackwood, Edinburgh. 1824.

gion, or any desire to extend the empire of the priesthood. No,—but they flattered themselves, that when their own objects were accomplished, when they had set up a republic of their own, under whatever livery of motley it might please them to decorate it, they would be able to quell superstition in all the phases of the Christian worship. The prominent object of their hatred was of course the Established Church, and they cared not with what auxiliaries they linked themselves, so as to work it harm and overthrow. Hence, and hence only, were the Irish told of the majority which the Roman Catholics had in Ireland—of the vile monopoly of the church—of the hideous oppression of tythes—and the lower orders, who had formerly remained quiescent under the now so much stigmatized severity of the Whig Penal Code, were stimulated into murderous action against the clergy, their agents, and their friends. It required no ghost to tell us that a mob of savages let loose would not stop at the point desired by the original agitators. From waging war against tythes, they soon came to a resolution to wage war against the state; and the Whiteboys, Rightboys, Levellers, Defenders, &c. &c., were agents ready prepared for the actual insurgents of 1798.

In the midst of these events came the French Revolution; and with it, the principles which we can *now* so well appreciate. The hideous countenance of Jacobinism had not yet glowered out; and the future murderers, with a thirst of blood raging in their hearts, wore the mask of universal benevolence. Their fraternal offers found ready listeners in Ireland. The Whigs, it is true, recoiled terrified at "the sound *themselves* had made;" but their pupils were now trained and ready to spurn their former tutors. Theobald Wolfe Tone, who was afterwards one of the most sanguine and sanguinary rebel chiefs, in his very curious autobiography (which is the only readable article in Colburn's last New Monthly, a periodical which we perceive Mr Campbell's Irish correspondents have made the regular Whiteboy Gazette of London) informs us, that he was much assisted in his traitorous views by "one of the very few honest men in the Irish HOUSE OF COMMONS." [A precious M. P.!] "It was he who first turned my attention to this great question"—[that of separating Ireland from England] "but I very soon ran far a-head of my master."—[N. M. Magazine, No. XLIII. p. 10.] The new leaders called on the unhappy demi-civilized rabble of the country, and they plunged into war with all the improvidence of savages, and the diabolical zeal of intolerant fanatics. The result was of course what might have been expected. Had the rebellion succeeded, it would have been not more *ve victis*, than *ve victoribus*. It would have been followed by the extirpation of heresy by sword and faggot. To use the words of a noted leader to one of the original Presbyterian United Irishmen in the north—"When the men of the Church had been gorged for dinner, the men of the Presbytery should serve for the next morning's breakfast." The Jacobins looked for democracy—their savage allies for what they would have called a theocracy—and, as one of the disappointed aspirants for the independence of Ireland was afterwards in the habit of saying, in either case, the proper appellation for the government which must have resulted, would have been, whatever Greekish compound is used to express a government of the Devil.

The Union followed the Rebellion. No measure could be more necessary in every point of view. We certainly shall not stop to discuss the policy or the impolicy of such a measure now, with such a reasoner as Mr Thomas Moore, the biographer of Captain Rock. It is open to the same obloquy as the Union with Scotland formerly was, and from the same class of people. Local importance was affronted—day-dreams of imperial independence marred for ever. Is it wonderful that people, whose arena for political discussion, which was at the same time the passport to political importance, was taken away, should feel sore at the dissolution of the Irish Parliament—that most intolerable of nuisances?—Is it wonderful that the *canaille*, full of the recollection of the misty grandeur, cast over the aboriginal savages who held their sceptres by lying chroniclers, and also taught by the successors of the said chroniclers to look forward in abounding hope to the day when the total separation of the insular governments should restore not only the natural splendour,

but the cherished faith of her "millions"—should look with jealousy or indignation on a measure which put a final extinguisher on such hopes?—Nor shall we omit, in forming a catalogue of the reasons which continue the sorrow for the Union through Ireland—the patriotic exertions of such eminent and respectable characters as the poet of the Fudge family, and the novelist of the Wild Irish Girl—to pass by some score less noted, though not less active, poisoners of the public mind.

As long as the war, and the high prices consequent on it, continued, the flame of discontent did not blaze forth. When Ireland, in common with all the empire, felt the depression arising from the change of war to peace, then it was visible. Ireland could bear depression worse than any part of the empire. The improvidence of her gentry had made them imagine that the war would last for ever, and on the strength of this, they had plunged themselves into contracts, impossible to perform without ruin. The lower orders, dependant on the lowest quality of food, could not descend in the scale without starvation. Hence followed bankruptcy of the upper classes—famine among the lower—and thence arose Captain Rock. His name marks the feeling with which the insurrection originated. Moore, with that bad faith which has at all times characterized him, pretends to be dubious as to its derivation. He well knows that the class of people from whose ranks the Captain is drawn, look on the Roman Catholic Church, as the ROCK of the Christian faith, and set up their leader as its champion. With the ignorance of poor deluded peasants, they attributed their actual depression to the tythes, well remembering the lessons taught them by their old Whig landlords, and the false and intemperate speeches of Mr Grattan and his associates. By attacking the property of the clergy, they were not only ministering to their own wants, as they imagined, but doing something vastly heroic towards extirpating heresy.

Behind the curtain were, and are, some men of higher rank than the miserable agents who spread brutal and unmanly murder over some of the fairest provinces of Ireland: but the mere Captain Rock is as unpoetical a savage as can be conceived. A low, skulking, cowardly, and sanguinary vagabond,—crouching from the gallows, and flying at the presence of an armed policeman, unless backed in something of the ratio of a hundred to one. They are poor wretches, on whom the soldiery, when called out against them, deem it a pity to waste powder, and whom the magistrates who try them endeavour to save from the punishment due to their crimes by law, by taking hold of every quirk in their power, out of sheer compassion. Such, however, are the heroes of Mr Moore; and for the tremendous heartlessness with which he advocates their cause, he gets deserved and heightened rebuke in one of the most excellent works that we have ever seen on the subject of the unhappy disturbances of Ireland—we mean "Captain Rock detected by a Munster Farmer." We copy from his eleventh chapter—headed, Amusements of the Irish Peasants—

Through Connaught, Leinster, Munster, Ulster,
Rock's the boy to make the fun stir.—
Thomas Moore.

"There is, I am told, a genius for happiness; and there are men who can find satisfaction even in the atrocities at which the generality of mankind are grievously shocked. One writer of our days, in stately phrase and philosophical calmness of temperament, pronounces our disturbances to be *a war!* and invests pillage, and treachery, and murder, in the dignity of military stratagem and martial achievement. Another writer, the missionary, finds Captain Rock and his followers to be men after his own heart, and over their glorious exploits—the prudence of their retreats where they are opposed, and the heroism with which they massacre the unarmed and unresisting—has sported amiably. Bless his merry heart, it fits him well for his employment. The missionary is Captain Rock's favoured laureat. I have not the genius, or the kindred spirit by which one must qualify for such a post. I am but the humble and faithful historian; and as such, I am to describe the character of the exploits which have animated the missionary into such an enthusiasm of admiration.

"I will not dwell upon such glorious feats as were performed in my neighbourhood the other day, when a daring multitude seized upon an individual whose cousin had offended, and slew him in fair fight; and when, before life was quite extinct, one of the dauntless train lifted the body from the earth, carried it to a little distance,

and placed the uncovered head carefully on a stone, that it might be the more convenient mark for his blows—'Rock is the boy to make the fun stir.' I pass by, however, such trifling amusements as these; it is only in his hours of dalliance that he is to be found engaged in these light sports, or, as has been said elsewhere, 'ridiculously tossing children on the point of a pike.' I come to a nobler exploit, such as will more faithfully characterize the gallant captain, and more effectually justify the seeming extravagance of the missionary's praises.

"There lived in the county of Waterford, a gentleman of small property, but of a family, which, independent of its antiquity, was venerable in the minds of the people, for having suffered in their cause.* He was a Roman Catholic; he was a man of the kindest manners, a most humane and indulgent landlord, even to his own detriment, and from his earliest youth he had never forsaken the popular side. If such men are regarded as the enemies of the people, I could wish to know, who they consider their friends? This gentleman was a tenant to Lord Middleton, a nobleman of whom it is little to say, that he is a munificent and benevolent landlord, and who has the rare advantage of having his good intentions not marred, but carried into perfect execution by intelligent and upright agents. It will readily be understood, that there may have been an anxiety generally felt to be the tenant of such a nobleman, and to be under the direction of such agents. Mr Sheehy, the tenant of whom I speak, held under Lord Middleton, on a lease for his own life; and (the lease of one of the persons to whom he had re-let the ground having expired) he gave a farm, containing about thirty acres, to his son, whom he wished to leave in possession of so much on his own demise. The tenants began to think, that if Mr Sheehy died while they were in possession, they might have their leases continued under Lord Middleton, as their immediate landlord: and the resolution was adopted to murder an innocent kind-hearted old man, who had been living for the greater part of sixty years with the old people and their children, on terms of the most affectionate intercourse; and who had been indulgent to all his tenants at personal losses, and at the expense of suffering such inconvenience in his family as made his indulgence a fault. He had been walking on a winter evening towards his home—a home, from which, while Sheehy had means to be generous, no poor man was ever sent empty away. He was, with his usual open-hearted and benevolent hilarity, conversing with a young peasant about his approaching marriage, and assisting him with his counsel on the arrangements he should make. The young man entered into the house where his mistress lived, and Mr Sheehy pursued his way, unacquainted with fear, and imagining that there was not perhaps in existence a being who could entertain a hostile feeling against him. In the meantime, the young man from whom he had parted with a blessing, had armed himself, and gone in pursuit of his unsuspecting victim; and while *his* mind was, perhaps, occupied with benevolent projects for his murderer—the murderer stood silently at his back, and with the heavy coulter of a plough, beat in his skull, and repeated his blows until his benefactor was lying a mangled corse upon the snow.—'Rock is the boy to make the fun stir!!!'"

This may be "fun" to Mr Moore, and to the people of equally refined sensibility, who can groan over the evils of Ireland while they consist of keeping a factious barrister out of a silk gown, and laugh loud, and make merry and conceited jests, over the exploits of cannibal assassins.

It *may* be fun to such people as these: but what is it but a subject of the most serious, the most awful solemnity, in the eyes of every one who deserves the name either of good subject, or good Christian, or good man. With sorrow, with bitter sorrow and indignation, has it been contemplated by the author of the volume before us; and the way in which he has taken up the Rocks and the Moores, the ragamuffins and the sycophants, by whose exertions, so beautifully combined, Ireland is ruined, and Britain endangered, entitles him not merely to the praise of cleverness, eloquence, and so forth: it does a great deal more: his book places him—we have no hesitation in speaking it clearly and broad-

* "He was a nephew of that Mr Sheehy, the Roman Catholic priest, who was hanged in the town of Clonmel. At this distance of time, the name of 'Father Sheehy' is a convenient topic for abuse against the memories of the men who condemned him. It is supposed, I know, that very equivocal evidence was admitted against him; but whatever were the merits of the case on which he suffered, *it is certain* that he was mainly instrumental in exciting the Whiteboy disturbances. I knew an old gentleman, a Roman Catholic, whom he laboured to seduce into a participation of his designs, and to whom he directly proposed, that he should submit to be sworn in as a member of the Whiteboy fraternity. The opinion entertained of Mr Sheehy's case, by those who are the most competent judges, is, that no man merited his death more thoroughly; even although of the specific charge upon which he was convicted he might have been innocent. His connection with the insurrectionary system was perfectly well known, although no legal evidences could be procured except from persons of doubtful character."

ly—his book places him on a level with the very first political writers of our time.

The book is far from being a mere answer to Tommy Moore: an answer to him it is, and that with a vengeance: but it is easy to see, that the respondent feels himself too immeasurably above the petty assailant. A single blow every now and then lays the flattering puuster and versifier on his back, and then, scarcely deigning to observe his demolition, the man of Munster plunges into the warfare, not of witticisms, but of principles: he corrects Moore's false statements in a style of the most painful pungency; but he does not stop there. He attacks the principles which the author of Fanny of Timmol dared no more than to insinuate: he cuts up root and branch the tree of prejudice and assumption, under the shade of which, the great absentee landlords of Ireland (Moore's masters) hope to continue *their own enjoyments*—no matter what be the scape-goat. He, in one word, shews the real root of the evils of Ireland—and he dares, what no one before has done, to lay before the world a scheme for its eradication,—a scheme which may or may not be the right and the practicable one, but which has, at all events, the merits of being distinct, clear, intelligible; and which the author of it expounds, illustrates, and enforces, in a style of firm, manly, and philosophical disquisition, second, certainly, to nothing that has appeared since the death of his illustrious countryman—Burke.

This praise, which at first sight *must* appear extravagant, could not perhaps be completely justified to our readers, without a greater mass of quotation than we can at present conveniently find room for. We shall try, however, what may be done in the way of *ex pede Herculem*, and we shall endeavour to quote one specimen at least, of each of the various, but all excellent styles, in which this author destroys Moore, and discusses Ireland.

His great and standard position is: that the rapacity of the Irish landlords is the real and fundamental source of all the miseries of the Irish population. That misery, as was shewn at length in a late number of this Magazine, by Y. Y. Y., is confined to the agricultural population alone—the people in the towns are all well off—the manufacturing poor are happy—the peasantry only are in want, and disaffection with them alone, can plead the agony of hunger for its excuse.—So much is written on this topic in the volume before us, that we do not very well know where to choose; but, to begin, turn to p. 327, where, in the course of discussing the Societies lately established in Ireland for fisheries, agricultural improvements, &c., our Farmer has these observations:—

"These societies proceed, with respect to the poor, on the same principles which guide a speculative neighbour of mine in the management of his horses. He holds, that corn is an unnecessary luxury for them, and that good grooming will keep them sleek and healthy; and, although their coats are staring and their strength declining, he still maintains, that his failure is owing *to some occult and undiscoverable cause*, and will rather, I believe, keep the poor animals in a state in which they are quite unprofitable, than accommodate himself to the vulgar notion, that they should be fed as well as curried. Everybody knows, that the best way to improve the condition of the poor, is *to give effect, as Malthus says, to the desire of improvement*; and how to do this *without letting in some hope upon them, I am utterly unable to comprehend.* The society says, 'white-wash your house, plant a garden around it, get bee-hives, have your children taught to spin, &c. &c., and we will encourage and reward you;' and perhaps the individuals who constitute the society, may be among the persons who say, in the form of an exorbitant rent, *All your improvements are for my advantage, and even the prizes by which you may be rewarded shall surely be mine.* The grand argument which I have heard put forward to gain over the support of the gentry to these various societies is, *that they may be instrumental in enabling the tenantry to pay their rents*; that is, to pay higher rents than they are at present able to make of the ground. I knew a case where a high-minded and very intelligent man ventured to move, as an amendment to some resolution by which a premium was offered, *that the premium should not be granted to any tenant who was subject to an exorbitant rent.* 'We all know,' said he, 'that in such a case, the tenant will derive no benefit, as the prize will become part of the rent; and that the landlord will thus have his rapacity rewarded and encouraged by a bounty intended for the benefit of the poor. It will be easy,' he added, 'to ascertain the cases, in which it may be advisable to extend this encouragement. Being, as we are, an agricultural body, we

can have no difficulty in pronouncing, from our knowledge of any farm, whether the rent demanded for it be excessive or not; and if it be, I think we are called upon, by a regard for the real interests of the poor and of the country, to refuse our sanction to the exercise of a rapacious spirit, which such premiums as you are offering may have a tendency to increase and to perpetuate.' It is perhaps unnecessary to stare, that the amendment was negatived.* *It was considered monstrous to extend the inquiries of the society into any consideration of landlords' oppressions*, and the interests of the poor were to be no farther regarded, *than was compatible with the untroubled aggressions of the privileged orders.*

"Another instance of the same reverence for the higher classes, I cannot pass unnoticed. One of these societies, taking into account the demand which corn buyers made for what they called 'beamage,' (although they gave the seller the benefit of it in a higher price,) determined to put a stop to it, as an illegal exaction, and, I believe, succeeded, with *great eclat*. This was all right; it simplified the business of buying and selling. But in the town where this society held its meetings, there were charges made by the corporation which every one knew to be illegal, and which were urged to *the real loss of the poor*—not as in the case of the beamage—and yet no one member of this association would attempt—I believe I am wrong—I believe a member shewed how easily they could succeed—but certainly the association would not put one finger to the sore part of the 'head of the corporation;' and he, in consequence, derives the benefit of his illegal exactions, which are levied upon the poor, day after day, in the presence of an association instituted for their protection and improvement.

"I speak here of no other societies than those of whose merits a farmer may be competent to judge. There are societies for the encouragement of fisheries, &c. &c.; and all of these may, perhaps, serve the country, not only by introducing new wealth amongst us, but by lightening the pressure of the population on agricultural employment. There are others for the cultivation of waste lands; and of the propriety of their objects, I have great doubts. *If there could be any assurance given that the tenantry of these waste lands should grow so familiar with comforts, that they would feel a dread and a shame of bringing children into a world where their portion is likely to be wretchedness*, the lands might be turned to good account; but if the population of them is to be of the same kind with that from which the principal evils of the present day arise, then, I think wise men should hesitate long before they would, in order to procure a slight temporary relief, lend themselves to a measure which would be silently, but certainly, accumulating the materials for future convulsions. But as to the agricultural societies for improving the condition of the poor, *they* MUST *fail, and they* OUGHT *to fail; because, while the rents continue what they are at present, the people distinctly understand, that, for every new power developed in them, an additional burden will be imposed upon them.* When Sampson ground in the mill for the Philistines, *he was blind*; and if the associations could deprive our people of understanding, perhaps they might succeed in strengthening them for their lord's advantage; but so long as they see that their increased skill can add little or nothing to their comforts, they will remain indocile and discontented, and will not think it a sufficient reward for their toils, that they have been the means of sending a new aspirant for the dignity of absenteeship to the luxury for which he pines, and that they have procured for themselves the power to run to the apertures of their miserable hovels, and stare at the splendid equipage in which a new agent is glancing gloriously by.

"I do not mean to say, that these associations, frivolous as their objects are, may not be of some random utility to the country; but I own my spirit has sometimes been grievously stirred when I have seen the manner in which they have been converted into a means of misleading public opinion as to the causes of Irish wretchedness. I have heard landlords and ladies, *who, if they thought for an instant, must have known that they were themselves the real cause why the people suffered*, direct the attention of the members of the associations to matters totally unconnected with the general distress. 'Now, don't you think, that the Church establishment is a horrid bore? Don't you think, that three thousand a-year is a great deal too much for any pair of lawn sleeves; and could not the parsons live a very comfortable life, and keep good wives, that would nurse their pigs, and wash their children's faces very well, *if we allowed them three hundred pounds?*' And who are the people who

---

* "Captain Rock, or the missionary, has alluded to the very clever letters in the Southern Reporter, containing instructions how to give tithe in kind. *It is a curious fact, that the writer of these letters thought it a very proper object for the various agricultural societies, to extend the operation of Mr Goulburn's bill.* He is a man who will not gratify his hostility to the church establishment at the expense of the poor creatures whom the missionary and his associates will have to bear the evils of their warfare, *and as soon as he had an opportunity to judge for himself what Mr Goulburn's bill in reality was, he at once gave up all opposition to it, and cordially gave it the assistance of his talents, and, what was perhaps of equal importance, the strong sanction of his approval.*"

thus dogmatize, with such a flippant and pragmatical philosophy? Frequently they are persons who have strained the exertions of their wretched tenantry until the instruments of torture have snapped; who have been maintaining a shadowy affectation of finery in circles where they were admitted to a kind of scornful toleration, and, in order to sustain the appearance which procured for them permission thus to attend at the threshold of honour, have been wringing from the hearts of their forlorn dependants the humble comforts which had been so hardly earned; and who, when oppression could procure no more, returned with the stern grasp of necessity upon them, and imported themselves, with their poverty and their peevishness, in return for the large revenue they send annually away for the satisfaction of their creditors in England. Oh, this dreadful absenteeship! Who has ever looked upon a group of the peasantry of Ireland, and has not mourned for their desertion? And to think of the love and the homage from which our absentees fly away! I well remember when the name of —— would have sent a trumpet tone into all hearts within the limits of an extensive county. I remember well, when there needed but that name to rouse, into any action of labour or of peril, as fearless and as gallant a host as ever the sun looked down upon. And he who could thus 'wield at will' the energies of a fine people, before whom, I am convinced, if danger assailed him, ten thousand men would have made a wall of their dead bodies, rejected the godlike office, to which he seemed called, of being the benefactor of such multitudes, for the effeminate and debasing pleasures that alienated him from all good; and now, even in the neighbourhood of his magnificent but desolate mansion, his name is associated with evil, and pronounced in a tone that seems the very echo of disappointed hopes and affections. Oh! miserable, miserable Ireland! when will thy children cease to leave thy distresses unknown, that they may furnish weapons for purposes of vulgar hostility? When will those persons whose names could stamp truth with authority, desist from attempts at misdirecting public opinion, and state honestly and fully what they know to be the causes of your distress? When shall your people be rescued from the oppressions and extortions that have made them wicked and miserable, and that keep them desperate and unimproveable? I cannot speak with authority. I can gain for my assertions no passport to public favour; and therefore they may pass into oblivion unregarded; but still, I will perform my duty faithfully, and state what I consider as one of the greatest evils, arising out of absenteeship, by which our peasantry and our country are afflicted.

"When I mentioned the grievance of excessive rents, I did not mean to say, that every landlord was an oppressor. Many landlords there are who have entitled themselves to all praise; but their efforts are rendered comparatively useless by the greater number of those who are the devourers of their people. In the same manner, I do not mean to say that all agents are to be condemned; but that the conduct of the great majority (at least the majority of such as I have known) is in the highest degree to be reprobated. In some instances, the *agency system* is to blame for the evils which originate in it; in others, the agents are the causes of evil. It needs no sagacity to discern, that, in those cases where the agents live at a considerable distance from the estates they are to manage, the evils of their non-residence must be sensibly felt. These gentlemen appoint a particular day on which they will attend to receive the rents; and it is not to be expected that persons *who never visit the property* (as is frequently the case) can be acquainted with the proper objects for indulgence, and can know in what cases they should press their demands. Englishmen can hardly appreciate the importance of a little judicious indulgence to an Irish tenantry, and may not readily comprehend how many a poor man is ruined for the want of a resident agent, of a better order than the bailiffs usually employed, *to receive his rent in small portions, as he gathers it at the various markets.*

"But, passing by this misfortune, an evil owing principally to the exorbitancy of the rents, which leave so little means for procuring comforts to the peasantry, that they may be continually under the temptation of appropriating to their own use some of that income which is the landlord's due; omitting altogether the grievance which arises from their not being well watched, I have a heavier charge against the agents. The grievance attending the collection of rents is light, in comparison with those which arise out of the mode of letting farms. If the agents were persons unacquainted with the value of lands, (*and no such persons ought to be agents,*) and if this were a country in which there *was no more than a fair competition* for land, it might be said that the mode of setting, by advertising for proposals, needed not to be changed. But here, the agents know perfectly well what the rents ought to be, and they know equally well that the peasantry are disposed to offer more. Why then is it, *that they require private proposals?* Is it that their employers doubt their integrity, and leave a hapless peasantry exposed to the peculation of men whom they would not depend on where they are themselves directly concerned? Or have the landlords confidence in them; and is it at the suggestion of the agents the mode of accepting proposals is adopted? I do not know—but I know what the consequences have been.

I know that a peasant never thinks of making his approach to an agent without a bribe in his hand; I know that honest agents are shocked, *and the great mass of agents enriched by this nefarious traffic;* I know that peasants consult their friends about *the amount of the bribe to be offered, as well as about the rent to be proposed; and I know that bribes more than equivalent to the abatements desired have been offered and accepted by the agents who procured them;* I know, too, that more than a due proportion of oppression falls on the peasantry from these trading agents; they receive bribes from wealthy middlemen as well as from the poor, but they are obliged to give full value to the former, who might tell disagreeable tales; and they make the poor wretches, whose complaints they hold lightly, suffer for the indulgences which they must grant to those whose stories might be credited.

"These oppressions I do not hesitate to say, *are main causes of the misery, and powerful excitements of the discontented spirit which reigns amongst our people; and while they continue, I am sure there can be no comfort; and, but for the immorality of the desire, I could wish that there might not be tranquillity in Ireland.*"

The following is from an earlier part of the volume; but may be considered here with considerable effect. It is but an *echantellon*, however.

"The people of England have a ready mode of judging whether the Irish gentry are proper protectors of the poor, or serviceable intervenients between the monarch and the mass of his subjects—such intervenients as may be most likely to link the people with the laws. Let them judge from this;—at a former period, it was in the power of the gentry to free the lower orders from the tithe-proctor's vexations, and, by suffering the tithe of agistment to continue, they might have had a system free from all the objections that may fairly be urged against having the impost principally levied upon the poor. The gentry *saved themselves*, and left the poor and the proctor to settle matters by law or by agreement, or by blood, just as their mutual interests or their mutual animosities prompted. In the year 1824 they have the power, *without increasing the amount of taxation on the land*, to rescue the poor from those vampires (as they are called) to whom they had formerly abandoned them; and, instead of adopting this salutary measure, or shewing by fair arguments why they do not, *they have the provisions of the act for composition misrepresented, and a clamour raised against it, as if its object were to increase the income of the Church, and to re-impose the tithe of agistment.* I have not time here to enlarge upon the nature or provisions of the tithe composition act: one word, however, concerning the principles on which the gentry oppose it. 'Why,' (asks the writer of the letter to Mr Abercrombie,) 'should the gentry surrender their legal rights, where the people obtain no equivalent advantages?' I can see no reason why they should; and I have no doubt that there are cases in which the amount of composition is so high, as that the adoption of the measure could not serve the people. But, if the amount be such as to allow a considerable reduction in the rate which the people must otherwise pay, then I believe it will be admitted, that the gentry might abate something of their legal claims for their own profit, and for the benefit of the people whose protectors they style themselves. That this is the case over the greater part of Munster, it is not difficult to shew.

"It is to be observed, that, in the charge for tithe, there is, generally speaking, a division adopted, according to which there are three rates of payment. I have never known tithe of the best quality pay more than 12s., and I have frequently known the charge for the third quality to be so low as 4s.; and, on the whole, as well as I could form a judgment, the average of payments,* during the seven years ending in 1821, was less than nine shillings to the acre. During this period, according to the average of prices, wheat, the article (the tithe of which I am considering) sold for L.1, 18s. 8d. the barrel; and, allowing the average produce to be, what we stated before, 7½ barrels, the return of an acre would exceed fourteen pounds ten shillings, and the market price of the tithe would be one pound nine; allow 2s. for the difference between the market and the field price, and the value of the tithe would be twenty-seven shillings; *that is, would amount to three times the parson's charge!* Should it not, then, be reasonable to expect, that the gentry would give up something, in order that, for eighteen years, it might be secured to them by law, that the charge for tithe should be equal to *less* than the thirtieth part of the produce? Supposing that, for three years, the parson was paid more than he should have, according to the old system, *might not this over-payment be regarded as the fair purchase of the eighteen years which were to follow?* Even on a supposition, that, for the twenty-one years, the prices of grain were to remain what they were last year, when wheat brought not more than L.1 a-barrel, the parish, by allowing the parson nine shillings an acre

* "I leave out of this calculation a few parishes in the county of Cork, where the charge for tithe amounted to something nearer the legal right than in the greater part of the south is usual; and I name the tithe of one kind of grain for no other reason than that of consulting brevity."

for the first three years—a sum, be it remembered, little more than half his legal right—would have secured to themselves, that, for the eighteen years which were to follow, the clergyman could recover a sum *which supposed that his tithe, originally, was only four shillings and sixpence.*

"There certainly are cases, in which the parish ought not to adopt the provisions of this Act: for instance, tithe has, in some instances, been charged at so high a rate, that the parishioners would have no benefit from their three years' purchase, and, in some places, the proportion of grass land is too small to afford any considerable relief, while the arable land has been so long under tillage, that much of it may be exhausted before the term of composition has expired. But from the nature of the reasoning by which *the very principle* of the tithe-bill is sometimes opposed, I am inclined to believe that the real grounds of opposition are not such as an advocate for the gentry would be authorized on their part to express. The gentry remember what they gained in the agistment business; they had hoped, that the church establishment would be annihilated, and that they might seize upon its wealth; and they fear that Mr Goulburn's bill, by giving it a basis as broad as all Ireland, will secure it against the assaults by which, at a future time, they might aggrandize themselves.

"It is not my intention to occupy my pages with any account of the Castlehaven transaction—much might perhaps be said, in the defence of a stranger's conduct, who felt himself opposed by the gentry, and worried by the people, and who, finding no disposition to assist him in those who might have weight with his parishioners, was obliged, or thought himself obliged, to resort to the severest measures of the law, from precisely the same causes which induced the people to resist it. My business, however, is not with individuals, and I cannot but think that the conduct of the gentry furnishes the best commentary on their clamours. We may judge about the interest they take in the concerns of the poor, from the complacency with which they give them up to the tithe proctor's peculations; and the vulture-like ferocity with which they scream around any unsoundness in the Church establishment, ought to give a timely warning to those who are not of the privileged orders, that, although *they* are permitted to run down the prey, they must not expect to banquet upon it.

"And yet, strange to say, the landlords contrive, in some way or other, to identify their cause with that of the nation, at least, if we are to depend on such writers as Mr Abercrombie's correspondent.

"This gentleman is so enamoured with everything belonging to the aristocratic party, that he can even eulogise the vote of the Irish commons against the tithe of agistment, as if it emanated in a prophetic spirit, by which, in spite of all the disadvantages of the climate, they foresaw, at a distant day, crops which nature denied to their own times, and shifting the burden of the Church from their own shoulders, enacted a law, or rather passed a vote, by which, even from their graves, they could inflict a new persecution on the poor papists.* Admirable sagacity, no doubt! First, to prevent the Church from growing rich, they take away the tithe of agistment, and so discourage agriculture; next, to preclude all chance that the Church should continue poor, they offer an enormous bounty on the growth, or (which is the same thing) the inland carriage of corn. The Irish Parliament foresaw, that if they left the clergy in possession of their entire income, they might become too rich at the end of fifty years, and therefore they take away one part of their income. This might have been applied to the education of the poor, or the providing for the Romish clergy. *It was not so applied*; it was seized, and made private property by the gentry who dispossessed the Church of it; and this proceeding is praised by Mr Abercrombie's correspondent, as an act performed by the Irish Parliament in one of its rare 'moments of wisdom and virtue!' I have sometimes laughed at the idea of men, like Cromwell's followers, pillaging for themselves, and 'all for the glory of God;' but to think of the supreme council of a nation seizing upon the revenues of any set of men, and appropriating the spoil, not to any national purpose, but to their own private uses—and to hear this spoken of as an act of *wisdom* and *virtue*—I am a plain man,—in comparison with the polished avower of this sentiment,—an unlettered man, and yet, I protest to God, I would not accept his talents, and the celebrity they may procure him, if they were to be

* "A farmer's library is generally very limited, and his means of consulting better ones not extensive. I cannot, therefore, pronounce with any greater degree of certainty than I have derived from reflection and from long intercourse with persons who remember the events of many years; but I am strongly inclined to think, that as far as tithes were influential in disturbing the country, they derived their mischievous power from this vote respecting agistment. At the time of the vote, the principal kind of farming was by tillage; for it was very generally thought that the climate was too humid for corn; the incomes of the clergy were accordingly so reduced by the vote, as that they were unable to continue their accustomed indulgence to the poor, who in consequence felt, or thought they felt, a new pressure. Perhaps the decline of the Protestant religion may be ascribed in part to the same cause; bishops finding it necessary to counterbalance the diminution of tithe, by making large unions, which at first allowed no more than a moderate subsistence, but in process of time became the wealthy benefices of modern times."

accompanied by the corrupt and servile spirit which could dictate so unworthy a declaration. How debased must be the moral sense—how faded even the memory of all nobleness, before such a thought could be suffered to escape beyond the heart where it originated, and before a sentiment could be expressed, in a correspondence with a gentleman of high reputation, which should make a man of honour blush to be found standing by the side of one who had shamelessly avowed it!

"Something too much of this. It is easy to judge, that with such notions of virtue, the enemies of the Church are little impeded in their operations by the checks of conscience. No wonder, therefore, if, being free from all moral restraint, they succeeded in persuading many respectable farmers, and deluding the great mass of cottier tenants, and even their great protector, Captain Rock, into a notion, that the Church establishment was inimical to the welfare of the people. The poor peasantry were in that state of general debility which made them feel an oppression at any part of the frame to which their attention was directed. I remember reading, in an account of the sensations of some person who had been put to the torture inflicted on culprits who refuse to plead; that, after some time, he became unconscious of the pressure on his breast, but, with a diseased irritability, felt intolerable anguish from the weight of a cambric handkerchief which was laid gently on his face. It was thus that the people suffered; they had lost all consciousness of the burden which the landlords laid upon them; they knew that they were miserable; and when they were directed to the tithe, as the cause of their wretchedness, they were, and it is no wonder that they were, prompt to believe. But they are not void of understanding, and if only those persons whose interest it is to set them right, would honestly endeavour to instruct them upon the subject, we might soon have a peasantry with different notions concerning the causes of their grievances.

"I will take leave, here, to recount a short dialogue which I held with a poor neighbour at the close of the last summer. He called on me to settle an account for the rent of his little farm; and, in the course of conversation, I inquired whether he had paid his tithe. I perceived that he hesitated a little, and wished to evade all discussion on this obnoxious topic, and I applied myself to the source, which, all writers agree, has the power to open man's heart. The application was not without effect; my gigantic tenant shook his hyacinthine curls, and pronounced it to be 'the right thing,' and prayed 'that my honour might have long life and prosperity,' &c. &c. On repeating my inquiry about the tithe, he became more communicative. 'Why, then,' said he, 'I *will* tell you all about it, and why shouldn't I —may be you'd think worse (Anglice better) of me than them that wouldn't let me tell you. I *didn't*, then, pay the minister, and I don't know when I will pay him.'—'And why will you not; his charge is very reasonable?'—'Oh, it is not that at all; it isn't for the lucre of the money, but I wouldn't wish to set a bad pattern in the country—and that's it all out now.' I endeavoured to convince him, that paying a man's debts could hardly be called a bad pattern anywhere, not even in Ireland; but he did not relish the notion of calling tithe a debt. 'I'd pay my debts,' said he, 'again any man in the parish, little or great, and my father and mother know, that's their sowls that's in purgatory, God be marciful to 'em, know well enough that I'm a good warrant to pay for my seed, breed, and generation; but sure tithes is not in that way; sure nobody ever thought it was a sin not to pay tithes and taxes, and the likes of them things.' I asked him what he meant by debts, if he did not allow tithes to be such; his answer was prompt: 'Anything that I got value for, and sure the minister never gave me value for the tithe.'—'Don't you know that if you were not to pay tithe, you should pay me a higher rent than you do?'

"'Oh, then, God bless your honour, and it's I that would, and glad I'd be to do it, and my blessing along wid it.'

"'But I should have no benefit from it; I should pay it to the head landlord; so that if you were not to pay the tithe, you should pay the same amount, as rent, to Lord ——.'

"'Is it he the negur?—bad luck to him night and morning; I'd rather pay the minister itself than he to get it, the dirty miser,' that took to his scrapers when he heard that his tinants were coming to see him, and all the boys with the cockades bought to put in their hats, and would not let the great poet stay behind, that makes the songs about the grand ould times—and two of the gentlemen down on their knees to axe leave for him to stay, and the ladies running mad after him, and the dinner bought and all—O! devil a bit of the ugly

---

a "The Missionary may perhaps have heard how a peer and a poet made rather a hasty exit from Killarney last year; it can do no harm to give the commentary of my poor friend upon it. At the same time that this peer withdrew himself so suddenly, without seeing his tenants, Mr Stanley was on the estates of his noble grandfather, visiting in person and alone the cabins of the tenantry; seeing with his own eyes their condition, and leaving behind him a remembrance that will make his generosity and benevolence, and encouraging condescension, well known, and loved with enthusiasm by the grandchildren of the men, to whose hearts he imparted a hope to which they had long been strangers.—Oh! that he were imitated!"

negur would give him lave to stay, but hoised him off body and bones, and my curse, and the curse of all the tinants along with him. If it's he that's to get the tithe, I'll go this minite, and I'll not stop nor stay till I take the minister the money; and I'll be bail, 'tis long again till I'll let any one put me astray, without coming to your own honour.' Thus ended our dialogue; and I had soon the satisfaction of learning, that one of the best and most amiable men of the country was relieved from considerable embarrassment, in consequence of the pattern which my convert had set, and which was very generally followed.

"I have now completed the task which I imposed upon myself, that of laying before the public the sentiments of an Irish farmer, on the manner in which the Church establishment affects the interests of those who cultivate the soil. The landlords cry out, abolish the tithe, that you may give the peasantry an opportunity to breathe; *and it is by those very landlords that the power to breathe has been taken from them.* The landlords, who extricated themselves from tithe, and left the people fettered, call upon the English nation to do what they themselves have left undone. If it be the intention of the ministry or the nation to accede to their wishes, let them, in God's name, overturn the Church establishment, but let them not confound the names of things by a hypocritical pretence that they intend to benefit the poor. If there be unsoundness in your Church, cut it off; if the gentry have overawed you, give it up to their rapacity; but do not profess to imagine that the peasantry will be suffered to have a share in the spoil. No; the gentry will for a short time silently and fiercely revel in Church possessions, and, when they have glutted themselves to the full, they will turn again to their sure resource —the miserable tenantry of Ireland; and they will cry out with as fell an eagerness then as they do now—like the horse-leeches' three daughters,—'more! more! more!'"

The Church and tithes are the great objects of Captain Rock's hostility, more particularly, because of more immediate importance, the latter. He gets terribly mauled by the defender of both, now before us—One specimen of this also:—

"The expediency of an establishment, abstractedly considered, is a subject with which I have nothing to do. Let the church fight her own battles. As to whether the Roman Catholics of Ireland have or have not good reason to be indignant at seeing the wealth of the country possessed by people of a different religion from their own, *let the Protestant clergy and laity* consult together, if it so please them, and give their answer. With such considerations I have no direct concern. My object is simple; to inquire whether the allegations contained in the Memoirs are true—that the riches of the Protestant church are the cause of that misery under which the Irish Roman Catholics are suffering. I am not to inquire whether Captain Rock shoots proctors and burns churches, because he *hates* the clergy; for this, let the offenders, and those who stimulate them to violence, answer to God and their own consciences; but as it is stated, that Captain Rock, or the poor tenantry whom he represents, not only hate the church, but are impoverished by it, I shall take upon me to shew, by a plain statement, that, if the person who makes such an allegation is as well acquainted with the present state of the country as he is with the history of past times,—he is not an honest man.

"It is now, I believe, pretty generally acknowledged, that the pressure of tithe does not bear *on the tenant*, and that, as the landlord came into possession of his estate subject to such a charge, he is in no other way affected by it, than by any of the incumbrances, such as mortgages or annuities, to which he has become subject. This position is clearly laid down in an article which appeared in the Quarterly Review for December last; but, as the writer of the Memoirs insists very strongly on the omission of any reference to Ireland in that article, as though it indicated a weakness to the Irish claim, I am glad that he has himself furnished the means of proving, that the claim of the Irish church is actually stronger than that of the Church of England. I believe the only point not established with perfect clearness in the article, or, as Captain Rock calls it, the ecclesiastical manifesto contained in the Review, is, the priority of the claim of tithe to the title of any lay proprietor. It was shewn, I believe very convincingly, that the claim for tithe was older, in almost every instance, than any claim which a lay proprietor could set up; but still, it was not possible to say, 'at such a time titles to lay property were given; and, so many years before that time, it was settled that the tenth of the produce should be appropriated to a particular class of men, and should descend according to a certain established order.' What it is difficult to settle with respect to the claims of the English clergy, Captain Rock has kindly arranged for the benefit of the Irish.

"The right to tithes he dates from the reign of Henry VIII., and even states the acts of parliament out of which it arises. According to Captain Rock, therefore,

the clergyman who now demands tithe, claims by a title as old as the time of Henry VIII., and which, of course, is not to be disputed by those, whose titles, being of later date, recognize the clergyman's right; *and such, we are given to understand, are the titles of all the lay landlords of Ireland.* But it is better to let Captain Rock speak for himself:—'So little was common sense consulted, or the mere decency of forms observed by that rapacious spirit, which nothing less than the confiscation of the whole island could satisfy; and which having, in the reign of James I. and at the Restoration, despoiled the natives of no less than ten millions six hundred and thirty-six thousand eight hundred and thirty-seven acres, now added to its plunder one million sixty thousand seven hundred and ninety-two acres more, being the amount (according to Lord Clare's calculation) of the whole superficial contents of the island.'

"If this be a fair statement, why is Captain Rock so wrathful against the clergy? The gentry, he says, have derived their titles from the most indecent spoliation; and what is it to the Captain, if an antecedent spoliation may have diminished a little the value of their possessions? I am quite at a loss to comprehend why the gallant Captain should so detest the poor churchmen, *as that he cannot, (as his biographer observes,) even rob them in a gentlemanlike style.* He has found them, (at least as far as my experience instructs me,) equally amenable to his behests as the lay gentry; why should he not give them an equal share of his countenance and protection? Indeed I am strongly inclined to think, but it is with great caution I venture to express such an opinion, that the honest missionary was imposed upon, and that, instead of the wild and warlike chieftain,—the impartial queller of all sons of oppression, —the unostentatious redresser of all kinds of wrong,—who retires from the notoriety which the broad day-light would fling upon him, to dwell with the innocent things that browse upon the mountains, and rushes forth in the darkness, when his actions may escape from fame, to rule unrivalled in his own domain, where he has won from the sheeted ghosts of night their terrors and their power;—I should be inclined to suppose, that, instead of that awful and impartial being, *some hunger-on upon a bloated aristocrat, some creature who had forfeited the dignity of a man, that he might crawl in the livery of a nobleman, some echoer of his lord's phrases, some solitary applauder of his lord's jests, who had forgotten his own existence, except as an appurtenance to the great man in whose train he is found, who had lost all sense of his own rights, except as they are doled out to him from above, and who, 'if master desired him to eat straw, would eat straw;'—I should imagine that some such creature as this, having stolen a plume from my lady's waiting maid, went masquerading on a summer night, that he might have a tale for his lord's table, how he had made a missionary stare, and imposed upon him the articles of an aristocrat's creed, as the genuine memoirs of the real Captain Rock.*

"It is indeed almost sickening to listen to the fulsome tirade, which superficial and designing men are so prompt to utter against the severity of tithe. 'What!' they say, 'make the Catholics pay for the support of Protestant clergy, and the expenses attending Protestant worship?' and then they run through all the notes of commiseration for the poor oppressed cottier tenantry, as if they believed, themselves, or wished the public to believe, that the people will become contented and happy as soon as this evil has been removed. If these gentlemen would condescend to state some important facts, the question of dispute would be greatly simplified. And, first, as they say that it is wrong to make the Catholics pay tithe, on the principle that it is taking away a part of their property to support a clergy which is not their clergy, it would seem no more than reasonable, that they should tell us *who the Roman Catholics are, whose property is so taken away.* For this purpose, they should name to us some person, *whose titles give him the possession of the entire produce of the land, and from whom the right to the tenth part of that produce has, since the date of his titles, been forcibly taken away;*—let any such person be named, and neither law nor justice can resist the obvious propriety of restoring him to his violated right. But if, in all cases where tithe is paid, they can name none but persons whose titles give them no exemption from such a demand; if the clergyman's right is established by the acts of Henry VIII.; and if the grants made in subsequent reigns do not supersede it, then how is the question to be stated as between the church and the people? This is the case with respect (let us say) to the oldest titles now existing. James I. granted to a lay proprietor, nine-tenths of the issues arising out of some forfeited estate; the remaining tenth he did *not* grant, *because it had not been forfeited;* and so far have the clergy been from encroaching on the layman's possessions, that they have, generally, conceded to him a large portion of their own. It is not long since a very litigious man waited on a friend of mine,

(an old gentleman who still retains the primitive simplicity of past days,) in order to adjust some business relative to the rent of a farm which he held under him. He complained bitterly that the rent was excessive, and that he must be ruined if it were not considerably lowered. 'We shall see,' said the old gentleman, 'what reason you have to complain —Is this account between us correct?' The litigious tenant inspected the books, and declared all right. And what was the state of the account? It was this—the tenant was indebted for the rent *of five successive years*, and there appeared in the books *but one item in his favour*, which I copy for the reader's perusal.

"Per contra, ... Cr.

"By *abatement* granted for the years 1821 and 1822, L. 100.

"There is not, I believe, a landlord in Ireland, who has not been a great gainer by the tithe system; for, in order to convey to a proprietor the benefit of nine hundred acres, the government, reserving the tenth of all produce for the Church, made a grant of one thousand; and of their tenth, the clergy, by an act of the Legislature, have been deprived of one part, and by their own moderation, or in consequence of the difficulty of collecting it, they have conceded another, so that it is not going too far to affirm, that the landlords provide by 20 acres for the claims which the government granted them one hundred to discharge, *and thus are indebted to the tithe system for the remaining* eighty;* and yet they cry out, that the demand for tithe is an infringement upon their rights. When such clamours are raised, Foigard's complaint seems no longer unreasonable, 'He has taken away a hundred pounds of mine.' —'Of yours?—'Yes! money I owed him.' The question is not, why a Protestant monarch took away from his Roman Catholic subjects, *one*-tenth of a property which was his, but why he granted him *nine-tenths* of a property which was *not* his?

"Ay! but, says Captain Rock, the monarch who made grants of the properties now held, had no just authority to make them. It was granting, not what was his by right, but what he made his own by the most scandalous rapacity and spoliation!!!—There is not in Ireland a person who will be happier to give weight to this declaration, than the writer of these pages. Let it be established and acted upon, and I at least shall have no reason to complain; and although I could be well satisfied with resting at the reign of James I., yet I see no reason why we should not lay down a nobler principle, and restore to the rightful owner, *all lands, whenever granted, to which the title was founded in injustice.* I will make a fair bargain with the Captain—no purchase, no pay. If he will engage to establish me *in only one of my rights*, I will engage to pay him, on the day when I take quiet possession of my estate, five thousand pounds of good coined money, such as no christian can refuse; and I will undertake, previously, to satisfy the Captain, that my claim is unquestionable. The lands of which I am now most anxious to possess myself, are, for the present, in the possession of the most noble the Marquis of Lansdowne, who is an absentee; and as I will bind myself to reside, I trust that the Captain, who has the interest of his country at heart, will shew himself more than ordinarily zealous to enforce my demands.—More on this subject, by and by.—I may dismiss the charge of cruelty for making Catholic *landlords* pay tithe, by asserting, that they cannot maintain it, without denying the right of James and his successors to make grants of lands, and thus invalidating their own titles."

We have quoted little: but enough, we should hope, to make every reader of ours wish to read the whole volume now before us. In truth, there is little doubt that this book will create a sensation on both sides of St George's channel, too great to allow any man who does read anything, to remain in ignorance of it. What must be the effect of a work which attacks, and for the first time, the whole landed interest of a British kingdom (exceptions of course) as the *sole authors* of their country's misery—which says (we had almost said which proves, but from this we for the present abstain) that Castle Rackrent is the only and undoubted birth-place of Captain Rock? —Will it do after this for the Irish M. P.'s—all of them members of this interest—to sit quietly together, giving the go-by to every subject in which the real grievances of Ireland are concerned, and clamouring, or listening to clamour, about things entirely alien from the true question—the great question—the *one* question,

* I state these proportions loosely, because I intend them only as illustrations of my argument. The clergy were entitled to the tenth of the produce, which included the tenth of labour, profits, &c.

that demands an answer, and that ere long must and will have an answer? No, we prophesy distinctly, that the event will shew the great, the tremendous power, embodied in the facts of the volume on our table. We prophesy that the sensation excited by Captain Rock, compared with that excited by the Munster Farmer, will be the flash of a rocket to the thunder of a battery. We prophesy that of all the works connected with the British politics, which came from the British press, in 1824, this will be the most powerful in its effects *now:* and we also prophesy, that it will be the longest remembered, not merely on account of the direct influence it must have on statesmen, and statesmanship, and on the feeling of all respectable classes of society, both here and elsewhere,—but also for the rare and remarkable merits of its style and manner, the keenness of its urbane wit, the scornful vehemence of its invective, the manly decision of its reasonings, and the beautiful propriety in every different vein of its language.

But to proceed—we confess that for the present we are not a little weary of the mere political squabbles connected with Irish subjects. For us, and for the many who must participate in our feelings as to this, there is one delightful *morceau* near the beginning of this book, in the shape of an Irish story of the present day. It consists of the adventures of a young gentleman, on a visit, in a part of Ireland sadly infested by Whiteboys. He being a stranger, is unwilling to credit the stories told him by his host, and carelessly wanders out by night into an interesting district. After gazing sufficiently on the beauties of nature,

"Ormsby turned to depart, but suddenly halted; for, almost directly under the tower where he stood, he heard a hoarse voice singing a wild and impassioned air, of which he had sometimes before heard snatches from the labourers, as they returned at evening from the field. Cautiously drawing himself back from the small window of the tower, he looked out, and, although the moon was still behind the cloud, yet there was light enough to enable him to discern two figures moving round the outer walls of the ruin, and, as well as he could judge, both armed. The song was continued, and the words so distinctly, although coarsely, pronounced, (each syllable occupying but a single note in the music,) that Ormsby could hear, and succeeded in keeping almost accurately in his memory, the entire song:—

"Is your hand on your blade? cries the angry Star of the night,
Is your heart in the cause where the hearts of the brave unite?
But the slave said no! for my masters' hands are strong,
And the pride of my heart is low, and my strength is gone.

"Are your masters strong when their cheeks grow pale with dread,
At the distant sound of my champion's hurrying tread?
Are they strong, when the shrieks of my perishing victims rise,
And my banners of flame stream forth on the mid-night skies?

"Are your masters strong, when from ghastly visions they start,
And a nearer shout sends despair to their sinking heart?
Are they strong in their need, when the cloven gateway falls,
And the conqueror's steps rush fierce through their coward halls?

"The singer was proceeding in the song, and had commenced another stanza—

"They are strong while their chains,—

but ceased abruptly as a shrill whistle rung out from the archway. The two men halted. Seemingly from the same direction as before, a whistle was repeated twice, and then Ormsby heard some words which he could not distinguish, from the men he had been observing. They then passed on, and turned round towards the principal entrance, through which he must pass in attempting to make his escape? What was he to do? There were evidently at least three men, for the one to whose signal they had attended, must be of their party. There were perhaps many more. He now remembered various noises which had in the course of the evening disturbed his reveries. Then he had disregarded them, or thought them occasioned by the returning of the rooks to their nests. Now he imagined that they might have intimated the arrival of some fierce plunderer at the place of meeting. Now also he remembered the sleeper whom he had seen in the evening, and who was, it might be, a sentinel to keep the place clear; and he prayed that his sleep was not feigned. The place where he stood could not afford him a view of the inside of the ruin; but near him there was a breach in the inner wall, over which, too, some ivy was partially hanging; and here he thought he could (himself unseen) behold the interior.

"He was disappointed; for, although the aperture commanded the place he wished to see, yet the darkness was so great, that he could not distinguish any object whatever. He, however, remained at his post, silent and watchful, listening for any sound; but he heard nothing, except a slight rustle below him, which might indicate the restless movements of a number of persons in a constrained silence, or might

be nothing more than the effect of a rising breeze, which was rustling in the long grass. Conjecture was soon at an end; the moon which had, behind the cloud, ascended to a height whence it could overlook the ruin, now emerged, and shone with full lustre above the roofless walls, pouring a flood of light into the central hall, and disclosing to Ormsby a scene which might fill a stout heart with astonishment at least.

"The last instant he was alone, surrounded by night and thick darkness; and now the darkness is rolled away, and he is looking upon the faces of a multitude of armed men thronging the silent hall before him; he is so near as to be almost in their presence, and feels, that, if they seek him, escape is impossible. It was certainly a moment full of alarm. They were scattered among the huge fragments, in various attitudes, and variously armed; some had pikes on which they leaned, and pistols stuck in rude belts which were fastened around them; some were reclined with their faces turned up towards the moon, and looking so ghastly in the pale light, that, but for their opened eyes, they might appear to be corpses. There were two or three kneeling before a recess where an altar had stood, and some were standing near the archway with muskets shouldered, and more regularly accoutred than their fellows. Their dress was also various; some wore coats with green on the collars and the wrists; some wore the loose great coat, to which the Irish poor are accustomed; some had procured military caps; some were with bare heads, or with broken hats, through which their wild hair had thrust itself; but all were perfectly silent, and almost motionless; and there was something unusually dreadful in the circumstance, that every one of these grim savage-looking beings, who had assembled together for some common purpose, remained occupied by his own sensations, and did not relax the stern ferocity of his countenance or his purpose, by even a whispered communication with his fellows. They remained, each one confined to himself alone, and seemed less disposed to interchange of thought or sentiment, than a horde of wolves who have made their league of blood, but can hold no converse together.

"As he looked with wonder and alarm on this agitating scene, he heard again the whistle. It now, from the ringing sound, appeared to proceed from under the archway; again the words were repeated, and instantly the entire multitude sprang upon their feet and seized their arms. 'The General!' cried a voice from the entrance, and the musketeers lowered their arms, and formed a kind of guard of honour to the person who entered, with whom they advanced farther into the hall, while all the wild multitude within, arranged themselves into a semicircle before him. For a short time the silence continued; the General and his party stood at the centre of the circle: the surrounding multitude saluted by lowering of arms, but there was no noisy demonstration of attachment, not even the low murmur that might be supposed to creep along the lines. Various persons at intervals, in the lines, who were, each of them, distinguished by a cross belt and sword, beginning at the right, and proceeding along to the other extremity, in their turns came forward, and retired after having conversed apart with the General, who paused after each conference, as if he were comparing the accounts he received with the state of the party he was inspecting. After some time spent in this manner, the persons around him fell back; and he stood full in Ormsby's view, though with his face partially averted. As he took off his hat, his profile became visible, and his head and face seemed to denote him a person of higher consideration than might be supposed connected with such confederates. He was now about to speak, as the slight bustle among the troops seemed to promise, and Ormsby held his breath, lest he should lose a word of the General's address. He found, however, that he could with ease hear every word, so articulate was the utterance of the speaker, and so hushed the attention of his hearers."

This leader makes an impassioned speech, but recommends another year's delay: this occasions a tumult, the whole course of which is most graphically described; but he succeeds in appeasing it. Ormsby is in imminent danger of discovery, when an alarm draws off the banditti elsewhere, on various errands, leaving the General with but a single companion. Their conversation is characteristic.

"The General and one companion were below him, looking on the various groups as they departed. 'There they go,' said the General, 'ruffians! who are cowards without the love of life. There is not a single body of these villains, which would not scatter at the resistance of three brave men; and there is not a man, perhaps, in the whole multitude we have seen, who would not afterwards die with an indifference, which would do honour to an ancient stoic.'

"The reply was, 'They seem to be impatient for a general rising, which does not indicate anything cowardly in their disposition.'

"'Yes, yes; they will have an explosion; they little care or think whether it is their cause or their enemy they blow up. They think they would have freer licence; that it should be everywhere plunder and licentiousness: but I know them well, wretches!'

"'And is there no intention of having a general rising?'

" ' My good friend, can you think that, with instruments like these, anything can be gained in open war? With you I can have no secrets. Our whole plans I will unfold to you fully this night. Indeed, I am directed so to do; but it is only by the promise of boundless success we can act upon these clods. They must be our instruments; but they shall not know our designs. They shall serve us to agitate the country, and to make the privileged orders feel their insignificance, and wither in our sight; but they shall not seem important to the government; it is sleeping, and we will not disturb it.'

" ' But you will find it a difficult matter to reconcile these fierce men to such repeated postponements of your enterprize.'

" ' Yes, I began to feel a little alarmed about it to-night; that old father clamouring about his sons was confusing, but we have got through the difficulty; and I am strongly of opinion, that I will not tempt fortune by trying another. I was well pleased to-night that they cannot penetrate my disguises; I would not depend on one of them, they would all betray me. You are wise to keep yourself concealed; put yourself once in their power, and you are their slave or their victim. But come, where are the horses? we have a long way to ride; and if these ruffians perform well the business of this and the next night, we may leave the country to themselves for months to come.'

" This conversation took place nearly under the window of the tower where Ormsby was listening; the speakers left the place; it seemed as if they had waited until the marauding parties left the vicinity of the abbey; and soon after, he heard the retreating tramp of horses moving rapidly over the sod. He then ventured to leave his concealment, and proceeded cautiously home, where he found that the family had retired to rest, and left a message for him, to request that he would be ready at an early hour in the morning, to accompany them to breakfast at the house of Mr Hewson, a friend of Mr G—'s, who lived at a few miles distance."

The next day, he visits this gentleman accordingly, and is witness of a different kind of Irish life.

" The old gentleman, as I said, was walking in his yard, inquiring about some horses which were at grass, and examining the state of those in his stables. At some distance, there was a row of wretched-looking peasants, who seemed as if they were on the watch for some encouragement, without which they dared not to venture to approach Mr Hewson. At last one of them, as Ormsby came up, advanced, and taking off his hat, held out a paper—' Plase your honour, a little bit of a bill—we're striving to make up the rent for the potatoes.'

" Mr Hewson (Ormsby knew from his manner) had seen the man approaching, and while returning Ormsby's salute, had turned his back upon the poor petitioner. The poor man, however, seemed not to despair—' It's what I was making bould to spake to your honour about, is a little bill of mine your honour—for work I gave last year, plase your honour.'

" ' Ryan!' said Mr Hewson, without seeming to notice or even to hear the poor man's request—' open the kennel.'

" ' Yes, sir,' said Ryan, a wicked, roguish-looking fellow with one eye, who had been attending on his master, and who now lounged carelessly towards the kennel, singing as he went—

> ' This is the sport,
> To which we do resort.'

" ' Oh, for the love of God, your honour,' cried the poor man, ' don't let him let out the dogs, or they'll tare me to pieces. Let me go away this wonst, and God bless your honour—and I'll take my oath on all the books that ever was shut and open, that I'll never come troubling your honour again.'

" ' Ryan!' said Mr Hewson, without looking towards the poor wretch who was supplicating for mercy, ' reason with this man.'

" 'Twas all one to Ryan—he came back with the same careless air as that with which he was going to unkennel some very fierce hounds, and perhaps halloo them on the unfortunate being. His reasoning, too, was short; it was simply the procuring a book and compelling the poor man to swear that he would never again come to demand his debt. Still the poor creature (after having sworn) was casting a longing look toward Mr Hewson. ' Ah! if your honour would look upon my case, and the agent going to drive me for the rent.'—' Whisht, you spalpeen,' cried Ryan—' Don't vex the master—isn't it an honour for you, and sure it's little the likes of you—or the father before you, could ever expect such a commendation, to have a gentleman owing you money?'—' Oh, then, that's true enough, Mr Ryan, and it's little trouble I'd give his honour, only the times are so hard; and if your honour,' said he, raising his voice a little, ' would spake a word for me to the agent.'—' Didn't I tell you,' said Ryan, ' not to be troubling his honour? don't you think we have something else to mind, than to hear your petitions? go home, I tell you, or may be it's a word to the magistrate you'll get for yourself, to send you where the blacks will ate you worse than the hounds.'—' It's little matter where I go—I get no right here,' muttered the poor fellow, as he walked slowly out of the yard.

" ' Mr Ormsby,' said Mr Hewson, ' if ever you come to live in the country, by all means get a pack of hounds—I am going now to look at my kennel, and I think

I can shew you some of the best bred, and best toned hounds that our country possesses.'—'But, sir, it may not be altogether safe for a stranger to visit them—I heard a poor man imploring you not to unkennel them.'—'Oh, ay—ha, ha, ha! but *you* need not fear, they have a keen scent—I can tell you that foxes are not the only vermin a pack of hounds can keep away from you—Ryan undertakes that my hounds shall, out of twenty persons collected in my yard, scent out a single dun—and that was the predicament in which the poor devil stood who was so frightened; he might as well be smeared in fox's blood—you look grave, sir; but I can tell you, when you know the world as well as I do, you will understand how necessary it is to keep these fellows in due subordination: if you gave them a habit of being attended to, you should be constantly pestered, and there is no knowing where it would end.'—'But, sir, this poor man said something about last year, as if'—Ormsby paused, ashamed to speak what he supposed would provoke a person so much his senior; but he was mistaken—'As if he had been so long seeking his money. Yes, so he was, as I remember, but now I think he will seek it no longer—the seekers are an unfortunate sect here—so I dare say he will wait now for my good pleasure; but come—now for the ladies—I suppose you think me an old fellow, but you'll find yourself devilishly mistaken, when you see me securing the prettiest girl of your whole party as my portion of the spoil; so come on—I'll shew you the kennel some other time: Ryan, send these fellows about their business, and see that the horses are well taken care of.'

"Ormsby found that Mr Hewson was determined not to be considered 'an old fellow.' There was a vivacity about him, which, as it was the result only of animal spirits, was perhaps more suitable to the companies in which he generally found himself, than if it had derived its origin or its ornaments from the excursions of a lively fancy. He conducted himself as a man who was accustomed to consider himself, and to feel himself considered, the principal person in every society, and romped and rioted like one who had not experienced, or at least *felt* a rebuff; perhaps within the circle of good manners, but at its extremest verge. Ormsby, who had learned to bear all parts in society, who could preserve his respectability as a fourth, or quietly assume the first place, and do its honours, if it was his right to claim it, was well pleased to be freed from all necessity for exertion during the day, by Mr Hewson's obstinate resolution not to be an old man. He could not help, several times, contrasting the appearance of good humour in his present manner, with the unmoved gravity of that in which he dismissed the poor dun; and sometimes he was disposed to smile at the ludicrous appearance of the morning scene, the master and man so perfectly cool and indifferent, and the wretched peasant in such a panic; but more often he thought with indignation on the conduct of one who ought to be a protector and a guide to the poor, and who exhibited, in his own person, a cruel disregard to their wants, and an example of gross injustice."

The company arrived; and among them, to Ormsby's consternation, in a Mr Stock, he discovers the General of the last night; but nothing to corroborate such suspicion transpires in his conversation. On the contrary, he argues vehemently in favour of the clergy against Mr Hewson, who, though a violent aristocrat, has no fancy for tythe paying, when the following scene occurs.

"During the whole of this conversation, Mr Hewson, who felt himself overmatched, made many attempts to have a new subject called; he praised his wines, and told their age; he spoke of the illicit distillation, and endeavoured to make a diversion into the distillery laws; but the company were so well pleased to have such topics as Mr Stock introduced displayed before them, that however they might, for an instant, comply with Mr Hewson, and turn aside, they immediately came back to the subject in which they felt most interested.

"The conversation was at its highest animation, the company strongly excited, and Mr Hewson on the verge of taking shelter, from the arguments with which Mr Stock continued to persecute him, under violent and intemperate language, when the door was thrown open, and a servant rushed into the room, pale and disordered in appearance. 'Colonel Raymond, sir!' said he, 'Colonel Raymond!' said Mr Hewson; 'where is he? show the Colonel in. D—n you, you rascal, why don't you speak? Is Colonel Raymond here?'—'He's shot, sir! Murdered outside his demesne wall!' All the company started up, speechless with horror and amazement; and now, for the first time, Ormsby thought his suspicions confirmed. He was sitting opposite Mr Stock, and felt, when he looked at him, as if a sudden light had arisen, which shone through all his disguises, and manifested him as he was. Violent emotion was, for a moment, marked in his appearance and manner, his countenance was flushed, and a new spirit flashed in his eyes, and, as Ormsby thought, a momentary expression of triumph brightened around him; but there was nothing of astonishment—nothing of horror; it was the expression of one who had laid a train and watched the explosion; there was agitation in it, but not astonishment. As his eye caught Ormsby's, who, through all his horror, kept viewing this man, he almost started, and, with some confusion, spoke about

ordering out their horses; but Ormsby cried out vehemently, 'Seize him!—seize that man, that murderer, Stock!—I denounce you as a murderer, a traitor, an assassin!—I saw you!—I know you!—The ruin! the ruin!—Ha, General!—I know you!'

"New amazement spread through the whole company; every man looked at Ormsby, gasping out vehemently and unconnectedly, his charge against Mr Stock, who had now completely recovered himself, and was listening with composure, but with an appearance of astonishment, and with something of pity in his manner, to the young man, who was almost like a maniac giving utterance to some horrible fancy.

"When Ormsby had ended his wild and seemingly frantic accusation, and while the guests were looking on in a state of amazement, and hesitating what was to be done, Mr Stock turned round to Mr Hewson, and said, with the calmest air, as if of condolence, 'Poor young man! I feel no kind of anger against him. Mr Craven, you know that I spent the entire of last night with you, and you can answer for the visionary nature of this poor young gentleman's accusation.' Mr Craven instantly undertook to answer for his friend, that the charges made by Mr Ormsby were totally unfounded; and all the company became firmly convinced, that in consequence of over excitement and visionary habits, some temporary derangement had taken place in the young man's intellects, in consequence of which he mistook, for reality, the fantastic images of an over-heated imagination. 'Come,' said Mr Hewson, 'this is no time to think of dreams and fancies; bring out horses—quick—saddle and lead out horses! Put my pistols in the holsters; let every gentleman arm himself!' The horses were quickly ready; and as all gentlemen were armed wherever they went, there soon was mounted a well prepared party of ten persons, who set off at a very rapid pace toward the place where the murder had been committed. As they rode on they could hear shots fired at different distances, as if conveying intelligence of the murder to a very remote extent; and at intervals, upon the mountain-side, they could see persons start out in the hedges, and sometimes ascend on the house-tops, and shout and wave their hats, and then spring rapidly forward and disappear in a thick wood which spread along half-way up the hill. As they approached the place where the murder was committed, and where the body was still lying, they saw a large party of dragoons, and some gentlemen galloping towards them from a contrary direction, and nearly at the same time both parties arrived at the spot where so horrid a spectacle awaited them. The body was literally, in every part, perforated with bullets, and dreadfully mangled; the head had been severed, and was placed on a stake which had been driven through the breast, and fixed firmly in the ground; and although some few persons had collected on the spot, yet, so terrible was the vengeance of the murderers considered, that no one ventured to pay to the corpse a respect which, in Ireland particularly, it is thought almost unhallowed to neglect. The reason assigned for the extreme barbarity with which the insensible remains were treated, was, that Colonel Raymond had suggested the expediency of having two malefactors, much admired amongst their associates, hanged in chains in a populous part of the country.

"The only account that could be obtained of the horrid business, was given by a gentleman who rode in with the dragoons. He had been riding past Colonel Raymond's demesne, and, at the extremity of the wall, he perceived, at an angle on the brow of the hill, some men who were armed, and who were lying concealed from all who came in an opposite direction. They challenged this gentleman when he came near, and insisted on his retracing his steps, which he accordingly did. He had not proceeded far, when he heard the report of a shot, and stopping for a moment to look back, he heard a kind of loose hedge-firing commenced and kept up for some time; and during the firing, the furious galloping of a horse up the hill which concealed all objects from his view. As the sound of the galloping seemed to advance nearer to the summit, a horse and rider appeared; the rider apparently covered with blood; but before he could turn the brow of the hill, (just when his own lawn had spread vividly before him,) he had fallen off, and a number of persons, with the most hideous yells, rushed forward and surrounded him. At sight of this, the gentleman rode on rapidly to the barracks in the neighbourhood, and conducted the dragoons to the place. The narrative proceeds to relate the conduct of Ormsby and his companions, and their success in arresting a large party of insurgents, supposed to be the murderers of Colonel Raymond. What follows is a description of the peril to which he was exposed, in consequence of his exertions."

Here, however, want of room compels us to break off. The specimens we have quoted shew that if our author took up his pen as a novelist instead of a political polemic—a character which, however, he admirably and triumphantly sustains—he would be to Ireland, not exactly perhaps what the Author of Waverley is to this country, for that would be at least premature praise to so young a writer, but something which would make us forget the existence even of Miss Edgeworth.

LETTERS OF TIMOTHY TICKLER, ESQ. TO EMINENT LITERARY CHARACTERS.

No. XVI.

To the Editor of the John Bull Magazine,

ON AN ARTICLE IN HIS FIRST NUMBER.

I.

Who you are, I don't know, Mister T'other John Bull,
But your horns seem as sharp as the first's to the full;
If his prick like a rapier, yours tear like a hanger;
Heaven knows which is Medardus, and which Doppel-ganger.

II.

One calm word with you, lad: you well know I'm an old one,
And I think you'll admit, both a big and a bold one—
And I tell you, young man, 'tis abundantly clear,
That two months at this rate will complete your career.

III.

That a man should be all over boldness is fit
In the great cause of Loyalty, Wisdom, and Wit;—
But I hold it mere folly, that you should go down
In a cause that's unworthy the commonest clown.

IV.

I perceive you have learning—I trace in your style
The precision and polish of Attica's file—
O shame! that your weapons, so terse and so trim,
Should be poison'd with venom, not pointed with whim.

V.

Byron's CHAPTER proclaims him the Worst of the Bad—
Unless Charity whisper, most wild of the mad.
I confess the alternative vexes me sadly;
And I envy no eyes can contemplate it gladly.

VI.

That for tickling the vein of some vile heartless flirt
The Genius of Harold could stoop to such dirt—
That a POET like this could be less than a MAN,
I loathe the conviction:—go hug it who can!

VII.

But that you, sir,—a wit, and a scholar like you,
Should not blush to produce what he blush'd not to do—
Take your compliment, youngster—this doubles (almost)
The sorrow that rose when *his* Honour was lost.

VIII.

Was it generous, Bull—nay, *sans phrase*, was it just,
When, whatever he had been, he slept in the dust—
To go barter and truck with betrayers of trust,
For a sop to the Cerberus-jowler of Lust?

IX.

Was it spleen against him?—Then you warr'd with the dead:—
Was it pelf?—No,—whatever you want, 'tis not Bread—
Was it fun?—Oh how merry to trample and tear
The heart that was bruised through the breast that was bare!

X.

Leave this work to the Whigs:—'tis their old favourite game;
Moore did this and was damn'd: the vile stink of his name
Will offend people's nostrils a hundred years hence,
For he warr'd against women, and pocketed pence.

XI.

But you!—well, you're young, and were probably drunk,
I won't think you (for once) irreclaimably sunk;
Drop this *vice*—that, depend on't, won't injure your spunk—
So says one that you won't call or Bigot or Monk.

XII.

Fie, fie! Mister John, I am sorry to think
You could do such a Whig-looking thing, even in drink;—
—You may turn up your nose and cry, "He turned a Stickler!"
I *do* stickle for some things,

Quoth

Timothy Tickler.

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

LONDON.

Mr Moore, it is confidently said, will set about a Biography of Lord Byron, as soon as he has finished that of Sheridan.

Lord Byron's new poem, The Triumph of Hellas, has been translated into Greek.

A Life of Rafaele D'Urbino, is preparing for the press, drawn from authentic sources, together with an enumeration of his most celebrated Works in different Collections, and Remarks upon his Powers as an Artist.

Mr Basil Montague intends publishing a complete and correct edition of the Works of Lord Bacon.

Letters on the Character and Poetical Genius of Lord Byron. By Sir Egerton Brydges, Bart.

The Remains of Robert Bloomfield, consisting of unpublished Pieces in Prose and Verse, will soon appear.

Sylvan Sketches. By the author of Flora Domestica.

Patimos, and other Poems. By James Edmeston.

The Marquis de Salvo's work upon the late Events in Europe, is nearly ready for publication, in English and French editions.

An Inquiry into the Duties and Perplexities of Medical Men as Witnesses in Courts of Justice, with Cautions and Directions for their Guidance. By J. G. Smith, M.D.

A Novel is in the press, entitled, Owen Glendower. By Mr Reginald Morrice.

Lord Byron's Private Correspondence, including his Letters to his Mother, written from Portugal, Spain, Greece, and other parts of the Mediterranean. Published from the Originals, with Notes and Observations. By R. C. Dallas, Esq.

The Rev. Dr Evans is about to publish a volume, entitled Richmond and its Vicinity, with a glance at Twickenham, Strawberry-Hill, and Hampton-Court.

A new Work on the Discoveries of the Portuguese in Angola and Mosambique. By the late Mr Bowdich, with some geographical corrections in Mungo Park's last Travels in Africa, is about to be published.

Mr Swainson has in the press a small Work on the Zoology of Mexico, containing Descriptions of the Animals collected there by Mr Bullock, and intended as an appendix to the Travels of Mr Bullock in that country.

A series of lithographic prints of Scenery in Egypt and Nubia, from drawings by Bossi, a Roman artist, are about to appear in Numbers.

Grandeur and Meanness, or Domestic Persecution. By Mary Charlton, Author of the Wife and the Mistress, Rosella, Pirate of Naples, &c.

Part I. A Selection of Ancient Coins, chiefly of Magna Græcia and Sicily, from the Cabinet of the Right Hon. the Lord Northwick, engraved by Henry Moses, from highly finished drawings by Del Frate, a distinguished Pupil of Antonio Canova. The descriptions by George Henry Noehden, LL.D. of the British Museum, F.R.S. F.A.S. &c. This work will be published in 8 parts, of the size of imperial quarto, each part will contain 5 highly finished engravings, with letter-press descriptions. A part will be published the 10th of every alternate month until completed. Only 250 copies, including 25 on India paper, with the first impressions of the plates, will be struck off, after which the copper plates will be destroyed.

The Mechanic's Oracle; or, Artisan's Complete Laboratory Workshop, Explaining, in an easy and familiar manner, the General and Particular Application of Practical Knowledge, to the different departments of Science and Art. Illustrated by appropriate Engravings, executed by the first Artists.

The Rev. T. Arnold, M.A. late of Oriel College, Oxford, has been for many years employed in writing a History of Rome, from the earliest times to the death of the Emperor Marcus Arelius. The first volume, from the Rise of the Roman State, to the Formation of the Second Triumvirate, A. U. C. 710. B. C. 44, will soon be published.

A Chronological History of the West Indies, by Captain Thomas Southey, will soon appear.

Cain and Lamech; or, the comparative numbers of Seven, and Seventy-times Seven, illustrative of the 15th, the 23d, and 24th verses of the fourth chapter of Genesis: a dissertation. By the Rev. W. Vansittart, M.A.

The Rev. Mr Powlett will shortly publish, Christian Truth, in a Series of Letters on the Trinity, the Atonement, Regeneration, Predestination, and on the Indifference to Religion, embracing the material points of the Tenets of the Church of England.

Mr Lambert, Vice-President of the Linnæan Society, has been a long time engaged on the second volume of his Splendid Work, a Description of the Genus Pinus, which is expected to appear in the course of this month.

This Work consists of Plates and Descriptions of Specimens of the Genus en-

tirely new, and the most magnificent hitherto discovered; which, as they will bear the climate of this country, they cannot fail to be an important acquisition to the Parks and Plantations, both in usefulness and ornament. Besides the Genus Pinus, it includes likewise descriptions of many other new Species of the Family of Coniferæ.

Dr Forbes of Chichester will very shortly publish his translation of Avenbrugger, and a series of Original Cases and Dissections, illustrating the utility of the Stethoscope and Percussion.

M. Lænnec is preparing for publication a new Edition of his celebrated Treatise on *Mediate Auscultation*, with considerable Alterations and Improvements. In consequence, Dr Forbes has postponed, till after the appearance of this, the second edition of his Translation.

EDINBURGH.

Speedily will be published, Rothelan, a Tale of the English Histories, in 3 vols. 12mo, by the author of "Ringan Gilhaize," "The Spaewife," &c. &c.

Nearly ready, in one volume post 8vo, A Practical Guide to English Composition; or, a comprehensive System of English Grammar, Criticism, and Logic; arranged and illustrated upon a new and improved Plan; containing apposite Principles, Rules, and Examples, for writing correctly and elegantly on every subject; adapted to the use of Schools and of Private Students. By the Rev. Peter Smith, A. M.

In a few weeks will be published, 8vo, Mathematical Tables; containing improved Tables of Logarithms of Numbers, Logarithmic Sines, Tangents, and Secants, together with a number of others, useful in Practical Mathematics, Astronomy, Navigation, Engineering, and Business; preceded by a copious Introduction, embracing their Explanation, and Rules and Formulæ for their application, with a Collection of appropriate Exercises. By William Galbraith, A.M. Lecturer on Mathematics, Edinburgh.

Nearly ready, in post 8vo, a second series of the Scrap Book. By John M'Diarmid.

Mr John Malcolm, late of the 42d Regiment, has nearly ready for publication, a volume of Poems in foolscap 8vo, entitled "The Buccaneer and other Poems."

Shortly will be published, in post 8vo, The Life and Administration of Cardinal Wolsey. By John Galt, Esq. *Third Edition*, greatly improved.

Preparing for publication, A Guide to the Lord's Table, in the Cathetical Form; to which are added, An Address to Applicants for Admission to it, and some Meditations to assist their Devotions. By the Rev. Henry Belfrage, D. D.

Shortly will be published, Illustrations of Acoustic Surgery; in 8vo, with plates. In which will be introduced, a New Remedy in the Treatment of Purulent Discharge from the Meatus or Tympanum, accompanied with Diminution of Hearing. By T. Buchanan, C.M., Licentiate of the University of Glasgow, Corresponding Member of the Phrenological Society of Edinburgh, and Surgeon to the Hull Dispensary for Diseases of the Eye and Ear, and author of the Guide to Acoustic Surgery.

A Stereotype Edition of Sallust, for the use of Schools, with English Notes at the foot of the page, and a Historical and Geographical Index at the end of the volume, by Mr Dymock, Glasgow, will be published in a few days.

Mr J. P. Wood has nearly ready for the press a Life of Law of Lawriston, projector of the Missisippi Scheme, containing a detailed Account of the Nature, Rise, and Progress of this extraordinary Joint-Stock Company, with many curious Anecdotes of the Rage for Speculating in its Funds, &c. &c. &c.

The Second Number of Mr Williams' Scenery of Greece, containing Views of Corinth, Thebes, Mount Parnassus, Temple of Jupiter Panphellenius, the Acropolis, and Athens, will be published in a few days.

MONTHLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LONDON.

ARCHITECTURE.

Specimens of Gothic Architecture, and Ancient Buildings in England, in 4 volumes, with 120 views, drawn and engraved by John Carter, Esq. F.S.A. draughtsman to the Antiquarian Society; Author of Specimens of Ancient Sculpture and Painting in England, English Architecture, Ecclesiastical Costume, &c. 2*l.* 2*s.*

ANTIQUITIES.

A Selection of Antiquities in the County of Salop, with 44 plates, comprising the principal churches, castles, religious houses, and other ancient buildings, with topographical and historical accounts.

BIOGRAPHY.

The Life and Remains of Edward Daniel Clarke, LL.D. Professor of Mineralogy in the University of Cambridge,

Author of Travels in Europe, Asia, and Africa, &c. &c. By the Rev. W. Otter, A.M. 3*l.* 3*s.*

The Life of Shakspeare; inquiries into the originality of his Dramatic Plots and Characters, and Essays on the Ancient Theatres and Theatrical Usages. By Augustine Skotowe, Esq. 1*l.* 1*s.*

Life and Genius of Lord Byron. By Sir Cosmo Gordon, 2*s.* 6*d.*

EDUCATION.

The Italian Interpreter, consisting of copious and familiar conversations, on subjects of general interest and utility, together with a complete vocabulary in English and Italian; to which is added in a separate column, the exact mode of pronunciation, on a plan eminently calculated to facilitate the acquisition of the Italian language. By S. A. Bernardo.

FINE ARTS.

Parts XX. and XXI., of the Works of Canova.—A series of engravings, in outline, by Henry Moses, of the works of Antonio Canova, in sculpture and modelling, with descriptions from the Italian of the Countess Albrizzi. These two parts (which will complete the series) contain, portrait of Canova, taken immediately after his death, Orpheus, Eurydice, the Magdalen. Busts of Francis I., and the Princess di Canino, and Biographical Memoir of Canova, by Count Cicognara.

Two views of Abbotsford, the Seat of Sir Walter Scott, Bart.; engraved in mezzotint, on steel, by S. W. Reynolds; from drawings of Mr Dewint from the original sketches by Mr Blore.

Second Part of Captain Batty's Views on the Rhine, in Belgium and Holland.

A Descriptive and Critical Catalogue of the National (late the Angerstein) Gallery.

LAW.

An Analysis of the Law of Patents; containing the practice of obtaining Patents, conditions of Validity, Incidents, and Remedies. By R. R. Ranken.

MEDICINE AND SURGERY.

Observations on the Surgical Anatomy of the Head and Neck; illustrated by Cases and Engravings. By Allan Burns, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, London, and Lecturer on Anatomy and Surgery, Glasgow. A new Edition, with a Life of the Author, and an Appendix, containing additional cases and observations. By Granville Sharp Pattison, Professor of Anatomy in the University of Maryland, &c.

The Medical Common-Place Book, arranged upon a new plan, for entering particular cases; with an Alphabetical Index, of upwards of eight hundred heads, which occur in general reading and practice.

Symptomatology; or, the Art of Detecting Disease. To which are added, Tables of Symptoms. By Alex. P. Buchan, M. D. late Senior Physician to the Westminster Hospital.

On the Principles of Inflammation and Fever. By C. E. Lucas, M.D.

POETRY.

Poetical Sketches; the Profession; the Broken Heart, &c., with Stanzas for Music, and other Poems. By Alaric A. Watts. Third edition, with additional Poems, and illustrative Engravings by Charles Heath, Esq. from the Designs of Messrs Stothard and Brockedon. 8*s.*

The Brides of Florence; a Play in Five Acts; illustrative of the Manners of the Middle Ages, with Historical Notes and Minor Poems. By Randolph Fitz-Eustace.

Posthumous Poems of the late Percy B. Shelly, Esq.; containing the Witch of Atlas. Julian and Maddalo. Triumph of Life. Alastor, or the Spirit of Solitude (reprinted.) Translations. 15*s.*

The Silent River; and Faithful and Forsaken; Dramatic Poems. By Robert Sullivan.

The Improvisatrice, and other Poems. By H. E. L. 8*s.*

MISCELLANIES.

Letters to Young Ladies on their Entrance into the World; to which is added, Sketches from Real Life. By Mrs Lanfear. With a Frontispiece, by Uwins. 7*s.* 6*d.*

Instructions for the Huish Hive, from which the Combs are extracted without killing the Bees, price 1*s.* The Cottager's Manual, for the Management of his Bees, for every month in the year; third edition, price 3*s.* By Robert Huish, Esq.

The Butterfly Collector's Vade Mecum; or, A Synoptical Table of English Butterflies; with directions for collecting and preserving them; the peculiar character of the eggs, caterpillars, and chrysalises of each kind; and a minute description of each butterfly.

The Fourth Volume of Boxiana; containing all the Transactions of Note connected with the Prize Ring during the years 1821, 1822, and 1823, in which are developed, the fighting capabilities of the men, and short Dissertations on Pugilism, together with many characteristic Traits and Anecdotes never before published. The whole preceded by a practical Treatise on Training, &c. &c.

The Etymologic Interpreter; or, An Explanatory and Pronouncing Dictionary of the English Language. Part the first, containing a full developement of the Principles of Etymology and Grammar, &c. &c. By James Gilchrist. Price 8*s.* bds.

The Constitution of Friendly Societies, upon legal and scientific principles, exemplified by the rules and tables of calculations, adopted under the advice and approbation of Wm. Morgan, Esq. F.R.S. and William Friend, Esq. A.M. for the government of the Friendly Institution at Southwell; together with observations on the rise and progress, as well as on the management and mismanagement of Friendly Societies. The second edition, by the Rev. John Thomas Becher, M.A. 2*s.*

A Narrative of the Sufferings of General Riego, and his Aid de Camp, Mr G. Mat-

thewes, in the Dungeons of Spain, from September 1823 to April 1824, at which period Mr G. Matthewes was released; and of the Latter Events of the Spanish Revolution. 5*s*.

An Elementary Treatise on Optics. By the Rev. Henry Coddington, M.A. Fellow of Trinity College. 8*s*.

Strictures on the Poet Laureate's Book of the Church, price 2*s*. 6*d*. By the Rev. J. M., D.D., F.S.A.

The Cottager's Companion; or, A complete System of Cottage Horticulture; intended to instruct the Industrious Poor of Great Britain in the Art of Cottage Gardening. By William Salisbury. 1*s*. 6*d*.

The Smiths', Iron and Brass Founders', and Ornamental Metal Workers' Director, with considerable additions, on 76 Plates, royal 4to, in boards, price £2, 2*s*.; containing more than 1000 modern designs and patterns, including a variety of Classical Ornaments at large; it will also be published in 12 Parts, one every fortnight, at 3*s*. 6*d*. each. Second edition.

A Speech, delivered in the House of Peers, Thursday, June 10, 1824, on occasion of the third reading of the Irish Tithe Composition Amendment Bill. By John Jebb, D.D., Lord Bishop of Limerick. 3*s*.

Conversations on Political Economy; in which the Elements of that Science are familiarly explained.

The Code Napoleon; or, The French Civil Code. Literally translated from the original and official edition, published at Paris in 1804. By a Barrister of the Inner Temple.

An Inquiry into the Poor Laws, chiefly with a view to examine them as a Scheme of National Benevolence, and to elucidate their Political Economy. By J. E. Bicheno, Esq. of the Middle Temple.

An Appeal to the Members of the British and Foreign Bible Society, on the subject of the Turkish New Testament, printed at Paris in 1819; containing a view of its history, an exposure of its errors, and palpable proofs of the necessity of its suppression. By Ebenezer Henderson, Author of "Journal of a Residence in Ireland."

Observations on the Administration of the Poor Laws in Agricultural Districts. By the Rev. C. D. Brereton, A. M.

A Whisper to a Newly Married Pair, by a Widowed Wife. Foolscap 8vo. Price 3*s*. 6*d*. in extra boards.

An Excursion through the United States and Canada, during the Years 1822 and 1823. By an English Gentleman. 16*s*.

Facts verified upon Oath, in contradiction of the Report of the Rev. Thomas Cooper, concerning the general condition of the Slaves in Jamaica; and more especially relative to the Management and Treatment of Slaves upon Georgia Estate, in the Parish of Hanover in that Island. 2*s*. 6*d*.

An Essay on Aërial Navigation. 2*s*.

NOVELS AND TALES.

The Witch-Finder; or, The Wisdom of our Ancestors. A Romance. By the Author of "The Lollards," &c. £1, 1*s*.

Some Account of the late Gilbert Earle, Esq. Written by himself. 8*s*.

Emily; or, Traits of Principle. A Tale, by a Lady; handsomely printed, in 1 vol. crown 8vo. Price 7*s*. 6*d*. boards.

The Relapse; or, True and False Morality.

Ourika, a Tale, from the French of the Duchess de Duras. 3*s*.

THEOLOGY.

The Primitive Doctrine concerning the Person and Character of Jesus Christ. Part I. His Person, or the constitution of his Character, shewn to be different from the opinions of Socinians, Arians, Trinitarians, and Swedenborgians. Part II. On the Moral Character of Jesus, the Office of Christ, and the Holy Spirit. The apparent differences in the language of the Sacred Writers on the subject are explained and accounted for by certain plain facts, long overlooked. By William Burns. 9*s*.

The Protestant's Companion; or, a Seasonable Preservative against the Errors, Corruptions, and unfounded Claims of a Superstitious and Idolatrous Church; with a Chapter respectfully addressed to our Governors, and another to the Clergy. By the Rev. Charles Daubeny, LL. D. Archdeacon of Sarum.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Some Account of the Present State of the English Settlers in Albany, South Africa. By Thomas Pringle.

A Tour on the Continent, through France, Switzerland, and Italy, in the Years 1817 and 1818. By Roger Hog, Esq. 8*s*.

Letters from North America, written during a Tour in the United States and Canada. By Adam Hodgson. £1, 4*s*.

Six Months' Residence and Travels in Mexico; containing Remarks on the present State of New Spain, its Natural Productions, State of Society, Manufactures, Trade, Agriculture, and Antiquities. By W. Bullock.

EDINBURGH.

Edinburgh Christian Instructor, No. CLXVIII. for July.

A Third Edition, with Additions, of Captain Hall's interesting Work on Chili, Peru, and Mexico, is just published. 2 vols. post 8vo. £1, 1*s*.

Prize Essays and Transactions of the Highland Society of Scotland. Vol. VI. 8vo. £1, 4*s*.

Elements of Phrenology. By George Combe. 12mo. 4*s*.

The European Review. No. I. 5*s*.

MONTHLY REGISTER.

EDINBURGH.—*July* 14.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease & Beans.
1st,.. 36s. 0d.	1st,...28s. 0d.	1st,.....26s. 0d.	1st,.....26s. 0d.
2d,...30s. 0d.	2d,...24s. 0d.	2d,.....24s. 0d.	2d,.....24s. 0d.
3d,...22s. 0d.	3d,....s. 0d.	3d,.....20s. 0d.	3d, ...20s. 0d.

Average £1, 10*s.* 7*d.* 6-12ths.

Tuesday, July 13.

Beef (17¼ oz. per lb.)	0s. 4d.	to 0s. 6d.	Quartern Loaf . .	0s. 9d.	to 0s. 10d.
Mutton	0s. 4½d.	to 0s. 6d.	Potatoes (28 lb.) .	1s. 0d.	to 0s. 0d.
Veal	0s. 6d.	to 0s. 9d.	Fresh Butter, per lb.	1s. 4d.	to 0s. 0d.
Pork	0s. 0d.	to 0s. 0d.	Salt ditto, per stone	16s. 0d.	to 0s. 0d.
Lamb, per quarter .	1s. 0d.	to 3s. 0d.	Ditto, per lb. . .	1s. 1d.	to 0s. 0d.
Tallow, per stone .	5s. 0d.	to 6s. 6d.	Eggs, per dozen .	0s. 8d.	to 0s. 0d.

HADDINGTON.—*July* 9.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Beans.
1st, ...34s. 0d.	1st, ... 31s. 0d.	1st; ...26s. 0d.	1st, ...25s. 0d.	1st, ...24s. 0d.
2d, ...22s. 0d.	2d, ... 28s. 0d.	2d,.....24s. 0d.	2d, ...23s. 0d.	2d, ...22s. 0d.
3d, ...24s. 0d.	3d, ... 25s. 0d.	3d, ...22s. 0d.	3d, ...21s. 0d.	3d, ... .20s. 0d.

Average £1, 9*s.* 1*d.* 5-12ths.

Average Prices of Corn in England and Wales, from the Returns received in the Week ended July 3.

Wheat, 61s. 6d.—Barley, 33s. 8d.—Oats, 26s. 7d.—Rye, 40s. 8d.—Beans, 38s. 7d.—Pease, 38s. 2d.

London, Corn Exchange, July 5.

	s.	*s.*		*s.*	*s.*
Wheat, red, old	62	to 70	Maple, new	—	to —
Fine ditto . .	50	to 56	White pease .	37	to 40
Superfine ditto	62	to 64	Ditto, boilers .	41	to 44
Ditto, new . .	42	to 48	Small Beans, new	40	to 44
White, old .	70	to 76	Ditto, old . .	42	to 47
Fine ditto . .	54	to 62	Tick ditto, new	33	to 38
Superfine ditto	66	to 70	Ditto, old . .	38	to 43
Ditto, new .	48	to 52	Feed oats . .	21	to 24
Rye	34	to 40	Fine ditto . .	25	to 27
Barley, new .	31	to 33	Poland ditto .	23	to 24
Fine ditto . .	34	to 36	Fine ditto . .	26	to 29
Superfine ditto	37	to 39	Potato ditto .	25	to 28
Malt	53	to 56	Fine ditto . .	24	to 31
Fine	58	to 62	Scotch . . .	32	to 33
Hog Pease .	35	to 37	Flour, per sack	55	to 60
Maple . . .	38	to 40	Ditto, seconds	50	to 55

Seeds, &c.

	s.	*s.*	*d.*		*s.*	*s.*	*d.*
Must. White, .	7	to 12	0,	Hempseed .	—	to —	0
— Brown, new	10	to 16	0	Linseed, crush.	38	to 48	0
Tares, per bsh.	3	to 4	6	— Ditto, Feed	47	to 51	0
Sanfoin, per qr.	42	to 46	0	Rye Grass, .	22	to 37	0
Turnips, bsh.	6	to 10	0	Ribgrass, . .	40	to 60	0
— Red & green	—	to —	0	Clover, red cwt.	30	to 98	0
— Yellow,	0	to 0	0	— White . . .	57	to 94	0
Caraway, cwt.	42	to 50	0	Coriander . .	7	6 to 10	0
Canary, per qr.	58	to 65	0	Trefoil	6	0 to 22	0

Rape Seed, per last, £21 to £24, 0*s.*

Liverpool, July 6.

	s.	*d.*	*s.*	*d.*
Wheat, per 70 lb.				
Eng. new	9	5 to	10	6
Old	9	5 to	10	0
Waterford	7	6 to	8	3
Drogheda	7	9 to	8	6
Dublin	7	6 to	8	0
Scotch old	8	6 to	10	6
Irish old .	7	6 to	8	6
Bonded .	4	6 to	5	6
Barley, per 60 lbs.				
Eng. new	5	4 to	5	6
Scotch . .	4	8 to	5	0
Irish . .	4	3 to	4	10
Oats, per 45 lb.				
Eng. new	3	10 to	4	0
Irish do. .	3	6 to	3	9
Scotch pots.	3	9 to	4	0
Rye, per qr.	42	0 to	44	0
Malt per b.	8	0 to	8	9
—Middling	8	0 to	8	6
Beans, per q.				
English .	42	0 to	46	0
Irish . .	38	0 to	42	0
Rapeseed, p.l.	£0	to	£0	
Pease, grey	32	0 to	40	0
—White .	40	0 to	42	0
Flour, English,				
p. 240 lb. fine	30	0 to	52	0
Irish, 2ds	46	0 to	50	0

	s.	*d.*	*s.*	*d.*
Amer. p. 196 lb.				
Sweet, U.S.	22	0 to	23	0
Do. in bond	—	0 to	—	0
Sour free .	—	0 to	—	0
Oatmeal, per 240 lb.				
English . .	35	0 to	38	0
Scotch . .	29	0 to	38	0
Irish . . .	29	0 to	38	0
Bran, p. 24 lb.	1	4 to	1	5

Butter, Beef, &c.

	s.	*d.*	*s.*	*d.*
Butter, p. cwt.				
Belfast, new	91	0 to	92	0
Newry . .	87	0 to	88	0
Waterford .	81	0 to	82	0
Cork, pic. 2d,	80	0 to	—	0
3d dry	72	0 to	—	0
Beef, p. tierce.				
— Mess . .	68	0 to	72	0
— p. barrel	46	0 to	50	0
Pork, p. bl.				
— Mess . .	70	0 to	75	0
— Middl. .	66	0 to	68	0
Bacon, p. cwt.				
Short mids.	52	0 to	54	0
Sides . .	48	0 to	50	0
Hams, dry,	50	0 to	56	0
Green . .	38	0 to	42	0
Lard, rd. p.c.	42	0 to	—	0

Weekly Price of Stocks, from 1st to 22d June 1824.

	1st.	8th.	15th.	22d.
Bank stock,	229½ 233	237½ 8½	237¾ 8	237½
3 per cent. reduced,	93½ 4	94⅛	94⅛	94⅛ ⅛
3 per cent. consols,	93⅝ 4⅛			
3½ per cent. consols,	100⅛ ⅜	101¼	101	101¼ ⅜
4 per cent. consols,	100⅛ ⅜	108⅞	100⅞ 101	101⅛ 101
New 4 per cent. consols,	106¾ 7¼			
India stock,	294½ 5½			
—— bonds,	69 74 pr.	72 73 pr.	77 79 pr.	82 80 pr.
Exchequer bills,	19 27 pr.	35 31 pr.	30 38 pr.	27 19 pr.
Exchequer bills, sm.		33	33 38 26	
Consols for acc.	94⅛ 5⅛ pr.	95⅛ ⅛	95⅛ ⅛	95⅛ ⅛
Long Annuities,	22 3-16		22⅛	22⅛ ⅛
French 5 per cents.	103f. 50c.	104f.	103f.	103f. 40c.

Course of Exchange, July 6.—Amsterdam, 12 : 1. *C. F.* Ditto at sight, 11 : 18. Rotterdam, 12 : 2. Antwerp, 12 : 4. Hamburgh, 37 : 3. Altona, 37 : 4. Paris, 3 d. sight, 25 : 50. Ditto 25 : 80. Bourdeaux, 25 : 80. Frankfort on the Maine, 155½. Petersburgh, per rble. 9 : 3. *Us.* Berlin, 7 : 10. Vienna, 10 : 5. *Eff. flo.* Trieste, 10 : 5. *Eff. flo.* Madrid, 36¾. Cadiz, 35½. Bilboa, 35¾. Barcelona, 35½. Seville, 35½. Gibraltar, 30½. Leghorn, 47½. Genoa, 44. Venice, 27 : 0. Naples, 38. Palermo, 115½. Lisbon, 50¾. Oporto, 50½. Rio Janeiro, 48½. Bahia, 49½. Dublin, 9½. per cent. Cork, 9½ per cent.

Prices of Gold and Silver, per oz.—Foreign gold, in bars, £3 : 17 : 6d. New Doubloons, £3 : 14 : 9d. New Dollars, 4s. 9½d. Silver in bars, stand. 4s. 11¼d.

PRICES CURRENT, *July* 10.

SUGAR, Muse.	LEITH.	GLASGOW.	LIVERPOOL.	LONDON.
B. P. Dry Brown, . cwt.	57 to 60	54 56	52 53	53 54
Mid. good, and fine mid.	61 64	60 62	58 65	55 61
Fine and very fine, . .	74 80	— —	70 72	67 71
Refined Doub. Loaves, .	102 115	— —	— —	— —
Powder ditto, . . .	— —	— —	— —	80 90
Single ditto, . . .	90 104	87 100	— —	— —
Small Lumps, ...	84 88	82 84	— —	— —
Large ditto, ...	82 —	78 80	— —	— —
Crushed Lumps, . . .	33 38	— —	— —	— —
MOLASSES, British, cwt.	25 25 6	23 9 24	25 26	26 27
COFFEE, Jamaica, . cwt.	50 60	— —	40 60	50 54
Ord. good, and fine ord.	60 80	59 76	57 72	55 59
Mid. good, and fine mid.	80 100	80 95	73 96	75 104
Dutch Triage and very ord.	— —	— —	50 68	— —
Ord. good, and fine ord.	— —	59 76	67 78	— —
Mid. good, and fine mid.	— —	— —	80 97	— —
St Domingo, ...	122 126	— —	60 62	61 64
Pimento (in Bond,) . . .	9 10	7¾ 8	7 7	— —
SPIRITS,				
Jam. Rum, 16 O. P. gall.	2s 0 —	1s 11d 2s 0	1s 11d 2s 0d	1s 7d 1s 10
Brandy, ...	3 0 3 6	— —	— —	2 6 2 9
Geneva, ...	2 0 2 3	— —	— —	1 9 0 0
Grain Whisky, . . .	4 6 4 9	— —	— —	— —
WINES,				
Claret, 1st Growths, hhd.	40 55	— —	— —	£48 £50
Portugal Red, pipe,	32 44	— —	— —	— —
Spanish White, butt,	51 55	— —	— —	— —
Teneriffe, pipe,	27 29	— —	— —	22 28
Madeira, ...	40 0	— —	— —	— —
LOGWOOD, Jam. ton,	£10 0	8 0 8 10	£8 5 8 15	£7 10 8 0
Honduras, ...	— —	— —	8 10 9 0	7 15 8 5
Campeachy, ...	8 —	— —	9 5 9 10	9 0 10 0
FUSTIC, Jamaica, . .	7 8	— —	8 10 8 15	6 0 8 0
Cuba, ...	9 11	— —	10 0 10 10	9 10 0
INDIGO, Caracccas fine, lb.	10s 11s 6	— —	9s 0 10s 6	12 0 15 0
TIMBER, Amer. Pine, foot.	2 4 2 6	— —	— —	— —
Ditto Oak, ...	2 9 3 3	— —	— —	— —
Christiansand (dut. paid,)	2 2 2 7	— —	— —	— —
Honduras Mahogany, .	1 0 1 6	1 3 1 4	0 11 1 2	0 10 1 0
St Domingo, ditto, . .	1 6 3 6	1 6 3 0	1 7 2 10	1 9 2 0
TAR, American, brl.	19 20	— —	15 0 16 0	13 0 14 0
Archangel, ...	17 0 17 6	— —	— —	16 6 18 0
PITCH, Foreign, cwt.	10 11	— —	— —	11 0 —
TALLOW, Rus. Yel. Cand.	35 6 —	37 —	36 6 —	34 9 —
Home melted, ...	36 —	— —	— —	29 0 —
HEMP, Polish Rhine, ton,	41 —	— —	— —	£38 0 40
Petersburgh, Clean, . .	37 —	38 —	39 40	35 0 35 10
FLAX,				
Riga Thies. & Druj. Rak.	50 51	— —	— —	£51 53
Dutch, ...	50 75	— —	— —	46 54
Irish, ...	33 50	— —	— —	— —
MATS, Archangel, . .	— 105	— —	— —	— —
BRISTLES,				
Petersburgh Firsts, cwt.	17 —	— —	— —	14 —
ASHES, Peters. Pearl, . .	40 —	— —	— —	38 —
Montreal, ditto, . .	41 —	40 41	38 6 39	41 6 42
Pot, . . .	36 —	36 —	34 6 —	41 42
OIL, Whale, . tun,	20 —	21 22	— —	20 20 10
Cod, ...	— —	— —	— —	19 —
TOBACCO, Virgin. fine, lb.	7 7½	7¼ 7½	0 5½ 0 8	0 7 0
Middling, ...	5½ 6½	5½ 6½	0 3½ 0 5	4 5
Inferior, ...	4 5	4 4½	0 2 0 2½	0 2½ 2¾
COTTONS, Bowed Georg.	— —	0 7½ 0 9½	0 8 0 9½	8 9
Sea Island, fine, .	— —	1 4 1 6	1 3 1 5	1 0 1 9
Good, . . .	— —	1 2 1 5	1 0½ 1 2	— —
Middling, . .	— —	1 1 1 1½	1 0½ 1 2	— 8 1 0
Demerara and Berbice,	— —	0 10 1 0	0 10½ 1 0½	0 10½ 1 0½
West India, . . .	— —	0 9 0 10	0 7½ 10	0 8 10
Pernambuco, . .	— —	0 10½ 0 11½	0 11½ 1 0	0 11 —
Maranham, . . .	— —	0 10½ 0 11	0 10½ 0 11½	— —

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE, *extracted from the Register kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Calton-hill.*

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock, forenoon, and four o'clock, afternoon.—The second Observation in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

	Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.	
June 1	A. 42	29.890	A. 58	SW.	Fair, sunsh.
	M.55	30.103	M.59		and warm.
2	A. 45	.225	A. 63	Cble.	Fair, sunsh.
	M.55	.131	M.63		very warm.
3	A. 39½	.142	A. 65	NW.	Fair, dull
	M.60	.176	M.67		mid. of day.
4	A. 49	.252	A. 69	Cble.	Ditto.
	M.62	.229	M.64		
5	A. 44	.22½	A. 62	E.	Morn. foggy,
	M.51	.225	M.60		day sunsh.
6	A. 43½	.142	A. 58	Cble.	Foren. sunsh
	M.49	29.965	M.59		even. foggy.
7	A. 42	.907	A. 64	W.	Morn. foggy,
	M.58	.907	M.66		day sunsh.
8	A. 48½	.907	A. 70	Cble.	Sunsh. foren.
	M.59	.910	M.63		dull aft. cold.
9	A. 43	.850	A. 60	E.	Morn. cold,
	M.51	.830	M.69		day sunsh.
10	A. 44	.880	A. 56	E.	Rather dull,
	M.49	.932	M.55		very cold.
11	A. 39	.968	A. 56	NE.	Day cold and
	M.49	.985	M.55		dull.
12	A. 39	.925	A. 59	Cble.	Fair, with
	M.52	.892	M.58		sunshine.
13	A. 39	.812	A. 59	Cble.	Foren. suns.
	M.54	.560	M.62		dull aftern.
14	A. 43	.37½	A. 58	E.	Rain morn.
	M.50	.256	M.53		and aftern.
15	A. 37½	.279	A. 53	E.	Dull morn.
	M.51	.475	M.53		sh. rain aftr.
June 16	A. 44	29.587	A. 57	E.	Dull, and
	M.52	.605	M.56		cold.
17	A. 43	.769	A. 54	E.	Foren. dull,
	M.48	.794	M.57		sunsh. aftern.
18	A. 39	.810	A. 61	NE.	Morn. dull,
	M.55	.648	M.60		day sunsh.
19	A. 38	.450	A. 62	E.	Foren. sunsh.
	M.54	.503	M.57		dull aftern.
20	A. 45	.503	A. 58	E.	Rather cold
	M.52	.285	M.55		and dull.
21	A. 42	.302	A. 55	E.	Dull, with
	M.52	.338	M.57		slight shrs.
22	A. 43½	.389	A. 60	E.	Dull morn.
	M.55	.408	M.56		day sunsh.
23	A. 44	.372	A. 58	NE.	Dull, but
	M.54	.340	M.56		fair.
24	A. 43	.525	A. 54	NE.	Morn. is rain.
	M.51	.575	M.57		day fair.
25	A. 46	.585	A. 61	Cble.	Day fair, dull
	M.52	.529	M.61		rain evening.
26	A. 45	.692	A. 62	Cble.	Rain morn.
	M.58	.699	M.63		and aftern.
27	A. 45½	.715	A. 61	SE.	Warm, with
	M.60	.628	M.61		showers rain.
28	A. 49	.602	A. 64	SE.	Morn. rain,
	M.60	.570	M.63		sunsh. aftern.
29	A. 50	.429	A. 62	SE.	Showers rain
	M.62	.275	M.64		during day.
30	A. 47	.317	A. 61	SW.	Fair, with
	M.61	.312	M.61		sunshine.

Average of Rain, 2.109 Inches.

ALPHABETICAL LIST of ENGLISH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 20th of May, and 20th of June, 1824; extracted from the London Gazette.

Ashbon, T. Canton-place, Poplar, underwriter.
Austin, C. Luton, Bedfordshire, banker.
Austin, J. B. Cheapside, druggist.
Beale, C. Salisbury, oilman.
Bird, W. Liverpool, merchant.
Bliss, E. Freeman's-court, Cornhill, scrivener.
Booth, P. Gee Cross, Cheshire, cotton-spinner.
Bulmer, G. D. Liverpool, money-scrivener.
Campion, R. Horsleydown, cooper.
Castell, J. Blackman-street, Newington, wire-worker.
Claudfield, P. Monckton, Pembrokeshire, auctioneer.
Clark, R. and J. Jobling, jun. Trinity-square, coal-factors.
Courteen, R. Size-lane, dealer.
Courthorpe, T. Rotherhithe, boat-builder.
Crooke. W. Burnley, Lancashire, iron-merchant.
Drabwell, J. Great Russell-street, victualler.
Drew, T. Exeter, linen-draper.
Duke, J. Basinghall-street, warehouseman.
Edwards, G. and T. Hoggart, St John's-street, West Smithfield, stationers.
Edwards, W. Bleinham-street, merchant.
Evans, W. Albany-terrace, Old Kent-road, merchant.
Everitt, J. Stamford Baron, horse-dealer.
Fairmaner, J. Alfred-mews, Tottenham-court road, horse-dealer.
Fatton, F. Maddox-street, Bond-street, watch-maker.
Finch, R. and J. Ensham, Oxfordshire, glovers.
Fishwick, W. Habergham, Eaves, Lancashire, timber-merchant.
Gaskell, F. Glossip, Derbyshire, cotton-spinner.
Giani, A. New Cavendish-street, music-publisher.
Gibson, R. J. P. Great Bell Alley, merchant.
Griffiths, W. Beaumaris, currier.
Hale, W. Church-street, Spitalfields, cabinet-maker.
Hall, W. Layton's-building, Southwark, merchant.
Halliwell, W. Bunhill-row, hatter.
Harrison, S. New Sleaford, Lincolnshire, mercer.
Hiffernan, J. N. Alphington, Devonshire, starch-manufacturer.
Hill, J. Carlisle, mercer.
Hilder, J. Lime-street, victualler.
Holmes, T. Nottingham, corn-factor.
Hooman, J. Great Queen-street, Lincoln's-Inn-fields, carpet-manufacturer.
Humble, J. Manchester, shopkeeper.
Huntris, W. Northowram, Yorkshire, cotton-spinner.
Jackson, E. York, goldsmith.
James, Cath. Horsham, innkeeper.
Jameson, W. Panerns-lane, provision-merchant.
Joyce, H. S. and J. Fresford, Somersetshire, and T. Joyce, Bucklersbury, clothiers.
Kain, F. Fore-street, Limehouse, coal-merchant
Lewis, J. Bristol, grocer.
M'Carthy, D. Shadwell, coal-merchant.
M'Kenzie, A. Lime-street, merchant.
Makepeace, H. Bristol, coach-maker.
Marshham, M. Trowbridge, clothier.
Meybruch, F. Old Cavendish-street, tailor.
Moore, J. Bristol, timber-merchant.
Moore, J. sen. Burnley, Lancashire, cotton-spinner.
Nalsh, J. Bristol, auctioneer.

Noyes, J. Tooley-street, oilman.
Pacey, T. Lincoln, mariner.
Parke, J. Liverpool, druggist.
Pine, T. and E. Davis, Maidstone, millers.
Pomeroy, R. jun. Brixham, Devonshire, banker.
Prestwidge, S. Drury-lane, grocer.
Purchase, S. Yeovil, draper.
Raney, S. Whitehaven, banker.
Rawlings, R. and J. Frome Selwood, Somersetshire, card-makers.
Roberts, J. Cheltenham, coal-merchant.
Rossiter, T. Bristol, bottle-liquor merchant.
Sanders, T. A. Penkridge, surgeon.
Sherwin, J. and J. Drane, Gould-square, Crutched Friars, comb-makers.
Sheriff, W. Liverpool, dealer.
Skaife, J. S. Tokenhouse-yard, hatter.
Smith, J. Church-passage, Fenchurch-street, money-scrivener.
Smith, T. Chepstow, cabinet-maker.
Smith, F. B. A. and D. Old Trinity-house, cornfactors.
Smyth, T. Exeter, bookseller.
Spofforth, R. jun. Howden, Yorkshire, scrivener.
Stephenson, C. V. Liverpool, linen-draper.
Symond's, N. W. Crutched Friars, merchant.
Thompson, J. Birmingham, victualler.
Thropp, J. Tooley-street, victualler.
Todd, E. Charleton, Lancashire, cotton-spinner.
Tode, C. P. Regent-street, St James's, watch-maker.
Vankempen, P. Wapping-wall, brewer.
Warnford, F. Wakefield, tea-dealer.
Waterhouse, C. Bridgnorth, druggist.
Wells, T. Union-street, Southwark, hat-manufacturer.
Whitaker, J. St Paul's Church-yard, music-seller.
Whitbread, W. South-end, linen-draper.
White, W. B. Strand, linen-draper.
Wilcox, O. Tottenham court-road, butcher.
Williams, E. Fenchurch-street, wine-merchant.
Wilson, R. Turnham green, draper.
Wilson, R. Tooley-street, victualler.
Wylde, J. Macclesfield, victualler.

Alphabetical List of Scotch Bankruptcies, announced between the 1st and 31st of June, 1824, extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

Air, William, merchant in Coldstream.
Bell, James, fish-merchant in Perth.
Grant, Lewis, bookseller in Inverness.
Gray, John, grain-merchant, coal-merchant, and miller, at present residing at Comedy, in the Barony parish of Glasgow.
Gutzmer, Anthony Henry, founder, Leith Walk.
Harper, Alexander, shawl-manufacturer in Kilmarnock.
Huie, James Leith, bookseller and publisher in Edinburgh.
Lee and Myars, jewellers, auctioneers, and general agents in Glasgow.
Macdonald, John Hall, merchant in Falkirk.
M'Lean, William and Son, late merchants in Edinburgh.
Paul, James and William, distillers and merchants in Stirling.
Taylor, Patrick, spirit-dealer in Auchtermuchty.
Thomson and Goodsir, muslin and lace-merchants in Edinburgh.
Urquhart, George, brewer, distiller, and general dealer, Inverness.
Wilson, Thomas, vintner at Beattock Bridge.

DIVIDENDS.

Finlay, Thomas, late builder in Elie, Fife; a dividend after 11th July.
Knox, John, and Sons, cotton-yarn merchants in Glasgow; a final dividend after 12th July.
M'Latchie, George, shoe-maker in Edinburgh; a dividend after 8th July.
Ramsay, Smith, Graham, and Company, merchants in Glasgow; a final dividend 22d June.
Watt, Thomas, and Company, merchants and warehousemen in Glasgow; a dividend after 6th July.

APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

Brevet. Capt. Colthurst, 97 F. Maj. in the Army 12 Aug. 1819.
R. H. Gds. *Hon.* G. W. Forester, Cor. by p. vice *Sir* R. Hill, ret. 27 May, 1824.
2 Dr. Gds. F. C. Griffiths, Cor. by p. vice Duncombe, Gren. Gds. 17 June
6 Lt. Hume, from 15 Dr. Capt. by p. vice Langley, ret. 10 do.
7 Dr. Ens. Edwards, from 46 F. Cor. vice Aird, h. p. 10 F. do.
Capt. Shirley, Maj. by p. vice Keane, prom. 17 do.
Lt. Williams, Capt. do.
Cornet Pringle, Lt. do.
15 Cor. Garnier, Lt. by p. vice Hume, 6 Dr. C. 17 June, 1824.
H. T. *Lord* Pelham, Cor. do.
Gren. Gds. Cor. Duncombe, from 2 Dr. Gds. Ens. and Lt. by p. vice Douglas, prom. do.
1 F. Lt. Smith, from h. p. 27 F. Lt. vice Hafter cancelled 27 May.
4 Lt. Irving, Capt. by p. v. Spink, 92 F. 3 June.
Ens. Headly, Lt. do.
D. W. I. L'Ardy do.
10 Capt. Vandeleur from 3 Vet. Bn. Capt. vice Blane, 90 F. do.
11 Ass. Surg. Chermside, from h. p. Vet. Bn. Ass. Surg. vice Stewart, Afr. Corps do.
16 Capt. Kemp, from 55 F. Capt. vice Straker, h. p. York Chass. 27 May.
18 Bt. Lt. Col. Gorrequer, Maj. by p. vice Percival, ret. 10 June
Lt. French, Capt. do.
21 Hosp. As. Ewing, As. Surg. vice Freer, removed from the Service 3 do.
27 Lt. M'Pherson, Capt. vice Waldron, dead 25 Mar.
Ens. Carrol, Lt. do.
J. F. Lonsdale, Ens. 27 May.
37 Lt. Dyer, Adj. vice Lange, res. Adj. do.
40 Capt. Moore, from h. p. 40 F. Paym. vice Phillips, dismissed 10 June.
46 W. Edwards, Ens. vice Swetonham, res. 3 do.
Ens. Keiley, from h. p. 10 F. Ens. vice Edwards, 7 Dr. 10 do.
48 Ens. M'Kenzie, from h. p. Afr. Corps, Ens. vice Grant, 58 F. 27 May.
54 Lt. Moore, from h. p. 71 F. Lt. vice Hawkins, 91 F. 20 do.
55 Capt. Verity, from h. p. York Chass. Capt. vice Kemp, 16 F. 27 do.
58 Ens. Grant, from 48 F. Ens. vice Lett, h. p. Afr. Corps do.
60 Hosp. As. Lamond, As. Surg. vice Melvin, prom. do.
Lt. Tempest, from 98 F. Lt. vice Cornwall, 76 F. 19 June.
62 Ens. Lane, Lt. by p. vice Butler, ret. 27 May.
J. W. Fisher, Ens. do.

63 Capt. Hill, from h. p. 28 F. Capt. vice Lynch, 5 Vet. Bt. 5 June.
Lt. Jordan, Adj. vice Dupont, res. Adj. 20 May.
Surg. Bohan, from h. p. 23 F. Surg. vice Macnish, h. p. do.
Lt. Forster, from h. p. Rifle Br. Paymaster, vice Jones, dismissed 10 June.
71 Lt. Pennington, from late 5 Vet. Bn. Paym. vice Mackenzie, h. p. 20 May.
Qua. Mast. Serj. Agnew, Qua. Mast. vice Herring, ret. on full pay 17 June.
76 Lt. Cornwall, from 60 F. Lt. vice Grubbe, h. p. 74 F. 10 do.
90 Capt. Blane, from 10 F. Capt. vice Bt. Maj. Williamson, h. p. 28 F. 3 do.
Ass. Surg. Whitney, from 85 F. Surg. vice Morrison, dead 17 do.
91 Lt. Hawkins, from 54 F. Lt. vice Berkeley, h. p. 71 F. 20 May.
97 Surg. Conolly, from h. p. 5 W. I. R. Surg. 17 June.
98 Capt. D. Campbell, from h. p. 94 F. Capt. vice Fox, cancelled 27 do.
Lt. Freebrain, from h. p. 74 F. Lt. vice Tempest, 60 F. 10 June.
Lt. Dunlevie, from h. p. 65 F. Paym. do.
99 Surg. Hibbert, from h. p. York L. I. V. Surg. 17 do.
Rifle Brig. 1st Lt. Felix, Capt. by p. vice Travers, ret. 20 May.
2d Lt. Irton, 1st Lt. do.
H. F. Beckwith, 2d Lt. do.
1 Vet. Bn. Capt. Scott, from h. p. 26 F. Capt. vice Strangeways, ret. list. 27 do.
3 Bt. Maj. Lynch, from 63 F. Capt. vice Vandeleur, 10 F. 3 June.
Ens. Douglas, from h. p. 2 Gar. Bn. Ens. vice Boreham, ret. list do.

Unattached.

Maj. Keane from 7 Dr. Lt. Col. of Inf. by p. Lt. Gen. Stovin, ret. 17 do.

Staff.

Lt. Nun, from 59 F. Staff Adj. vice Gourlay, dead 27 May, 1824.

Hospital Staff.

Ass. Surg. Stewart, from h. p. 38 F. Ass. Surg. vice Hosp. Ass. Chambers, 64 F. 20 May, 1824.
——— M'Leod, from h. p. 78 F. do. vice Hosp. Ass. M'Niece, dead 25 do.
——— Caldwell, from h. p. 31 F. do. vice Lamonde, 60 F. 25 June.
Hosp. Ass. Morgan, do. do.
J. Young, Hosp. Ass. vice Blair, dead 18 do.

Exchanges.

Lt. Col. *Sir* T. N. Hill, *KCB.* from Gren. Gds. with Lt. Col. Ellison, h. p. Unatt.
——— Cassidy, from 1 W. I. R. with Lt. Col. Browne, h. p. 6 W. I. R.
Major Sweney, from 1 Dr. G. rec. diff. with Major Delancy, h. p. 2 Ceylon Regt.
——— Nicolls, from 96 F. with Major White, h. p 24 F.
Bt. Lt. Col. *Sir* T. Reade, from 27 F. with Capt. Franklyn, h. p. 24 F.
Capt. Paterson, from 8 Dr. with Capt. Knight, 63 F.
——— Dashwood, from Gren. Gds. with Capt. Douglas, h. p. Unatt.
Lieut. Deacon, from 16 F. with Lieut. Murray, Ceylon Regt.
——— Warren, from 41 F. with Lieut Logan, Rifle Brig.
——— Ashe, from 41 F. with Lieut. Barnes, 65 F.
——— Giffard, from 92 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Forbes, h. p. 18 F.
Capt. Harvey, from Cape Corps (Inf.) with Lieut. Ross, h. p. 60 F.
Ensign Nixon, from 44 F. with Ensign Dodgin, 66 F.
——— Kellet from 48 F. with Ensign Smith, h. p. 24 F.
Paym. Chitty, from 2 Dr. G. with Capt. Hay, h. p. 43 F.
Surg. Shorland, from 31 F. with Surg. Callow, 96 F.
——— Jones, from 44 F. with Surg. Daunt, 58 F.
Assist. Surg. Campbell, from Rifle Brig. with Assist. Surg. Armstrong, h. p.
Hosp. Assist. Farmer, with Hosp. Assist. Blackwood, h. p.

Resignations and Retirements.

Lieut. Gen. Stovin, from 17 F.
Maj. Percival, 18 F.
Capt. Langley, 6 Dr. G.
——— Travers, Rifle Brig.
Lieut. Butler, 62 F.
Cort. *Sir* R. Hill, R. Horse Gds.
Ens. Sweetenham, 46 F.

Appointments Cancelled.

Capt. Fox, 98 F.
Lieut. Rafter 1 F.
——— Lieut. Ker, 30 F.

Removed from the Service.

Assist. Surg. Freer, 21 F.

Deaths.

Gen. J. Murray, of late 96 F. Paris.
Lieut. Gen. Farley, late of 68 F.
Major Gen. Du Plat, h. p. late Germ. Leg. Hanover, 19 March, 24.
Lieut. Col. Johnston, h. p. Corsican Ra. 24.
——— Lee, Roy. Mar. Chatham, May.
Capt. Mackay, 48 F. Sydney, New South Wales, 2 Dec. 23.
——— L'Estrange, R. Af. Col. Corps, in Africa, from excessive fatigue, 24 March, 1824.
——— Quentin, h. p. 2 Dr. Germ. Leg. Hanover, 20 May.
Lieut. Bourke, 7 F. 7 June, 1824.
——— Cuthbertson, 48 F. drowned at Macquarrie Harbour, Van Dieman's Land, 24 Dec. 1823.
——— Roy, 69 F. Wallajahbad, Madras, 24 Jan. 1824.
——— Mallet, late Invalids, Plymouth, 1 June.
——— Watt, late 3 Vet. Bn. Jersey, 4 do.
——— Ingleby, h. p. 1 Dr. Lancaster, 10 April, 1824
——— K. Campbell, h. p. 74 F. Inverness, 29 March.
Pyne, h. p. 2 Gar. Bn. Dublin, 22 Jan.
Noble, h. p. 95. F. Rothsay, 24 April.
Cauchi, h. p. R. Reg. of Malta, France, 15 Jan.
Ordioni, h. p. Corsican Rang. Corsica, 23 Sept. 1823.
De Vaux, h. p. Chass. Britan. Nantes, 23 Feb. 1824.
Mackenzie, h. p. 4 Lt. Dr. Ger. Legion, drowned at Hanover, 9 June, 1824.
Ensign Woodburn, 65 F. 1 Feb. 1824.
——— Lisle, 43 F. Trincomalee, Ceylon, 26 Nov. 1823.
——— Cumming, late 3 Vet. Bn. Edinburgh, 23 May, 1824.
——— Macpherson, do. Stromness, Orkney, 2 June.
——— Newman, h. p. 40 F. 22 Feb. 1822.
Bornemann, h. p. 8 Line Germ. Leg. Frankfort, 15 April, 1824.
Adjutant Perry, h. p. 21. Dr. 22 May.
Quar.-Mast. Paul, 87 F. on board the Abberton Indiaman, 14 Feb. 1824.
——— Holmes, late of Coldst. Gds. Holloway, 18 April.
——— Coleman, h. p. 4 Dr. Gds. Carlow, Ireland, 5 do.
——— Hill, h. p. Depots, 23 Feb.

Medical Department.

Staff Surg. M'Glashan, h. p. Glasgow, May, 1824.
——— Power, h. p. Bere Island, 18 April.
——— Surg. Dr. Wharrie, Ceylon, 8 Jan.
——— Hoatson, Ceylon Regt. Ceylon, 7 Nov. 1823.

Staff Surg. Dr Menzies, h. p. 21 Dr. India, 25 Dec.
—— Meyer, h. p. For. Vet. Bn. France, 5 Nov.
Apoth. Fox, h. p. May, 1824.
—— Price, h. p. London, do.
Hosp. Assist. Pieton, Africa, 5 March.

Chaplains Department.

Rev. Archdeacon Gwen, Chaplain General to the Forces, 4 June 1824.

Killed, Wounded, and Missing of the Regular Force in Action with the Ashantees on 21st January, 1824, in the West Wassaw Country, Cape Coast Castle, West Coast of Africa.

KILLED.

Brig. Gen. *Sir* Charles M'Carthy, wounded, taken prisoner, and afterwards killed.

WOUNDED (*slightly.*)

Captain Ricketts, 2 W. I. R. Maj. of Brig.
Ensign Erskine, R. African Colonial Corps.

MISSING, *and supposed to have been afterwards killed.*

Ensign Wetherell, 2 W. I. R.
Dr Beresford Tedlie, Surg. of 2 W. I. R.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

June 2, At Queen Street, the lady of E. W. H. Schenley, Esq. of a daughter.

5. At Portobello, the Countess of Kintore, of a daughter.

— At Grandholm Cottage, the lady of Lieut.-Colonel Lindsay, 78th Highlanders, of a daughter.

7. At Edinburgh, the lady of John Hay, Esq. of the East India Company's service, of a daughter.

— At Craigie Manse, Mrs Dr Stirling, of a daughter.

9. At Links Place, Leith, Mrs Donaldson, of a son.

10. The lady of Warren Hastings Sands, Esq. writer to the signet, of a son.

— Mrs Jolly, 20, Windsor Street, of a daughter.

11. At Greenhead, Glasgow, the lady of Captain T. D. Stewart of the Bengal Cavalry, of a son.

12. At Edinburgh, Mrs Johnstone, Albany Street, of a son.

13. At Park House, Kent, the lady of Sir Henry R. Calder, Bart. of a son.

15. In Lower Mount Street, Dublin, the Hon. Mrs James Caulfield, royal navy, of a son.

16. Mrs Borthwick, 83, George Street, of a son.

17. At Edinburgh, Mrs Snells, of a daughter.

19. At Rafford Manse, Mrs Mackay, of a daughter.

20. At North Berwick, Mrs Hawthorn, of a son.

— In Hill Street, Mrs William Colin Clarke, of a daughter.

— At Park Place, Edinburgh, Mrs Grant of Congalton, of a son and heir.

— Mrs Richard Mackenzie, Abercromby Place, of a daughter.

22. Mrs Cook, Northumberland Street, of a son.

23. In Charlotte Square, the Hon. Mrs Duncan, of a son.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Stewart, of Glenormiston, of a son.

24. At his house, at the Admiralty, the lady of Sir George Clerk, Bart. M.P. of a son.

25. At Findrassie House, Mrs Leslie, of Findrassie, of a son.

26. At Dundee, Mrs Mylne, of Mylnefield, of a daughter.

27. At Portobello, the lady of Donald Charles Cameron, Esq. of a son.

28. At Logie, the lady of the Hon. Donald Ogilvy, of Clova, of a son.

— Mrs Dr Christie, 13, Calton Street, of a son.

30. In Northumberland Street, the lady of George Brodie, Esq. advocate, of a son.

— Mrs Lang of Broomhill, of a son.

Lately, At the Upper Lodge, Bushy Park, the lady of Colonel Fitzclarence, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

Nov. 12, 1823. At Masulipatam, Captain Kyd, of the Madras European regiment, to Mary Anne, daughter of George Rose, Esq. of Crookham, Newbury.

Dec. 22. At Nusseerabad, William Seton Charters, Esq. M.D. of the Bengal Medical Establishment, to Louisa Scott, youngest daughter of the late George Smith, Esq. of Canton.

March 29, 1824, At the Cape of Good Hope, Major Thomas Webster, of Balgarvie, in the service of the Hon. East India Company, to Agnes, daughter of the late John Ross, Esq. Meadow Place, Edinburgh.

May 31. Philip Anglin, Esq. M. D. of the island of Jamaica, to Catharine Margaret, eldest daughter of the late Col. John Robertson.

23. In the Isle of Wight, John George Campbell, Esq. lieutenant in the 32d regiment of foot, and youngest son of the late Colonel John Campbell of Shawfield, to Ellen, fourth daughter of Sir Fitzwilliam Barrington, Bart. of Swainston, in the Isle of Wight.

25. At Banff, George Craigie, Esq. M. D. of the Bengal medical service, to Jane, only daughter of John Wilson, Esq.

June 1. At Burntsfield Place, William Bowden, Esq. of Hull, to Margaret Sawers, eldest daughter of Archibald Anderson, Esq.

— At Edinburgh, Dr James Kellie, physician in Dunbar, to Mary, second daughter of the late Mr George Wauchope.

— At Libberton Place, Mr Thomas Torrance, farmer, Meadow Head, to Margaret, daughter of Mr Bagrie, farmer, Miller Hill.

— At Craighead, James Chrystal, Esq. jun. writer in Stirling, to Patricia Bennet, daughter of Robert Banks, Esq. of Craighead.

— At Drumpellier, Lieutenant John Hay, R.N. to Marion, eldest daughter of David Carrick Buchannan, Esq. of Drumpellier.

2. In Gayfield Square, David Arthur Davies, Esq. surgeon, Llanally, to Spencer Boyd, eldest daughter of Andrew Slevwright, Esq. merchant, Edinburgh.

4. At Edinburgh, Mr John Waddell, Shoemaker, to Elizabeth, second daughter of Mr Lauchlan Wilkie, flesher, Musselburgh.

7. At Tunbridge Wells, William Thomas Thornton, Esq. to Hannah Isabella Cornelia, eldest daughter of the late Colonel Halket Craigie, of Hallhill in the county of Fife.

8. At No. 10, Dublin Street, Mr Alexander Huie, to Eliza Gordon, second daughter of John Edgar, Esq. surgeon, Berwick-upon-Tweed.

— At Haddington, Mr John Richardson, writer, to Margaret, second daughter of the late Mr Hay Walker, Haddington.

— At Perth, Mr Henry Russell, merchant, Duntermline, to Margaret, fourth daughter of the late Mr George Gray.

— At Glasgow, Mr John Honeyman, merchant, Glasgow, to Isabella, eldest daughter of the late Mr Patrick Smith.

9. At Windsor Street, Leith Walk, Mr John Connell, merchant, to Miss Elizabeth Johnson.

11. At Warriston Crescent, David Cannan, Esq. surgeon, to Mary Stewart, eldest daughter of John Reid, Esq.

12. At Edinburgh, A. T. Smith, Esq. surgeon,

Kirkaldy to Mary Anne, daughter of James Burn, Esq. manufacturer, Edinburgh.

15. At Pilrig Street, Robert Blackie, Esq. to Eliza, daughter of the late Burridge Purvis, Esq. of Glassmount.

— At Summerfield, Leith, Mr William Nelson, merchant, Leith, to Jane, second daughter of Mr James Tait, merchant there.

— At Liverpool, William Blair M'Kean, Esq. merchant, Leith, to Marianne, daughter of John M'Culloch, Esq. M.D. Liverpool.

16. At Craighead, Archibald Smith, merchant, Glasgow, to Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas M'Call, Esq. of Craighead.

18. Mr Robert Dempster, druggist, to Janet, youngest daughter of Mr William Stark, builder.

— At Leith, Mr Alexander S. Bisset, to Frances, eldest daughter of Mr A. Thom, Brechin.

— At St George's, Hanover Square, London, Samuel Whitbread, Esq. M. P. to Julia, daughter of Major-General the Hon. Henry Brand.

19. At St George's Church, Hanover Square, London, Captain Fox, son of Lord Holland, to Miss Mary Fitzclarence. The amiable bride was given away by his Royal Highness the Duke of York and Sir Charles Poole.

21. At Edinburgh, Munro Ross, Esq. of Rosshill, to Grace, youngest daughter of the late John Cumming, Esq.

— At Park Place, Edinburgh, the Right Hon. the Earl of Leven and Melville, to Elizabeth Anne Campbell, second daughter of the Hon. Lord Succoth.

22. At Glasgow, Thomas Campbell, Esq. to Agnes, second daughter of Kirkman Finlay, Esq. of Castle Toward.

— At Cliftonhall Mains, Mr George Lindsay, merchant, Edinburgh, to Agnes, daughter of the late Mr Wm. Thomson, farmer.

24. At Dairsie, Dr James Spence, physician, Cupar, to Robina, daughter of the late Rev. Robert Coutts, one of the ministers of Brechin.

28. At Edinburgh, the Rev. Andrew Kennedy, of Keith, to Miss Mary Mutter.

29. At Maybole Castle, James Dow, Esq. of Montrose, to Mary, youngest daughter of the late William Douglas, Esq. merchant, Leith.

Lately, At St George's Hanover Square, London, the Hon. Captain W. L. Fitzgerald de Roos, of the 1st regiment of Life Guards, to Lady Georgiana Lennox, daughter of the Duke of Richmond.

DEATHS.

Oct. 23, 1823. At Bencoolen, James Patrick Drummond, eldest son of the late James Drummond, Esq. of Comrie, Perthshire.

Jan. 2, 1824, At Madras, John Fraser Lane, Esq. Collector of Masulipatam, Hon. East India Company's service.

8. At Ceylon, Dr Thomas J. Wharrie.

12. At Madras, J. Waddell, Esq.

19. At Batavia, Henry Band, son of the late Mr Henry Band, merchant, Leith.

24. At Montreal, suddenly, of asphyxia, the Rev. T. Hill.

March 25. At St Andrews, Jamaica, at Islington Pen, at an advanced age, the Hon. James Stewart, custos, and late one of the representatives in the Hon. House of Assembly for that parish.

April 23. In Virginia, Dr James Murray Brown.

May 19. At Bervie, Dr Robert Napier, deeply regretted.

22. At Leith, Mr Alexander Paterson, ironmonger (late of Stirling;) and on the 8th June, Alexander, his second son, in his 14th year.

— At Bedford Place, Alloa, Captain Robert Henderson.

— At Florence, William Crosbie, Esq. his Majesty's Secretary of Legation at the Court of Tuscany.

25. At Ditton Common, Surrey, David Stewart, Esq. shipowner, St Andrews, Fifeshire.

26. At Montcallier, near Turin, Capel Loft, Esq. an author of great celebrity.

28. At Banff, Mrs Gordon, widow of the Rev. Abercromby Gordon, minister of Banff.

— At London, John Locke, M. D. late of Glasgow.

28. At his seat, Hawkstone, Salop, Sir John Hill, Bart. in the 84th year of his age. Sir John is succeeded in the baronetcy and in his extensive estates by his grandson, Rowland, one of the representatives in Parliament for the county of Salop.

28. At Bourdeaux, Charlotte, youngest daughter of Alexander Maclean, Esq. of Ardgour.

29. At Hastings, in Sussex, Robert Alexander Paterson Wallace, Esq. only son of the deceased Major Robert Wallace of the 17th foot, and grandson of the late Alexander Wallace, Esq. banker in Edinburgh.

30. At Kirkaldy, Mr Douglas Morison, merchant.

— At Torquay, Devonshire, Miss Euphemia Ballantine, daughter of the late Patrick Ballantine, Esq. of Orchard.

30. At Square Point of Crossmichael, William Rae, Esq. late of Dunjarg.

31. At Bath, the lady of Sir George Abercromby Robinson, Bart.

June 1. At Musselburgh Mrs Charles Stewart, jun.

— At St Andrews, David Meldrum, Esq. of Dron.

— At his house in Queen Street, Edinburgh, Alexander Wylie, Doctor of Medicine.

2. At Edinburgh, Samuel Watson, Esq. solicitor-at-law.

— At Fintry, Stirlingshire, Janet Waters, aged 100. She had 13 children, 53 grand-children, and 40 great-grand-children; total 106.

— At Dysart, Mrs Grace Reddie, relict of Lieutenant James Black, Royal Navy.

3. At Heatherwick-house, Margaret Milnes, youngest daughter of the late James Milnes, Esq.

— At Fyvie, the Hon. Mrs Gordon, relict of General the Hon. William Gordon of Fyvie.

— At London, Miss Crachami, the celebrated Sicilian dwarf, (only 19 inches high,) after a short illness, produced by the late changes in the weather. She was a most interesting child.

2. At Edinburgh, Daniel Ramsay of Falla, aged 64.

4. At Dalzell house, William, infant son of A. J. Hamilton, Esq. of Dalzell.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Helen Murray, spouse of Mr James Callender, Parliament Stairs.

— At Edinburgh, Francis, son of Mr John Howden, jeweller.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Abercrombie, widow of the Rev. George Abercrombie, one of the ministers of Aberdeen.

5. At Bogton, Cathcart, Miss Pagan of Bogton.

— At Lauder, Alex. Dawson, Esq. Chief Magistrate of the burgh.

6. At Edinburgh, Mrs Jean Johnston, wife of William Johnston, Esq. of Lathrisk.

7. At View Forth, John Henry Thin, son of Mr Thin, architect.

— At his house, York Place, John Blackwell, Esq. Advocate.

8. At Malvern, Lieut.-Colonel Hugh Houstoun.

9. Suddenly, at his house, in Drury Lane, Mr Oxberry, the comedian.

— At Kirkwall, in Orkney, the Rev. Robert Yule, Minister of the Gospel there.

— In South Audley Street, London, Thomas Chevalier, Esq. Surgeon Extraordinary to the King, and Professor of Anatomy and Surgery to the Royal College of Surgeons in London.

10. At Rankeillour House, Mrs Mary Maitland, widow of Charles Maitland, Esq. younger of Rankeillour.

11. Mrs Mary Gordon Porteous, wife of Mr Alex. Callender, surgeon.

— At Stirling, the Rev. Archibald Bruce, one of the ministers of that parish.

— At Edinburgh, Thomas Fergusson, Esq. of Baledmund.

13. At his house, Blythswood Place, Glasgow, William Montieth, Esq.

— At Canonmills, Margaret, only surviving daughter of Mr Alexander Ritchie.

14. At Thurso, Mrs Pringle, wife of Mr Robert Pringle, Collector of Excise.

— At Waukmills of Letham, on the 14th instant, Mr Patrick Stirling, aged 82 years.

15. At Stirling, on the 15th ult. Mrs Gleig, wife of the Right Rev. Bishop Gleig.

16. At No 2, Arniston Place, Major Colin Campbell, of Strachur.

— At St John's Hill, Robert Home, youngest son of Mr Robert Armstrong, jun. brass-founder.

— At Weymouth, George Mellis, Esq. of Perthshire.

— At Paisley, in the 77th year of his age, John Orr, Esq. formerly Provost of the burgh.

— After a few days illness, at his residence in Lower Grosvenor Street, London, the Right Hon. Lord Henry Thomas Howard Molyneux Howard, Deputy Earl-Marshal of England, and brother to his Grace the Duke of Norfolk. His Lordship represented the city of Gloucester in several Parliaments, and sat in the present Parliament for Steyning.

— In Parliament Street, Dublin, Walter Thom, Esq. of Aberdeen, formerly Editor of the Correspondent, and, for the last few years, joint Proprietor and Editor of the Dublin Journal.

19. At his house in Welbeck Street, London, in the 51st year of his age, the Right Hon. Alexander Wentworth, Lord Macdonald, the representative of the ancient Lords of the Isles in Scotland, leaving no family. He is succeeded in his title and estates, by his next brother, the Hon. Major-General Godfrey Bosville.

— At her residence, No 13, Seymour Place, Little Chelsea, Donna Maria Theresa del Riego y Riego, widow of General Don Rafael del Riego y Riego.

20. At Bath, the Hon. Alexina Duncan, the eldest daughter of Viscount Duncan.

— At Edinburgh, Lieut. John Fraser, formerly of the 71st, thereafter of the 87th regiment of foot. He entered the 71st regiment at the youthful age of sixteen. He passed with approbation through the grades from private to officer in the short space of eight years. His signal bravery at the taking of the Cape of Good Hope induced the Commanding Officer to report him for an officer's commission; for he was one of a party of thirty, who, on that occasion, volunteered to storm a battery, and the only one of the party who survived (but not unwounded) the capture of it.

— At Colinton Manse, James, son of the Rev. Lewis Balfour, minister of Colinton.

21. At Scotstown, Alexander Moir, of Scotstown, Esq.

22. At Edinburgh, Mrs Christian Henderson Grandison, widow of the Rev. Joseph Johnston, minister of Innerleithen, Peebles-shire.

23. At Warriston House, Miss Mary Brown, eldest daughter of the late Captain Robert Brown, Leith.

25. At his house, Charlotte Street, Leith, Mr Peter Scott.

— At Currie, Mr Thomas Hamilton, sen., late builder in Edinburgh.

26. At Ruchill, Miss Dreghorn, daughter of the late Robert Dreghorn, of Blochairn.

— At Stranraer, Provost Kerr, of Stranraer.

— At Heatherwick-house, East-Lothian, George, eldest son of Captain W. H. Hardyman, Hon. East India Company's naval service.

30. At Edinburgh, John, youngest son of Mr William Boyd, W. S.

— At Burrowmuirhead, Mrs Jane Spottiswood, spouse of Mr John Robertson of Lawhead.

Lately, At Paris, General John Murray, aged 85. He had served his Majesty sixty years in different parts of the world, and was twelve years a prisoner in France, under Napoleon's government. His eldest son, Major-General Murray, was late Governor of Demerara.

— At No. 1, Salisbury Road, Erskine, R. C. youngest son of John Gordon, Esq.

— At Plymouth, Rear-Admiral William Cumming, C. B.

Printed by James Ballantyne and Co. Edinburgh.